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Asiatic Chiefs
by
J. Szerelmey
Vol I

00140812

Preface.

THE events of the past are charmed into existence by the artist's magic pencil, and by the writer's graphic pen.

They show us that man's proneness to evil and lust for gain make him a kind of civilized tiger, and the *tool* of circumstances. The rapacious freebooter, seeking motives to provoke his fellow-man to strife, in order to gain material advantage, is but the immutable type of society in its primitive state.

The Good has been frequently compelled to do homage to the Evil Spirit. Destiny, from her judgment-seat on high, proclaims her verdict in favour of him who displays the most terrible fury.

Powerful states have been hurried onwards to meet their doom. Gigantic strongholds and

cities, designed by the vain ambition of their founders to endure for ever, have crumbled to dust. Others have arisen from their ruins. Mighty nations, whose arms have swayed the world, have been overwhelmed by the decree of Fate; while the oppressed ones, watching the stormy current of events, have seized the helm of fortune.

The Muse of History takes her stand before the stage of the world, and, with her pencil of truth, traces on the pages of her annals the scenes which were performed by the timid yet flattered—homaged yet abhorred—crowned actors towards their weaker fellow-mortals.

The Sacred Code of History relates, with mournful voice, the deeds which were accomplished in the heart of Europe, and, more especially, in Pannonia. Her beauty and boundless wealth attracted the admiring gaze of the most famous warriors. European and Asiatic rivals fought unceasingly, with varied fortune, for five centuries; then arose an Eastern hero, who snatched their laurels, and *won this fairest country for his own.*

But the demon of war was not appeased: fresh tragedies were performed—streams of blood flowed down the fertile banks of the Danube.

The sacrifice was transferred from Heathen to Christian altars; the triumph of the Cross was celebrated, whilst the Angel of Peace offered incense upon the Arpádian altar of freedom. This sanctuary, although often threatened, was never destroyed; for its Tricolors waved in alliance with the Crescent, and humbled the evil Germanic spirit.

But he rested not: erelong his desires were gratified by the autocratic triumphs, in the memorable year of one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, over the ruins of the sacred monument of Freedom, hoary with the honours of a thousand years. Patriots, warriors, in the just defence of their rights, were doomed to bow their heads under the axe of Russo-Germanic arbitrary power, from which others only escaped to grasp the pilgrim's staff on the bitter path of exile. The Osmanly interceded to arrest the axe in its descent, as in days of yore; but was frustrated by men professing the Christian belief.

A holy impulse in the bosom of the writer, *whilst protected by the* BRITISH *shield,* inspired him to trace a faithful representation of the struggles maintained by the

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and their descendants, revealing hidden sources, which will yield rich materials for the general history, poetry, and literature of England.

The pages of history, like Sybillic oracles, are carefully consulted by sovereigns, as the mariner examines the chart of the ocean; but mothers' sacred duty it is to instil the true spirit and genius of the nation into the tender minds of their children, like the sacred truths of religion.

This historical romantic *tableau* presents, before the tribunal of the world, the Hungarian-Magyar nation from its cradle to the present time, in its religious and political state.

Since the helm of that nation was seized by the Hapsburg dynasty, no faithful record has been given by historians, for the truth has been suppressed.

As the TENDER ROSE, STAUNCH THISTLE, and FAITHFUL SHAMROCK, enliven the gloom of the sad oak-leaves, so may the simple but bright pictures scattered through the work illumine its sombre pages. Should the scenes portrayed by the exile's muse prove interesting to the fair sex, on whose bosom the sublime triple alliance blooms, the mourning genius of Hungary will hope a prosperous future; for—

" Freedom's battle once begun,
Though baffled oft—is ever won."

The Author feels that much of the spirit and meaning of the work has been lost in the translation. A more elaborate edition will appear in the French and German languages, and revised for America.

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Historical Review.

Asiatic Chiefs.

GOD—the eternal fount of nature—called into existence his work, the heavens and the earth; these were followed by the creation of men and animals. So powerful an impression was made by the universe on the mind of Abraham, that he was the first to preach the doctrine of one God, the Almighty Maker and Creator of all things in heaven and earth. He was thus the proposer of the first principles of an idea upon which all confessions of faith are rested. Moses interpreted these principles to the people more fully; recorded the mythic dates and tales which existed among the people; and thus the world obtained those religions and old

historical dates, which are often so contradictory, and which, with the older annals of which Josephus made use, form a real chaos. Thus much can, however, be gathered, that the people of antiquity held the religious and moral virtues in high estimation. In later times, as they spread, their peace was disturbed by envy, avarice, and love of material gain; they became involved in strife, drove each other from the first cradle of human fortune, and wandered in every direction over the world. Had not this been the case, the numerous distinct nationalities would not have arisen, nor would the din of arms unceasingly disturb the life of nations. It is, for this reason, one of the most thankless labours in the province of history to examine into the widely ramified descent of nations, since the extant sources of which we can make use are complete contradictions. This circumstance must, however, be the less surprising, when we observe how the existing historical dates, living through thousands of years only in the mouths of the people, became in later times the property of history by means of

written descriptions. This happened, indeed, through myths and legends handed down by tradition.

Hence arose very many problems concerning the fate of nations and their progress, at one period arrested, at another hastened in its course.

No wonder then, if, on a searching comparison of these sources, we find ourselves in an immeasurable chaos. However, it must not only be important, but absolutely necessary, to learn to know the course of time by means of the natural changes in the existing formation of the earth; as they have been described by Previranus and Link, but in a more detailed manner by Humboldt.

The succession, together with the age of the formations of the earth's crust, can be shown by the arrangement of the strata on its surface, which have been produced through the agency of earthquakes, but most infallibly by the presence of organic remains and the variety of their form. The separation of Sicily from Naples, of Britain from Gaul, the lessening of the Caspian and the enlargement of the Mediterranean, afford proofs of

this. We find sandstone formations deposited in strata, even from the silurian transition mountains to the chalky chain. At the border of the immense plains of a new division of the world, within and without the tropics, we see them rise like high walls, and marking the coasts against which break the vast surging waves.

This transformation of the earth, which took place in times beyond the reach of history, has certainly exercised no small influence on the beings then existing. We may therefore draw conclusions of the original descent of nations from their subsequent widely different cultivation, since their own changes bear some analogy to those which were undergone by the cradle of their origin.

That a continual change of formation takes place in all natural bodies, can at the same time serve as a proof that *every* organic body, under any condition whatever, is subject to dissolution after a lapse of time. This is the condition of existence. Nothing shall fall into corruption and complete annihilation, since every substance

by their means continually rises again under a changed form.

We can also gather from this, that nations which have perished in the stream of time have again revived in others, and the originality of the former has passed over to the latter;' 'the marks of their origin have therefore been by no means lost.

The history of the earth's formations can incontestably serve as a guiding line to the historical derivation of nations—the differences of structure of the human body, the colour, &c., undeniably point out the variety of national descent.

That this, however, arose through the influence of climate, manner of living, or even of education, will evidently be disproved by experience.

We rely on the authority of a phalanx of historians of the second rank, Herodotus, Josephus, Isidorus, Gobelinus, De Guignes, Gibbon, Pomponius, Gotfridus, Valerius Maximus, Orosius, Marcellinus, Gatherer, John Müller, Nádasd, Alóld, Szekér, Thurócz, Májláth, Katona, Ziegler,

as sources in an historical inquiry into the origin of the Eastern people, or of the Magyars, an origin which has been so often disputed by party spirit.

CHAPTER I.

The Cradle of the Asiatic People.

MIGRATIONS AND EFFORTS.

A.D. 300 TO A.D. 884.

Asiatic Chiefs.

Hunor and Magor.

THE Chronicles of the Asiatic race, like those of other nations, trace the origin of the Huns, whom they regard as their ancestors, to Japhet. Nimrod had two grandsons, Hunor and Magor, whose residence was in the lands of Senear and Evila, the present kingdom of Persia, and from them descended Attila, king of the Huns, who was pleased to call himself a descendant of the "Mighty Hunter." The origin of the names, "Magyar" and "Hungarian," may easily be recognised in the two names Magor and Hunor.

With respect to the descent of the Magyars from the Huns, this much seems to be clear, that the Széklers, who remained in the valleys near the Transylvanian border, after the fall of the ancient Hunish kingdom, spoke the same language as

the Magyars and the Kumans, who respectively came from Asia 510 and 800 years afterwards. In the mouths of the Széklers there are still many traditions of no small historical interest, which have an obvious reference to Attila. They still seem to remember Enyed as the place of his birth, named by himself in his title, point to the scenes of his childhood, and smile with pride at the remembrance of his world-wide victories. They still called him "Magyar Király," or the Magyar King, whose glories are sung in the Nibelungen-lied of the German.

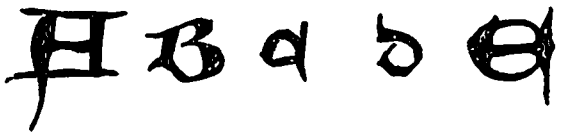
The Magyar language, which, as we have already remarked, points to a common origin of the ancient Huns, Scythians, and Avars (see *Prodromus Idiomatis Scythico-Mogorico, seu Hunno Avarici*, Kalmár Posoni, 1770), and the more modern Hungarian, has no proper affinity with any other language of Europe. Words derived from the Latin may indeed be found in the Hungarian vocabulary, but these owe their origin, not to a paucity of expression in the vernacular—but to the circumstance that Latin is used by the Magyars as the language of inter-

communication with other nations. The language of the Romans, thus acquiring a sort of citizenship in Hungary, many words have wandered from one tongue into the other, just as we find the copious language of the Germans enriched by words formed from the French. The Sclavonians, we are aware, pretend that their language has in a great measure contributed to enrich that of the Magyars. This is not the place for a long etymological discussion on the origin of words; but we briefly state our reason for deeming the opinion of the Sclavonians altogether untenable. What can be more illogical than the belief that a people so devoted to the love of liberty, and marked by such strong, original, distinctive characteristics as the Hungarians, should borrow an important part of their language from a nation whom they always despised; whom they scattered before them like chaff before the wind; chasing them into the wild inhospitable mountains, while they kept for themselves the fertile plains; always preserving, by traditional hatred, the wide gulf which separated them from their Sclavonian neighbours?

As we have already said, the Magyar language has nothing in common with that of the rest of Europe. Its origin is purely Oriental, and it shews, with respect to those of Asia, the peculiarities of mind, expressed by the vowel marks, "á, é, ó, ö, ő, ü, ű, ú." Certain words also occur, with scarcely any alteration, both in the Turkish and the Magyar languages, giving the strongest evidence of a very close affinity. Another point of contact with Asia, is the use of suffixes. Thus "Kert," a garden, becomes "Kertem," my garden; and "Hugom," my younger sister—and so on.

The Magyar alphabet is of pure Latin origin, as may be seen (p. 15) from the earliest extant style of handwriting. The line below the alphabet bears date 1466. Farther back, literary remains cannot be found in Hungary, because they were destroyed by the Mongol, Tartar, and Crusader hordes, as well as the precious library of that great monarch, Mathias Corvinus, at Buda, containing 75,000 volumes in MSS. in different languages.

A B C D E



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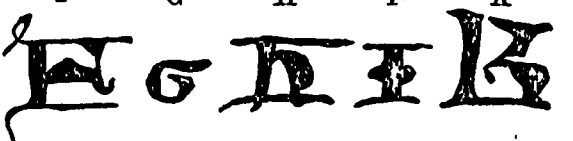

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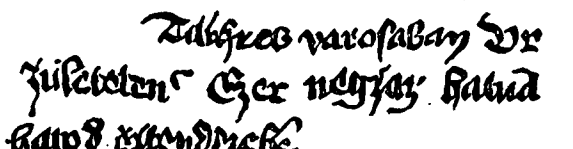

The Hungarian language is especially remarkable for its conciseness, and is admirably adapted to express all the various phases of human emotion. On the tribune, it rolls like thunder from the lips of the patriotic orator, and the dullest mind is aroused from its lethargy. From the mouth of the poet, who soars on the wings of inspiration, it sounds now as the triumphant song of the rising lark, when the theme is of liberty; now as the warbling of the nightingale, when the lay is of love, its pains, and its pleasures. No other language has such lofty expressions for the feelings of love and patriotism, and never has their magic failed to touch the heart of the genuine Magyar.

The pronunciation of the language is, however, not without difficulty, as every letter has to be pronounced with its own peculiar sound. The accents, which are placed over the letters, are not merely used as directions for sound, though in this respect they are infallible guides, but also serve to determine the signification of a word, which, by the addition or removal of one of these signs, may be changed altogether.

We will now return from this digression on the language, to a more immediate subject—the origin of the Magyar nation.

Justinus is of the opinion that the Huns were of Scythian origin, but belonged to a race who, on account of some internal discord, were expelled from the general family of Scythians, and afterwards reappeared as the Parthians. It is not necessary to remark on the pre-eminence given to the Scythians by Herodotus. Bishop Jornandes holds the singular opinion, that the Huns are the descendants of Allima, a profligate woman, who, banished by an early Gothic king, settled on the woody banks of Lake Mæotis, and there gave birth to several children. There are other German and Sclavonic historians, who look upon the Magyars as descendants of an obscure or extremely uncultivated race, as, for instance, that of the Finns, without troubling themselves about the authenticity of the *data*, or the logic of their arguments. By these Attila is treated as heartless, being more like a wild beast than a civilized man—a mere reckless destroyer. We do not hesi-

tate to say, that these historians, while they thus inveigh against Attila, accuse their own countrymen of cowardice, as they are forced, at the same time, to read the great victories of the one party, and the humiliation of the other.

Better informed historians, as, for instance, Fischer (in his work on the Huns), commend Attila for his humane qualities, and found their opinion on authentic sources of information. Even Bishop Jornandes, already cited, speaks thus of Attila in the course of his chronicle: *Qui erat famosus inter omnes gentes, charitate mirabilis, et fortissimorum gentium Dominus.* This respect is, however, not shared by the modern German historians, among whom Professor Rotteck most excites our surprise. After laying down the maxim that a historian should be thoroughly impartial, he passes on the ancient Huns and modern Magyars the severest censure that ever was uttered against a nation, literally calling the former "two-footed beasts," and speaking of Attila thus:—"He has been called a great man, and not only has the brilliancy of his deeds been admired, but

even single instances of good faith, humanity, and kindness, have been commended in this destroyer of nations. Yet even the tiger has his relenting moments, and a politic robber is faithful towards his comrades. On this account we may indeed praise Attila above other conquerors, that he showed his hideous form without a veil." . .

A fact cited by Rotteck himself is strongly at variance with these expressions—the fact, that the beautiful Honoria made the monster a private offer of her hand. Now, would the proud, delicate Roman beauty have taken this step, if Attila had merely been the leader of a horde of "two-footed animals?"

Rotteck again excites our astonishment by his utterance of the very singular opinion, that the Magyars were mere barbarians till the time of Marie Therese. Was the credulity with which they sacrificed themselves to the fair daughter of the Hapsburgs, a sign of barbarism? Indeed we almost wish the Hungarians had never been civilized; for then they would not now have to mourn over so many illusions destroyed.

Thus historians, misled by partiality and ignorance, have carried their predilection for calumny so far, that they are not content with despoiling the present Magyars of all form and honour; but even descend into the sacred graves of their ancestors, to profane them with unholy hands.

To proceed with the pre-historical part of our narrative. The descendants of Nimrod, spreading themselves about the land of their adoption, settled to the north of China, and there, more than 2200 years before Christ, made themselves known as a powerful nation. So great was their reputation for valour, that it is said one of the earliest emperors of China commenced the building of the celebrated "Great Wall," on purpose to protect his kingdom against such formidable neighbours.

The manners of the nation in this period of its infancy, it would of course be impossible to describe with accuracy; but this much appears certain, that the scattered tribes held a meeting every year, at which affairs of great interest were discussed, and that, at the conclusion of this meeting, a domestic animal was offered as a burnt sacrifice to heaven,

the earth, and the spirits of departed ancestors, during which ceremony the members were absorbed in prayer. Falsehood and treachery were regarded with especial abhorrence by the early Huns, and persons found guilty in this respect were banished, on the supposition that they were possessed by evil spirits. On the other hand, the oldest and most meritorious person was made chief of the entire nation, military capacity being of course in high estimation.

The Huns, though at first under the dominion of the Chinese, so greatly increased in strength, that, under the conduct of their patriarchal king, Te-u-man, they were able to extend their possessions. The fortune of war was so favourable to them, that they conquered the Emperor Chi-cho-ashi, and rendered him tributary. Meteus, the son of Te-u-man, was again victorious over the Chinese Emperor, Cha-oty, and the latter only succeeded in obtaining a peace through the mediation of Meteus's wife, with whom he had an amorous intrigue, and Cha-oty's daughter, Cumt-chut, was given to Meteus as a pledge that the peace would be per-

petual. In spite of the treaty, Meteus was so incensed by the conduct of a Chinese soldier, who carried off one of the Hunish women, that he made war upon Cha-oty's successor, Lao-cham, with a far superior force. Lao-cham was obliged to sue for mercy, and could only obtain a renewal of peace by sending his daughters, Ta-ta and O-ma, as hostages. Meteus afterwards married both these princesses.

His son and grandson, Kiunt-ching and Ichiseus, remained at peace with their neighbours; but Oug-oei, his great-grandson, resumed the war with China about the year 114 B.C., on the pretext that the terms of the former treaty had not been kept. Oug-oei was succeeded by his sons, Ousuly, Kiuti-cho, and Tci-etche, whose contests for the power encouraged the Chinese to make an attempt against the natives, which, however, proved unsuccessful. Holo-ko, the brother of Oug-oei, succeeding his nephews, employing all the power at his command, made a formidable inroad upon the Chinese Empire, which he nearly conquered. The consequence of his victory was the expulsion of Luilan, ruler

of East China, who had aided the cause of the Emperor.

On his death, Holo-ko left two sons of tender age, under the guardianship of his brother Histon. The elder of the two sons died in infancy, but the younger one attained years of maturity; and his reign, which was marked by a series of conflicts with the Chinese, in which each party was alternately successful, lasted till the year 68 B.C. His heir was expelled by Vojenkuti, an usurper, who, however, after a long combat for the maintenance of his ill-gotten power, perished by his own hand. The rightful successor, Honházy, was now opposed with so much vehemence by Hotoguse, another pretender, that he was forced to place himself and his whole kingdom under the protection of China.

Now, for the first time, does the power of the Huns seem to be broken; and they present the melancholy spectacle of a nation seeking protection, where once it had appeared as protector. Not only had the lustre of the Hunish arms passed away; but the choice of their leader

was dependent on the Chinese Emperor, who only selected his own favourites. One of these was Tochu-lojoti, an effeminate voluptuary, who, having already numerous wives, married Lolon, the youngest wife of his father. By the introduction of new beauties into his harem, he aroused to such a degree the jealousy of this vindictive woman, that she strangled her husband while he was asleep. He was succeeded by his younger brother, Sobia-joti, who was followed in turn by Tohenjoti. The third brother, Outchouli-oeujoti, who next came to power, was base enough to purchase the Emperor's favour by giving up his own daughter as a concubine. He afterwards paid the Emperor a visit, and displayed such unwonted magnificence, that inhabitants of all parts of Asia flocked to the Chinese court to regale their eyes with the spectacle. This event took place in the same year with the birth of Our Redeemer.

The Huns, at last awakening to a sense of their strength and their rights, chose Hienle for their ruler, without asking the Emperor's consent. This act of independence led to a sanguinary contest

with the Chinese; and *Juus*, who was elected by the Huns when Hienle terminated a reign of eighteen years, was expelled by the Emperor of China. The disputes for power which arose between the sons of a chieftain named Jafis, were among the chief causes of the fall of the old kingdom of the Huns; for the Emperor of China, settling the dispute by a division of the territory between the rivals, effectually weakened the power of a once formidable adversary. Punuch, one of the sons, had the northern part of the territory, while the southern part fell to his brother Peus, who held it under the supremacy of China, at the same time obtaining the provision, that the native Huns should have a right to participate in the government. Nevertheless, the destruction of the kingdom was inevitably at hand, and nature contributed to work its downfall. A swarm of locusts brought famine and pestilence over the land, and the various nations who had formerly been under the dominion of the Huns, now gladly availed themselves of an opportunity to throw off the yoke; while the Emperor of China further weakened

their power, by a new division of the territory into smaller parcels.

In spite, however, of their enfeebled condition, the Huns still preserved their ancient love of liberty, and felt uneasy under a foreign yoke. They migrated westwards to the borders of the Caspian Sea, and in this new country they gradually became once more a powerful nation. Passing over the petty conflicts to which they were exposed in the land of their adoption, we come to another migration which took place about the commencement of the fourth century, when they were driven onwards by another race. Part of them, it is said, moved towards Persia under a leader named Tutor, and founded the modern Tatars; another part under Turcus originated the Turks; and a third part, with its leader Magor, settled in the neighbourhood of the Oxus.

These last emigrants, whom we may regard as the peculiar ancestors of the Magyars, after residing in their new country for nearly sixty years, resolved to establish themselves in European territory. Through the nations expelled by the

Romans, they had heard brilliant accounts of the province of Pannonia, and this they resolved to subjugate by force of arms.

Faithful to the usages of their fathers, they elected Balambér, the eldest descendant of Magor, to be the chieftain of their expedition, which commenced about the year 374 A.D. The country which the Pannonians had held 800 years before the birth of Christ, extended the site of Vienna to that of Cilli, and moreover comprised a part of Moravia, Dalmatia, and Croatia. These Pannonians had been destroyed as a nation by the Romans; but nevertheless, through subsequent vicissitudes of the country—for the Romans were succeeded by the Vandals, who in turn yielded to the Goths—their memory still endured, and the land was still called Pannonia, as of old.

The Magyar wanderers had to subdue several races on their way to Pannonia, and the occupants they found there would not be expelled without violence. However, about the year 377, they conquered Pannonia and Dacia, (the present

Transylvania,) and, electing Balambér for their king, founded the city of Sycambria. Balambér's successor, Caraton, was anxious to be at peace with his neighbours, and sent an ambassador to the Emperor Theodosius, in the hope of concluding a treaty. Unfortunately, the ambassador was killed, and the Huns, enraged at this violation of the law of nations, commenced a war, which ended in the payment of a heavy sum of money by the Roman Emperor. In accordance, however, with his well-known love for Christianity, Theodosius resolved to convert, if possible, the new inhabitants of Pannonia, and, with the consent of Caraton, sent Theotimus and other missionaries into the country, when their labours were attended with success. A letter of the period states, the Huns are learning with ardour the Psalms of David, and that the cold Scythians are remarkable for the fervour with which they embrace the truths of Christianity.

After the death of Caraton, about the year 399, Uldin was elected king, and at first waged a religious war with the Romans, but soon afterwards

concluded a peace. A war having been again excited by the Goths, was again followed by a peace, and Ætius, then in his youth, was sent by the Romans to the Huns as a hostage. From the latter he learned the art of war, after practising the use of the sword in his boyish sports with Attila. In after life he gained immortal renown by his wars against his early instructors.

On the death of Uldin without heirs, Attila, though still of tender age, was elected king in 434. However, on this point of succession historians are not agreed; some maintaining that he was preceded by Rua, others, that he was preceded by Royalis. There is also a doubt respecting his father; but he is generally supposed to have been the son of Munzuck, or Bendecus.

On account of Attila's tender age, the cares of government were undertaken by a regency, and the period of his youth was passed in military sports and exercises. One day, when he was amusing himself with hurling the javelin, a cow-herd brought him a bright sword, saying that his cow had suddenly wounded her foot as she trod

upon the ground, and that, when he had looked for the cause of the misfortune, he had found the weapon which he now presented. This was generally believed to be the sword of Mars, the God of War, and its presentation to Attila was regarded as a sign of future greatness.

Attila reigned with great magnificence in his royal city of Sycambria, and the splendour of his court was reported far and near. The table at which he dined, and his culinary vessels, were made of gold, and the litter in which he was carried about, was so richly adorned with pearls and precious metals, that all foreign ambassadors regarded it with wonder. He likewise had for himself a tent, in which silk took the place of a coarser material, and the pillars of which were of pure gold, inlaid with stones of high value. So widespread was the rumour of his wealth and liberality, that the warlike spirits soon flocked around him, and were heartily welcomed; for Attila contemplated mighty expeditions, and was determined that his army should eclipse all others in lustre. And truly it was a marvel of the world, being

composed of one million Huns, whose number was ever kept entire, and of countless foreign auxiliaries.

The love of conquest was soon a leading passion in the soul of Attila; and, that he might be at liberty to devote himself to foreign expeditions, he made his brother Buda a partner in his government. The people of Mœsia, of Thrace, of Macedonia, had assisted the former inhabitants of Pannonia in opposing the settlement of the Huns. These, therefore, he first attacked, and after an easy conquest returned in triumph to Sycambria. Here he held a solemn assembly, to which he summoned all the chiefs under his dominion, and among the rest came Dietrich of Verona, a German whom the Romans had first employed against the Huns, but who now, with many of his countrymen, was anxious to attach himself to the new king of Pannonia. Dietrich set forth how the western provinces of the Roman Empire were in an unguarded state, and might easily be subdued, and his counsels so moved Attila, that he set off at once on a remote expedition. On leaving Sycambria,

he is said first to have come to Illyria, then to have traversed nearly the whole of Germany, then to have crossed the Rhine, and devastated the provinces of Gaul.

It was about this time that a hermit, found in the mountains, was brought before king Attila, and ordered to unveil the secrets of the future. After a long silence, the holy man thus spake: "*The Almighty God, who rules all nations, has given the sword of His wrath into thy hands. Thou art the scourge of God, and God will use thee to chastise the impiety of those who transgress His law. Yea, He will make use of thy sword while it is His good pleasure, and when He willeth He will give it to another.*" Nevertheless the hermit also told him, that in an approaching conflict with the Romans he would be defeated; and this prediction troubled him, especially when it was confirmed by the auguries of those who drew knowledge of the future from the entrails of animals. Still was he consoled, when he heard that the chief general of the enemy would fall in the battle; for he interpreted this to mean, the Roman patrician Ætius,

whom he regarded as the most formidable of his foes.

It was while he laid siege to Orleans, that Attila first heard of the coming of Ætius, and he at first endeavoured to persuade Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, to join him against the Romans as their common foe. But Theodoric had already been gained over by Ætius, and the king of the Huns had to expect their united force against him. He abandoned the siege of Orleans, and pitching his camp on the plains of Chalons, on the Marne, he awaited the approach of the enemy.

The conflict took place in the evening, and was the last great battle ever fought by the Romans. Conquerors were ranged against conquerors; the slaughter was so fearful that the combatants could only fight on the bodies of the dead. Three hundred thousand men are said to have perished in the field, and among them was King Theodoric.

There are Hungarian chronicles, in which Attila is exhibited as the victor in this battle, and which say that the auxiliaries who came to the aid of Ætius, fled when they heard of the fall of

Theodoric. It seems, however, that fortune was on this occasion against Attila, though he shewed himself only the more glorious in his calamity. Thorismund, the son of Theodoric, who had accompanied his father, now vowed to avenge his death by attacking the Hunish camp; but the great Attila, despairing of victory, ordered the saddles of his horses to be piled in a heap, and spake thus to his faithful soldiers:—"If ye see the enemy prevail, I will mount this heap, and do you set it on fire; for I would rather be burned to death by you who are mine own, than perish by the hand of the enemy; or, falling a prisoner into the hands of the Goths or Romans, become their laughing-stock, and their sport—I who am the king of so many nations."—His vezérs were, I. Keve; II. Kadicha; III. Keme; IV. Bela; V. Buda.

The hermit who had predicted the defeat of Attila, had also predicted that this defeat would not utterly destroy him, and that the sword of God would not fall from his hands. This prediction was accomplished like the other; for

Ætius fearing that the Visigoths, flushed with their victory, would now turn their arms against the Romans, called Thorismund aside and thus craftily addressed him:—"That thou shouldest avenge thy father, and crush thy foe, seeing that we were assaulted together, for that end is most meritorious. But as the good offices of thy father and thyself have disposed me kindly towards thee, I would give thee a word of advice touching thine own affairs. Thou knowest that thy father is no longer alive, and that thou hast at home a brother, who is a man well fitted for a throne. Now I greatly fear, that when he hears of his father's death he will take thy kingdom unto himself. If thou attackest the Huns, whom thou didst vanquish yesterday, thou mayest—for the fortune of war is uncertain—be vanquished to-day; and then, if thou wagest a domestic war, thou wilt be unequal to thy brother, and wilt find it harder to contend with thine own than with strangers. Haste home, therefore, and rather be beforehand with others, than let others be beforehand with thee." So Thorismund departed, and the Roman

army dispersed, whereupon Attila exclaimed:—"A star hath fallen, the earth trembleth, and, lo! I am the hammer of the world!"

After resting some days in the plain of Chalons, Attila returned to the work of conquest, and city after city of the Gauls fell into his hands. And where the citizens showed him honour, there did he show mercy; but where he deemed that a foe deserved his wrath, his vengeance was terrible. When he had pursued his victorious career through Gaul and Flanders, he entered Thuringia, and there in his pride he held a solemn assembly, to which the neighbouring chiefs hastened, for they were anxious to behold the face of one who had so greatly terrified the world. His defeat by Ætius had not at all eclipsed his glories; and perhaps it was remembered that Ætius himself had learned the use of arms among the warlike Huns, and now turned his weapons against the comrades of his youth.

Hearing that the Romans and Goths had prepared an army against him, and being apprehensive that he might lose the fruits of his many

toils if he did not recruit his shattered forces, Attila hastened back to Pannonia, and there he found that his brother Buda had broken his faith, and, covetous of undivided power, had called Sycambria, Budawára, or the town of Buda, as if he, and not Attila, were the supreme ruler. Therefore did he slay him with his own hands, and cast his body into the Danube.

King Attila now rested for five years in Sycambria; but though he did not leave his royal city, his eye was ever watchful, and he had spies posted at different stations, even in remote countries, that he might constantly be acquainted with the aspect of the world. When the five years had passed, the soul of Attila grew weary of repose, and the desire of effacing this calamity on the Catalannian plains increased upon him. He was now resolved to attack the Roman people in their own country; and leaving his country with his newly recruited army, and following the course of the Adriatic, carrying destruction before him wherever he went, he came to Aquileia, then one of the chief cities

of Italy, and straight laid siege to it. But the citizens were sturdy in their resistance, and, while they themselves became nearly famished through the siege, they had so destroyed the fruits of the surrounding country, that the besiegers fared little better than they, and King Attila, if he had not been of a persevering nature, would have been forced to desist from his purpose. However, the King of the Huns was not a man to yield on light occasion, and a sight which presented itself, either by accident, or by the will of heaven, whose chosen servant he seemed, strengthened him in his resolution. Walking round the walls of the city, he perceived that a stork, which had built her nest in one of the towers, from time to time took one of her young in her beak and bore it away to a reedy marsh in the neighbourhood of the place. "Look ye," quoth he to those who accompanied him; "look at yonder bird, which hath an eye to the future. She knows that this city will fall by our hands, and lest she and her young should share the same fate, therefore she changes her place of abode. Let us then be strong in battle, and let

not this one city say—what no city has been able to say yet—that it proved too strong for our arms." On the following day, therefore, he attacked the city with increased courage; but the citizens also were strong through desperation, and he could not yet prevail. Therefore he ordered that from one of every four horses a saddle should be taken, and that of these saddles a heap should be made against the wall of the city, and kindled without delay. And the heap was made and fired, and part of the wall fell in, and the city was taken, and the inhabitants were slain with great slaughter. However, many of the neighbouring people, together with those of the citizens of Aquileia who escaped the sword of Attila, fled to an island in the Adriatic Sea, and laid the foundation of that great Venetian republic, which afterwards became so famous in history, and was so long an enemy to the kingdom of the Magyars.

After conquering and destroying divers cities in Italy, Attila came to Ravenna, and there the citizens opened their gates to him, so that he and his army passed through without molesting any

one. But still he felt that his glory had not attained its height until he had taken Rome, the capital of the world; for he remembered the deeds of Alaric, King of the Goths, and liked not that there should be a mortal who excelled him in prowess. So, sending his captain forward before him, he marched towards the Eternal city. And when he had approached it, Pope Leo, who had been solicited by the Romans to intercede for them, came to meet him with many of the clergy, and preceded by the banners of the church. King Attila received the Holy Father with all honour, and when they had discussed for some time, Attila so far yielded to the request of Pope Leo, that not only Rome but all Italy was spared, and soon afterwards he returned to Pannonia.

There are some who believe that Attila was thus moved to mercy through a sign which appeared from heaven, and say that, when he left the Pope, and was questioned as to the cause of his seeming weakness, he replied:—"I did not honour the person who came to me; but there stood by him another man clad in the vestments of a bishop, of

a serene countenance, and exceeding venerable from his white hair. And this man held a drawn sword in his hand, and, gnashing his teeth at me, threatened me with instant and horrible death unless I acceded to the wishes of Pope Leo." Nay, there are men who state that he saw two of these wonderful men, and on asking the Pope who they were, was informed that they were the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, who had appeared to defend the city. But as we know that King Attila, when he was not opposed in his course, often gave signs of a merciful temperament, we may believe that he spared the city of Rome without having recourse to old wives' tales.

After all these glorious deeds Attila returned once more to Sycambria; but, though his body had undergone so much toil and fatigue, his mind was restless as ever. For on the borders of Pannonia, a messenger from Honoria, the sister of Valentinian, Emperor of Rome, had come to him with a message from his mistress, who was kept imprisoned by her brother on account of the irregularity of her life. She called on Attila to

claim her for his wife, and to take her from her present misery, and he gladly listened to her request. Not only did he ask her brother to give her up to him, but he also claimed half the Western Empire of the Romans as her marriage portion.

However, human glory is uncertain; and while Attila was contemplating how he should return to Italy, and force the Emperor Valentinian to grant his request—and also thought how he should cross the sea, and, having subdued the Egyptians, should conquer the countries belonging to ancient Assyria—his career was suddenly checked.

The Roman Princess.

ATTILA'S warriors looked forward with impatience to the approach of spring, when they hoped to enjoy the natural advantages of the climate. Honoria's youthful mind was completely engrossed with affection for her absent lover; in the lonely cell of her convent she thought over moments of past joy, and offered up prayers for his present safety; even her beautiful Italian home appeared but barren and lonely. As she was one day wandering in the garden, pondering over her sorrowful love, a many-coloured butterfly, allured by the warm rays of the sun, flew past her; full of the impulse of youth, she pursued the glittering insect, and, whilst she followed it, a sudden thought flashed across her mind—she feared lest the secret she

hoped to carry with her to the grave, might be discovered by the prying curiosity of those about her. When Honoria had grown to maturity, she became enamoured of a young Roman, Ardonus, whom she met at the court of her brother; her passion was fully reciprocated, and their warm natures concealed with difficulty their growing affection. A niece of the Emperor, however, who possessed the curiosity usually attributed to old maids, discovered the long-cherished secret, having carefully observed the youthful lovers in a secluded portion of the garden, where they imagined themselves securely hidden. Their tears and their entreaties were vain; and, in an agony of despair, they threatened to put an end to their existence if she divulged their secret. When they signified this determination, the Emperor's niece called so loudly for assistance, that the monarch, who chanced to be near, hurried to the spot. He regarded the fear of the lovers with a mocking smile, and asked them why they had kept their love so long a secret; telling them, had they frankly avowed it he would have given his con-

sent to their union. Their joy at these conciliatory words was great; but, as Ardonus was subsequently leaving the palace, he was arrested, and, in the dead of the following night, was treacherously murdered. Honoria soon afterwards received permission to appear again at her brother's court; on account of her beauty, she there received universal homage, but none succeeded in gaining her love. Overcome by feelings she could but ill repress, Honoria determined upon quitting her brother's court; she formed her plans with care, and seized a favourable opportunity to flee, disguised in male attire, from a spot rendered odious to her. Early on the second day of her flight, she arrived in the neighbourhood of Milan; chance directed her steps to the cell of the old hermit who had been terrified by the bold Attila; hearing the heavy tread of her quick-footed steed, the recluse opened his door, and gazed scrutinizingly upon the stranger.

"Welcome, valiant heroine!" he cried; "and may God reward you for your noble deed."

"Thanks for your pious wish," replied Honoria

with a friendly smile; "take this purse; its contents may prove useful in a time of need."

"I require no worldly enjoyments," said the hermit, mournfully; "my sole care is to provide for the unfortunate and the afflicted."

"May Heaven reward you for your noble undertaking!" replied Honoria, moved by his words.

"Heaven!" cried the hermit; "Heaven has long since cursed me, and driven me from its blessed influence; it has withered my love for mankind."

"Say not so," rejoined Honoria; "life, especially in youth, is ever full of joy and liberty."

"I can see, young warrior, that you are as yet inexperienced in its troubles," added the hermit; "if you had endured all the sorrows I have suffered"——

He paused, and Honoria, giving him her hand, said:—

"Speak freely of the trials of your past life; place confidence in me, and let me know your history; it must, indeed, be full of strange adventures."

"Your supposition is right," said the old man with a melancholy smile. "I have led a stirring life, and have known both the sweetest joys and bitterest sorrows of the world. I have lived, loved, and suffered; but I will not tell you my history till I know you better—till I see that you are worthy to hear it. Tell me first who you are, and whither you are going."

"My name is Corno," she replied, "and my journey leads me to Pannonia."

"Have I not judged rightly when I said you are inexperienced?" rejoined Boromeo. "I can easily see you have not tasted the bitterness of sorrow, and that you know but little of the world. You say you are going to Pannonia, a country ravaged by the barbarous Huns—to Pannonia, where our enemy, the wild and powerful Attila, reigns supreme—he who has sworn hatred and destruction to the Romans."

"As you take so lively an interest in my fortunes," said Honoria, "will you accompany me, and aid me with your friendly counsel? You said but now that I am inexperienced; assist me with

your wisdom, bear me company, and direct my steps."

"I confess," said Boromeo, "that I fear some misfortune may befall one so young and unprotected —I accede to your request, and will follow you."

At these words Honoria put her arms around the neck of the old hermit, and kissed his wrinkled brow.

"You must abandon that gay costume," said he, "or we shall scarcely travel in safety."

"Willingly," replied Honoria, "your first counsel is wise and useful."

"See this pilgrim's dress," pursued the hermit; "but a few months since it enveloped the feeble body of a poor friend, who, having lost his path in the wood, was plundered and murdered by straggling Goths—cowards who had deserted from the field. His whole property consisted of two scudi, and they took a human life for two scudi! When I discovered his body, I laid it in a grave which I made with my own hands, and preserved his dress till I could find a man worthy of it. Will you change it for yours?"

"Give it me," cried Honoria "and I will not disgrace the garment of your friend."

The proud beauty of the Roman court put on the miserable attire of the pilgrim, which, though it disguised her graceful form, left the lovely features of her youthful face unconcealed; she entrusted to the old man all her money, and the two wanderers set out on their journey. After two days the maiden was so fatigued that a short rest was absolutely necessary, as the sun disappeared behind the mountains. Honoria and Boromeo came upon a lonely house situated in the midst of a wood; they knocked fearlessly at the door, to beg shelter during the approaching night. Franco, whose lively songs they had heard at some distance, requested to know their desires; no sooner, however, had he remarked the companion of the hermit, than he caught him in his arms with a joyful exclamation.

"O Corno! my dear brother, at length I see you again."

Honoria smiled. Franco had mistaken her for a younger brother, who had left his home at the

decease of their father. Franco joyfully led the pilgrims to his dwelling, and conducted them into a room dimly lighted by a lamp which burnt in front of a crucifix. An old woman was kneeling devoutly before it. It was Franco's mother. Slowly rising, for she was blind, she embraced her son, and when he told her of the unexpected return of Corno, the delighted mother cried—

"Where are you, my beloved child? let me press you to my heart, and imprint on your brow a kiss of motherly affection."

"Of affection that I do not deserve," said Honoria, hesitatingly.

"Do not fear to receive my blessing," cried the aged mother; "think not on a past that we cannot alter—but tell me whither you have been, and what adventures have befallen you."

"Fortune does not seem to have favoured Corno," said Franco; "for his appearance is more lowly than mine—but tell me, brother, who is your venerable companion?"

"The hermit of Milan," said Honoria, "of whom you have probably heard."

"How overjoyed am I," rejoined the mother, "to find you with such a companion, for now I feel assured that your deeds have been upright—but how is it you are so changed; before you had a manly brow, which now seems feminine."

"Oh!" answered Franco, "the fatigues of the journey have tired him."

"You are right," replied the mother; "go, Franco, and prepare supper for the weary travellers, for they must need nourishment. I must retire to rest, for you know how feeble I am."

During the repast reminiscences of childhood were evoked, and Franco seemed hurt that Corno had forgotten all that had once given them so much pleasure.

"You must excuse me, dear brother," said Honoria, somewhat embarrassed; "after such long and such varied wanderings, my brightest youthful recollections are almost obliterated. But tell me, dear Franco, how did our poor mother lose her eyesight?"

"It is a long story," said Franco, "but I will be brief. The Huns, Goths, Germans, and even

our own neighbours, the Bandits, have unfortunately often visited our abode, and have plundered it of all the comforts we once possessed; I have saved but a remnant of my flock, and that by keeping them concealed in the wood whenever the marauding band comes into the neighbourhood. One day we were attacked by a numerous and barbarous horde, who not only plundered us, but—curses on them!—deprived my mother of her sight. We had never seen the men before who committed this monstrous wickedness—their dress was different from that of the soldiery, and we heard that they were Attila's warriors." Honoria started at these words.

"Attila!" she cried trembling; "Attila! Oh, horrible! horrible!"

Franco seemed to think but little of his brother's valour when he saw him so terrified at the mere mention of Attila's name; he was therefore greatly surprised when the hermit informed him that Corno had resolved to travel into Pannonia and join Attila's ranks. The wanderers, who were much fatigued with their journey, soon after retired

to rest, and were subsequently followed by Franco. Boromeo, however, leant from the open window to enjoy the evening breeze, when suddenly a deep sigh, an exclamation of pain, and then a cry for assistance, caught his ear; he hastened towards the spot whence these startling sounds proceeded, and discovered it to be the bed of the aged mother; her joy at meeting her son had so shaken her shattered frame, that her strength seemed to be fast leaving her. The hermit did not wake the sleepers, for he saw that all assistance was vain; in a few minutes the unhappy mother expired in his arms; he spent the whole night praying by the side of the corpse. In the morning he broke the mournful intelligence to Franco, who, with his supposed brother, wept over the fate of their parent. A simple wooden cross, over a grave strewn with flowers, was the last testimonial of their affection for the deceased.

Franco begged the hermit to remain with him and his brother as their father and preceptor, but Corno determined not to rest another day in the house of mourning, but rather to wander forth

into the wide world, and endeavour to obtain an enviable position. Boromeo maintained with Corno, that the middle of a lonely wood was no place for a young and aspiring nature, and Franco at length consented to depart with them on the next day. All the money they possessed was carefully gathered together, and amounted to twenty scudi, with which they commenced their journey. The hermit then told his two companions that their mother, in the hour of death, pronounced the names of Attila and Honoria.

"I have heard," said he, "that the latter is the most celebrated beauty of Rome; with the former I have spoken but once."

"What!" cried Corno, "you have spoken to him? Oh! tell me quickly, of what did you speak?"

"I merely said to him," rejoined Boromeo, "you are the terror of the world, and the scourge of God; thereon he smiled, and added those words to his title."

"And what is your opinion of him?" asked Corno.

"He is a noble, valiant man, in whom nobility

of mind and body are united; towards the helpless he is always merciful and kind, and towards the weaker sex he has always shown the utmost consideration. Have you ever heard the adventure of Attila and the Goth *Zimmire*?" They replied in the negative. "I will relate it to you at a more favourable opportunity, for you know that, whilst walking, speaking occasions fatigue. I can tell you, however, that it is a convincing proof of Attila's noble heart. Of all the women he has ever known, but one has succeeded in gaining his affection, and that one is the beautiful Princess Honoria. I *have* been told that the passion of the hero is reciprocated."

"And from whom have you heard this fable?" asked Corno.

"Fable!" replied Boromeo; "you will soon know whether it is a fable or not, when Attila conquers the Emperor, and carries off Honoria as his wife, and Queen of the Huns."

The younger pilgrim seemed to blush, and suddenly changed the subject of conversation; soon afterwards it recurred again, and Boromeo said

smilingly to Franco, "If your brother were a girl, I should think that the King of the Huns had won his heart; he is constantly the subject of his remarks." When the shades of evening began to gather round, and the sky was overcast with heavy clouds, the weary travellers looked anxiously about for shelter. They subsequently came to a small town, but did not venture to stop at an inn on account of the shabbiness of their garments. There was no alternative but to beg shelter in a lonely hut, or spend the night in the open air; at the latter prospect Corno shuddered, and appealed tremblingly to Franco.

"What!" cried he, "you are frightened to pass the night in the open air, and yet would fight under Attila!"

The noble Boromeo took his young companion's part. "I can tell," he said, "by the sharpness of the wind, that we are about to have a heavy shower of rain. It is therefore absolutely necessary to procure shelter." The sun soon disappeared, and an ominous silence reigned around; only the murmuring of a distant brook was heard, and the dole-

ful strains of the nightingale. Boromeo thought sorrowfully of the past, Franco carelessly busied himself with the present, and the loving Honoria dwelt with impatience on the future; her youthful bosom was agitated with conflicting passions, and hot tears fell upon her burning cheeks. Boromeo and Franco did not observe this, for they were lost in their own meditations. At length heavy drops of rain warned the travellers to hasten their steps, and they shortly stopped before a large building, situated near a church. "This is a convent of charity, where they will receive us with hospitality," said Boromeo. The hermit was right; for no sooner had they announced themselves as weary pilgrims, than they were shown into comfortable cells, and refreshed with food. As soon as the morning broke, Honoria rose and went into the open air; she sat herself on the bank of a neighbouring brook, thought sorrowfully of her distant lover, and gave expression to her thoughts in a melody which reminded her of happier days. Boromeo, who had also risen early, had followed Corno and he heard with wonder, the lovely voice of

his young companion; he listened with delight to the melancholy strain, and at its conclusion approached the singer, saying:—"Corno! you love—your heart is seized with the passion that first made me shun the society of men. Be frank with me, and tell me the secret you conceal."

Honoria looked up blushing, and whispered:—"Not yet, old man, that time has not arrived."

At the same moment Franco came with the joyful intelligence that the prior of the convent had asked them to join their benevolent order. Corno shook his head, and said, "To battle—to battle! we are going to join Attila." The three travellers then returned to the convent, and, after having tendered their thanks for the hospitality they had received, set out again on their journey. After undergoing many hardships, the pilgrims arrived in the neighbourhood of Sycambria; there they were known to be strangers by their language, and, being suspected to be spies sent by the Emperor Valentinian, were laden with chains, and thrown into a deep and noisome dungeon. In those days, however, they had not

discovered the plan, since adopted, of allowing prisoners to linger in fearful uncertainty for months and years together; the following day they were taken before Attila, who was sitting in open court, and were called upon to defend themselves. He questioned them in a stern but by no means in a rough voice, concerning the object of their journey to Pannonia. Franco and the hermit looked towards their young companion, imploring him to answer for them. Corno stepped forward, and said that they had come to fight under Attila's banner, as soon as he should commence fresh conquests with his victorious army. The wise King of the Huns shook his head incredulously —"Romans!" said he, "and wish to fight under my command. Impossible! Then, that old man, what service could he render?"

"That old man," replied Corno fearlessly, "has already proved his claims, for he has given you a title, of which you are most worthy."

Boromeo was ordered to step forward, and Attila at once recognised the hermit whose words he had added to his world-famed name; this

circumstance evidently interested the monarch, who, wishing to prove their valour, ordered a combat to take place between them and four of his own soldiery. "If you conquer," said he to the pilgrims, "you are free; if you are vanquished, you shall be considered traitors."

"Agreed," said Corno, courageously, "but grant me one favour, mighty monarch; let me undertake my brother's share of the strife, for he has been accustomed rather to wield the spade than the lance." Attila approved the proposition, and the combat commenced; all the spectators were astounded at the courage and skill exhibited by Corno, and at the signal success which attended his exertions; even the king felt a growing interest in the young warrior, and shook his hand heartily. The pilgrims were afterwards set at liberty, and remained in the palace. It was remarked by several of the guards that Corno was ever following the footsteps of Attila, and he was therefore arrested on suspicion. When, however, this was made known to the monarch, he ordered him instantly to be set at liberty, and that he should

return with his companions to Italy. Corno replied, that they would willingly depart for their home; "but," said he, "before I set out, great king, let me offer you as a present a token of my gratitude and friendship. Take this ring; I once received it as a pledge of love, and I could not give it into worthier hands." Attila took the ring, and turned deathly pale.

"From whom came this?" cried he; "'twas given by me to the Princess Honoria."

"Yes," replied the young pilgrim, blushing, "you did give it to Honoria, and yet you gave it to me." Attila was thunderstruck; he could hardly credit the joy he experienced in seeing his beloved once again; he clasped her to his bosom, while a sense of ineffable pleasure thrilled through him!

Franco and Boromeo remained at the court, rendered more agreeable to them by the unexpected disclosure; the former there discovered that one of the warriors killed in combat by Honoria, was his brother Corno. He had been for a considerable period in Attila's camp, had abjured his religion,

and fought against his fatherland; the avenging hand of Nemesis at length reached him. At the approach of spring Attila's army, being fully equipped, marched towards Italy, the dauntless Honoria remained at the side of the monarch; however great the dangers that surrounded him, she, like a guardian-angel, continually watched over his safety. After an obstinate resistance of four months, he took Aquileia by storm, and levelled the town with the earth; the whole of Italy was terrified, and the inhabitants fled in every quarter at the approach of the Hunish army; many escaped to the fishing islands, and to this circumstance Venice owes its origin (A.D. 452). Those towns which surrendered without opposition, Attila left uninjured; the city of Cremona sent the Bishop Germanus as an ambassador of peace; and so great became the renown of the monarch, that on his arrival before Rome, Pope Leo, attended by the pomp and splendour of the church, hastened to pay his respects to the conqueror.

When the heroic King of the Huns had over-

come the whole of Italy, he directed his victorious arms against Germany, where he was equally fortunate in his conquests; Idolca, a German princess, who had long listened with rapture to the tales of Attila's heroism, visited him in male attire, as chief of the embassy. After they had agreed upon the proposed treaty, Idolca, having plucked a beautiful flower, presented it to the monarch she adored.

"Were you a lady, handsome young warrior," said the gallant Attila, "I would ask you to give me, with this rose, your heart."

"Agreed," replied Idolca, blushing; "I will take you at your word."

The ambassadors departed, not without the maiden having created an impression upon the mind of Attila. After a few days one of the envoys returned, and desired a private interview with the king; according to custom, the clothes of the stranger were carefully searched. Idolca, smiling, said:—

"The real secret is to be found only in my heart."

Attila soon penetrated the mystery of the young ambassador; her fiery eye and passionate glances too clearly discovered her sex; he ordered his attendants to withdraw, saying he wished to be alone with the young German.

During the interview, the passion of Idolca was disclosed to the admiring monarch, and was fully reciprocated; the jealous nature of the Teutonic maiden, however, could ill brook Honoria's love for the hero, and her death was alone necessary to complete Idolca's happiness; she accordingly bribed one of the officers of the guard to murder her hated rival. Another fate, however, was decreed for the beautiful Italian; she was thrown from her horse, and crushed to death beneath the hoofs of the terrified steed. Some historians have asserted that Honoria stabbed her husband on their wedding night, in order to restore her brother to his former power. This version, which has been adopted in several Italian dramas, is totally unworthy of belief.

As soon as Idolca heard of Honoria's untimely death, she hastened to join Attila in Sycambria,

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and so fascinated him by her art and beauty, that the remembrance of Honoria was speedily effaced, and he at last made her his wife. At the same time he married Myholth, the daughter of the King of Bactria. On the bridal night with Idolca, however, when the consummation of their happiness had arrived, the hero who had thrown all Italy and Germany into confusion, perished by her hand—the woman of whose entire love he believed himself possessed.

Thus died the greatest hero of his time, in the 50th year of his age (454), on a bed of luxury: the battle-field, on which he had spent his life, should have been the last earthly home of a hero whose deeds should have ensured him a less inglorious death. Idolca, repentant of her past life, subsequently committed the crime of self-destruction. The mighty king of the Huns left three sons, whose names were Ellac, Dengisih, and Irnac. His corpse was laid upon a costly bier, constructed of wood, iron, silver, and gold—to represent the riches, might, and glory of the Huns—and buried secretly in Pannonia, that the world might be

ignorant of the grave of the great deceased.* It is said that, on the day of his death, the Emperor Marcian at Constantinople had a dream, in which he saw the bow of King Attila broken, and thus learned that the mighty foe of the Romans had passed away.

FROM THE

Mausoleum Ducum Ungariæ.

Attila.

Be afraid, ye kings! O princes, dread!
Fear, ye kingdoms! ye people, be horrorstruck!
Nations be smitten with fear! groan deep, O cities!
Tremble all the world!
I have known, never till now have I seen,
The prodigies of the comet.

Rising in the east, it turns westward,
Nor will it seem to set with the sun
Before it traverse the horizon with Mars.

* The Magyars show many places where the remains of Attila are supposed to be immured, the prevailing opinion—in Sáros Patak.

Buy a sword, O soldier!
Ye citizens, turn your ploughs to swords!
Senators, turn your gown into a cloak!
To none will peace be allow'd beneath this star.
It portends bloody battles,
Announces angry heavens to the earth,
Again in a new deluge, but rolling on in bloody stream.
It brings the forces of Astræa, the avenger,
With which she will scourge the world.
To Attila the execution is entrusted,
A name which, when you hear, O traveller!
Perhaps you have believed to be some monster,
Not a man; or a brute in human form;
Or haply a tyrant in a royal dress.
Indeed, beneath a stern countenance
Of great fierceness, see a conqueror,
Of name majestic, a prodigy of valour,
A miracle of victorious fortune,
Worn beneath his spear,
An unconquer'd Mars,
In guise of inhumanity.

Shaken by the fall of so many generals,
The whole glory of the Huns waver'd;
But, with shoulders of a Hercules,
Attila alone bore the burden
Suited to the strength of Atlas.
Pannonia was but the narrow body
Of so great a soul;

He would not spend there the noon of glory,
When he look'd eastward.
'Tis difficult, indeed, not to be hurried away
By too great fortune;
But stay, traveller,
That we may shut the urn, too full
For such mighty ashes.
Perambulate the world;
You see no traces of him in the dust,
Or you may find his marble tomb in the crossways,
On which you may read who he was.

ATTILA,

Son of Bendecuez,
Grandson of great Nimrod,
Nurtured in Engeddi,
By the grace of God king of the Huns,
Medes, Goths, Dacians,
The fear of the World, the scourge of God.

Fall of the Hunish Empire.

THE next ruler of the Huns was Dengisih, according to the last desire of Attila; the two brothers also laid claim to the throne, and consequently party spirit so divided the great kingdom, which stretched from the Rhine to the Volga, from the Northern Islands to the Adriatic Sea, that its destruction seemed inevitable. The first consequence of these internal quarrels was the self-emancipation of those cities which Attila had conquered; the kingdom was therefore soon reduced to its original boundaries, and remained under the dominion of the three sons. The family discords continued until the year 474, when the power of the Huns was so materially broken, that they could not withstand the inroads of the neigh-

bouring European nations, on account of the want of union amongst themselves. One portion of the Huns forsook Pannonia, and the other portion, which was ruled by Truac, the youngest son of Attila, after the deaths of Dengisih and Ellac, again conquered the Sclavonians, and wandered towards Scythia, where they finally settled down in the neighbourhood of the Boristides, the Volga, and the Caspian Sea. A smaller portion, the present Széklers, remained in Transylvania. Not long afterwards, Truac died, and with his last breath encouraged the Huns to reconquer Pannonia, the land in which the blood of their forefathers had been shed; he said, that such was the will of God, who would bless the brave undertaking with his protection. According to the custom of the nation, Gordas, a member of Attila's family, was elected sovereign; this monarch afterwards journeyed to Constantinople, where, through the influence of the Emperor, he was converted to Christianity; this event so enraged his subjects, that on his return he was slain. His brother Magor was next chosen king, and, by his excellent

deeds, became so famed throughout the whole of Europe, that the nation of the Huns was called after him. In the mean time, a division of the Huns which had settled in China could no longer bear the yoke imposed upon them by the natives; they, therefore, came to Europe under the Prince Avár, and formed a colony on the banks of the Volga, with the intention to take up arms to conquer Pannonia again.

The king of the Gepidi, who opposed their progress with a large army, defeated them in a decisive battle, and conquered Moldavia, Wallachia, and Transylvania; the victors soon repossessed themselves of the whole of Pannonia, after having joined with the Transylvanian Széklers, and subdued the Sclavonians.

Not long afterwards, they drove the Emperor Justinian out of Constantinople. On the 5th of May, about the year 570, after the birth of Mahomet, they also vanquished Sigisbert, King of France.

The whole of Europe soon took up arms against the preponderating power of the Hun-Avars, and

the Roman emperor, Charles the Great, succeeded at length in overcoming them.

Tunudus and all his followers embraced the Christian faith, in order to gain the favour of the Roman emperor and people. Many Avars of high rank, Zodan, and Ohagar, followed their example.

Christianity spread so rapidly among the Hun-Avars, that at that period they had already appointed bishops, as we find from a letter of Pope Eugenius, of which we give an extract below, and which, at the same time, throws light upon historical inquiries into the origin of the Hun-Avars —the letter runs thus:

Eugenius Episcopus, Servus Servorum Dei, Rathfredo Sanctæ fabianensis Ecclesiæ, Methodio Sanctæ Speculi Juliensis quæ et Sonriguturensis nuncupatur, atque Alebino Sanctæ Nitrariensis Ecclesiæ, pariquc modo annoni Sanctæ Vetbariensis Ecclesiæ Episcopis.

Simul etiam Tutundo, nec non Moymaro Ducibus, et optimatibus, exercitibusque plebis Pannoniæ, quæ et Abaria dicitur, et Morabiæ, etc. etc.

In quibus etiam quendam Romanorum quoque, Gepidorumque natate ut electione certum est, in septem episcoporum Parochias antecessores sui jure metropolitano optinuerant Dioecesim, etc. etc.

Qua ex justitia et lege prælatus Deo dignissimus archiepiscopus debito obligatur, ut illi Terræ, prius Christicolæ, atque suorum antiquitus antecessorum creditæ præbidenciæ, etc. etc.

Atque etiammum in prælatis regionibus Pannoniæ, quæ et Abariæ appellatur, sed et Morabiæ, probinciarum quoque Pamoniæ, sibe Mœsiæ apostoliam hicem nostram et Dioecesim atque jus Ecclesiasticum exercendi, et usum ac potestatem antecessorum suorum, hidelicet, Sanctæ Laureacensis Ecclesiæ archiepiscoporum sibi successoribusque suis Canonica auctoritate committimus, atque hujus constitutionis nostræ decretum subscriptionis pribilegio roboramus.

The Hun-Avars lost their power as soon as they had gained it, and became subject to foreigners. This once happy people bore uneasily the foreign yoke beneath which they had fallen. They were much afflicted to find their fate at the disposal of those to whom they had formerly prescribed laws, and to receive commands from those whom they had ever been accustomed to rule.

The situation of Europe, which was then in the hands of the Popes, contributed to this, and the fate of nations depended on their caprice. Therefore the Hun-Avars once more migrated to the banks of the Volga. But a small portion was

forced to embrace Christianity, and yield to the power of absolute rulers—the Huns were zealous fire worshippers.

The origin of the diversity of opinion which exists in regard to many historical occurrences, may be chiefly attributed to the party spirit with which writers have undertaken the important task of relating the true version of past events; yet, whatever disputes may have arisen, it is to be observed that the Huns, Avars, Széklers, Scythians, Jazigier, Kumaner, Hungarian-Magyars, are one and the same people. The former, as we have already stated, migrated to the northern boundaries of China after the fall of the Hunish kingdom; they often changed their name during their wanderings, till at length this great people vanished from the stage of the world, only a small remnant was left behind.

CHAPTER II.

Paganism and Christianity.

FIRST PERIOD.

884 TO 1301.

Asiatic Chiefs.

The Arpads.

INDIA is the cradle of the human race, from whence they have been driven over all parts of the earth by love of gain. It makes it the more difficult to trace the origin of a people, because in their wanderings their name was continually changed.

The existence of nations and the occurrences in their history are like plants, which bloom, bear seed, and then die away. They go back to nature, which turns its strength to creating other productions under widely different forms. Thus is it with nations—thus with the Magyars. The latter have undergone three such changes, because circumstances compelled them to undergo this transformation. Every thing under the sun is exposed to similar alterations.

Accordingly, while for more than 2000 years before Christ, arts and sciences flourished among the older nations, as the Phœnicians, Egyptians, &c., Lidon, Nineveh, twelve miles long and as many broad, Thebes, which had a circumference of twenty-three miles, containing the world-renowned labyrinth with 3000 chambers. Here was the statue of the Phœnix, which covered a space of two square miles.

The seven wonders of the world—the Pyramids of Egypt, the Walls of Babylon, the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, the Statue of Jupiter at Olympus, the Colossus of Rhodes—show the creative power of the period. Innumerable works of art of the same kind appeared to be raised for eternity; but they have nearly all disappeared with their people, which too soon quitted the world's stage. One nation thrusts aside and destroys another, under the impulses of avarice and vanity.

After the older nations—Huns, Egyptians, Assyrians, Ethiopians, and Phœnicians—decayed in the East, the rival Greeks and Romans rose in

Europe. When Athens was founded by Cecrops, who had migrated from Egypt, and when, after the conclusion of the Trojan war, Æneas fled to Latium, and his descendants Romulus and Remus founded Rome, there were only Greeks and Romans in the world's history; the deeds of these two nations alone occupied historians up to the time of the Magyars' appearance, and that with reason, for they opposed the whole world.

Great events occurred under Crœsus, Cyrus, Darius, Hannibal, Alexander, Attila.

Nations were often forced into the bloodiest wars to carry out the intentions of individuals. Thus Cyrus raised the standard of war against Crœsus for the sake of a woman who had been carried off; Sextus, son of the Roman king, Tarquin, occasioned a bloody war by his violence to Lucretia; Carthage and other flourishing towns were also destroyed.

These times also produced many wise men, such as Solon and Lycurgus; the patterns of true friendship, Damon and Pythias; and men of the people, such as Marcus Tullius Cicero, who, by

sympathizing with the sorrows of the people, caused Catiline to conspire against him.

Rome could show in its annals the wisest rulers and the greatest tyrants; as Nero, Cæsar, Caligula, Claudius, Tiberius, Augustus, Antony, Brutus, Vespasian, and his son Titus, in whose time (A.D. 79) occurred the overthrow of Jerusalem, and the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii (23rd Aug.)—in the year 1750, they were rediscovered.

Thus, as the world and its people are subjected to change, so also will new times and people rise from the old. Tribes wandering from the north, settled amid the ruins of the once mighty tyrant Rome, and made Europe the theatre of those great changes, from which, in after ages, rose civilisation, prosperity, battles for conquest, and religion.

The most powerful monarchies had vanished; civilisation, science, and morals, disappeared before the devastating sword of warlike tribes, though they partly revived in Byzantium.

The legitimate complaints of the oppressed were despised. Kings and nobles ruled arbitrarily over

their acquisitions. The rulers oppressed to satisfy their avarice, and appropriated to themselves every thing by violence and rage. This fanned the flame of war, and prepared for a new order of things. Meanwhile, the people ever allowed themselves to be used as the blind tools of their rulers, to serve their material interests.

The new doctrine and religion of Christ, in its original purity, was calculated to make the selfish heart better; but its teachers defiled them by their own speculations, and attempted to found a dominion of superstition for their own advantage, which only succeeded too well. They blinded the people to such a degree, that they were reverenced as the confidants of Heaven, in the name of which they blessed and cursed.

Through the weakness of princes, who believed that by their means they could easier govern a people morally blinded, the growth of their influence was every where permitted; and this influence increased, till at length it raised the priests above the princes and their laws. It even extended to such a degree that the priests contrived that only

princes, ruled by their influence, should govern; by these means they enriched themselves, and, standing at the helm of the world, became physically and morally masters of the lives, fate, and destiny of the people. They assumed the office of judges over kings and nations, and gave away thrones for earthly treasures, as though they were brokers of heaven.

Their powerful influence over the peace and happiness of nations, stimulated their avarice. To attain their object they displayed the most princely profuseness, and blinded them with the power of the Church. The people trembled before the cross, and were ready, morally and materially, to sacrifice all their possessions to these false apostles; they gave up all for relics or sacred objects, by the power of which they could enter the kingdom of heaven; the most precious goods and immeasurable wealth were laid at their feet, and the poor misled people were at last rejoiced if their property was favourably accepted. Princes who ventured to oppose their crosier or sword, fell beneath the terrors of excommunication.

States without laws, monarchies without heads, kings without subjects, appeared and vanished from the stage. Larger and smaller armies were continually ready, waiting for the sign of the priests to throw themselves on the innocent, murder them in the name of Heaven and of Christ, and plunder them of all. Every feeling of humanity was extinguished in the priests and their mercenaries, for the latter were moved to fanaticism by the speeches of the priests; justice had no voice, for in its stead reigned superstition.

Such was the state of Europe at the time when the Magyars again appeared to restore the dominion of their forefathers in the East; the position of affairs in Europe, occasioned the struggles for freedom and religion in which they so often engaged.

When the Magyars eventually took possession of the land of their forefathers, the new doctrine of the religion of Jesus had caused many extraordinary social revolutions. Had the ecclesiastical teachers adopted a different spirit than that which has always actuated them, great good might have

been effected by the diffusion of the holy faith; but so vicious was the course pursued by the priests, that little but ill resulted from their instructions. By instilling into the minds of the people a reverential awe for the Almighty power, by subsequently prostituting their superior knowledge to the furtherance of their evil plans, and by working upon the credulity of their disciples, they raised themselves to considerable importance. Through the weakness of monarchs they succeeded in increasing their possessions and their power, and obtained an ascendency over the people by taking advantage of their ill-directed intelligence; their sole aim was to make themselves morally and physically masters of the world. Their boundless avarice increased with their influence; to gain their ends, they displayed all that was dazzling in the church, all that was mysterious in priesthood. The people trembled beneath the cross; they were ready at the beck of the unmerciful priests to sacrifice their moral, physical, and material advantages. Besides this, they amassed immense treasures by the manufacture of sacred relics,

which they imbued with supernatural power. Princes who attempted to defy or resist them, fell sacrifices to their vengeance by means of the dreaded excommunication; the strife existing between the small and the great nations, was continually strengthened and increased by the exertions of the priestly rulers; justice was dumb; the battles caused by superstition became gradually more furious, and all sense of right and wrong was extinguished. This condition of Europe was the primeval cause of the sanguinary struggles for religious liberty which have since taken place.

The original boundaries of Pannonia did not exist at this period: it was portioned out amongst petty despots, who ruled the inhabitants with a rod of iron. The oppression of the people was continually increased, and human beings were at length degraded by superstition to the lowest point. Those Hun-Avars who then existed felt the weight of a most despotic rule, and therefore commenced laying plans for the acquirement of their freedom; they finally agreed to send to Scythia, and demand assistance of their kinsmen

against their foreign rulers, adding, that it was their duty to lend their aid, as the land of Pannonia had rightly belonged to them since the time of Attila, and because Irnac at his death had exhorted them to reconquer their beloved land, assuring them that Providence would surely assist their undertaking. In order to convey an adequate notion of the fertility of their old fatherland, they intrusted to the care of one of the ambassadors some hay, a small quantity of the water of the Danube, and a handful of earth, saying, that from these they might judge of the advantage of the country of Pannonia. Each of the envoys rode upon a milkwhite steed. At the same period their kinsmen in Asia were thinking of taking possession of the land of their forefathers; they had elected, in the year 883, as chief "Vezér," Almus, the son of Ugek, by his wife Emesu, daughter of Eumudi, leader of the Dentumogoric. As their under leaders they elected Ed, Boyti, Bunger, Ousad, Retelt, and Eurs. In order to prevent all dispute concerning the succession, the following decrees were made at a

general meeting of the people, presided over by Almus:—

1.—The heir to the throne must be of the family of Almus.

2.—Every man who takes part in the conquest of the land shall have a portion allotted to him according to his merits.

3.—That the descendants of the present leaders who from pure patriotic love have elected Almus bezér, shall always take part in the councils and government of the land.

4.—If any one rebel against the ruling power, he shall be punished by death.

5.—Those who do not studiously observe the foregoing decrees shall be proscribed.

According to the custom of fire-worshippers, the vezérs opened a vein in their arms, and swore allegiance to Almus in the following words:—"*Thus shall bleed the faithless!*" This meeting of the nation at once established its government. Thus may be said to have commenced that Magyar constitution which, for centuries, bade defiance to the world, which has often proved victorious when threatened with annihilation, which was always a mighty barrier erected against despo-

tism, but which was at last crushed, in 1848, by the House of Hapsburg, aided by the arms of Russia.

A year subsequent to the events we have recorded, the Magyars commenced their great undertaking; they numbered in all 180 families, and each leader commanded a body of 30,875 armed men. When they arrived at the Caucasian mountains they took possession of a town on the left bank of the river Kuma, which at the present day is called Madzsar; they afterwards journeyed to Kiew, conquered the Sclavonians living in the north, and finally entered Transylvania. Here Almus died (889). This prince should rightly have borne his family name, Ugek, but, on account of his indolent temperament, was called by his mother Almus, which, in the Hungarian language, signifies the dreamer; the most correct pronunciation of the word is álmos. His parent seemed to have been somewhat characterized by the qualities of her son. We are told she once dreamt that a great river suddenly flowed from her bosom, and, overwhelming the surround-

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ing country, spread fertility in every direction. The soothsayers whom she consulted interpreted from this, that Almus would eventually be the prince of a great and powerful nation, which prophecy was verified.

After the death of Almus, his son Arpad was elected leader, according to their league; the subsidiary officers, whose names we have already mentioned, were carried away, some by death, some by weakness and old age. Their places were supplied by the following heroes, who were for the most part sons of the former vezérs:—I. Zabolch; II. Gyula; III. Kund; IV. Leel; V. Verbülch; VI. Eurs.

Arpad, directed by these men, the Magyars, hastened on to conquer Pannonia. Their name, invested with the *prestige* of victory, spread terror amongst the nations with which they came into contact, the remembrance of their warlike ancestors, the Huns, being still fresh. Arpad received the ambassadors from Pannonia at Kiew, where he had defeated the Sclavonians, and by their addition increased the force with which he subse-

quently conquered Dacia. After the chief of the Magyars had proved victorious over the Germans, he made a sacrifice to their god. Standing before the altar, with the earth and the water which had been brought from Pannonia in his hand, there he uttered the following solemn prayer:—"Thou who are Lord of heaven and earth, whose will and power are invincible—thou who art the protector of Pannonia, grant unto the people who love thee, who believe and place their hope in thee, whose destiny thou hast taken into thine own hands—thou who art the protector of Pannonia, grant unto the descendants of the great Attila, the land and the water of the country in which the noble blood of their forefathers has been shed."

When Arpad arrived at the boundaries of Moravia, he sent seven splendid Asiatic horses, with golden trappings, as a present to Prince Swatopol of the Sclavonians; at the same time he requested him, through his ambassador Kusid, to evacuate the land which belonged to his people by right of ancestry. The Sclavonian prince was so much

enraged at this message, that he ordered the horses to be killed immediately, and the trappings to be thrown into the Danube. Upon learning the result of the proposal, the Magyar leader determined to resort to arms.

As we have before stated, Pannonia was at this period divided amongst petty princes; Swatopol ruled in the north, between the rivers Waag and Danube; the Germans, Italians, and Wends, were under the dominion of the Emperor of the West; the country between Marosch, the Theisz, and the Danube, was governed by Glad; and Gyula, a prince of Wallachia, ruled over Transylvania, Wallachia, and Bulgaria.

From Moravia and Bohemia the Magyars journeyed over the Carpathian mountains, and after many struggles and hardships, reached the town of Gora, which they called Munkács. After they had sojourned there for forty days, they divided themselves into seven bodies, and in seven different directions set out to invade the land of their fathers. Before Arpad set his army in motion, he held a solemn discourse concerning the home he hoped to

gain: "Attila," cried he in a loud voice, "Attila, mighty ruler of the earth in times gone, thou who hast ruled this land with thy glorious sceptre, look down upon thy people whose forefathers suffered many ills with patriotic endurance, grant it to them as a reward for their valour. Let Truac's prophecy be fulfilled, which said that the assistance of the God of the Magyars could benefit the enterprise. Help us, be our saviour, for we are thy faithful descendants." After these words the whole Hungarian nation raised a powerful prayer:—"Help us, O God of the Magyars!"

The petty princes surrendered without resistance to the victorious arms of their assailants; those who acted thus enjoyed their rights and liberty, and were considered as allies. For the sake of security, Arpad took up his quarters during the first year on an island in the Danube called Csepel. In the second year he compelled Prince Marod to conclude a treaty, and to give him the hand of his daughter Gema in marriage as a pledge of faith. The entire conquest of Pannonia occupied a period of five years, at the expiration

of which Arpad called a general assembly of the nation on a great plain called Puszta-szer, where they debated for a period of thirty-four days concerning certain points which affected the prosperity of the land and of its inhabitants. Amongst many decisions at which they arrived, was one which rendered the law respecting the election of a chief, clearer and more intelligible; those heroes who had distinguished themselves received rewards, and were placed on a footing with the richest and noblest of the land.

The Avars and Scythians, the present Magyars, united themselves into one body, and, in order to render the country secure, they divided it into different districts (Vármegye—*shire*), each of which was governed by a separate chief. The districts also possessed separate titles, derived from their first rulers; as, for instance, the Zabolcs province was so called from its governor Zabolcs. The privileges, rights, and laws of the people, as well as the punishments for the infringement of the last, were clearly arranged and provided for.

After the death of Arpad, in 907, his son

Zoltan, one of the founders of Hungary, was elected as his successor; on his death, the choice fell upon his son Toxus, who had to contend against many enemies. He was materially assisted in his government by the advice and experience of Botond; and during his reign the Italians and the Greeks suffered several defeats. The war with the latter was decided by a single combat, undertaken by the powerful Botond against a young Greek of gigantic strength. The contest terminated in favour of the Hungarian hero, who was of tall and stately carriage, and who, by his noble appearance and renowned valour, had won the heart of Polydora, the lovely daughter of Theophant. The Greek nation considered itself highly honoured when the Magyar chief made their beautiful countrywoman his wife. Amongst the many heroic qualities ascribed to Botond, his vigour is one of the most prominent: he is said to have struck the Mehalene-Burgos gate at Constantinople with a battle-axe with such strength, and shattered it so effectually, that the town immediately surrendered. The

last-mentioned prince testified a desire to make peace with the neighbouring nations, in the contests with which the Hungarians had been considerably weakened.

The Emperor Otto, at the instigation of the Pope, expressed a wish for the conversion of the nation to Christianity; and the prince in so far concurred, that he permitted Wolfgang, the priest, to preach the Christian doctrines throughout the land. The efforts of Otto, however, were unsuccessful; but under the reign of Geiza, which commenced in 972, Christianity made considerable progress. That prince fixed his dwelling on the rocky region near the river Gran, where he founded the town of Esztergom. Here Hungarian history commences its undoubted integrity, the mist of fable disappears, and historical truth establishes all events in their true light.

The German powers sent the Wendish bishop, Bruno, into Hungary, in order to convert Geiza and his court to Christianity. This bishop so took advantage of Geiza's good-nature, that, in his own handwriting, the prince sent an invitation to

Bishop Piligrinus, asking him to come into Pannonia, and endeavour to inculcate the doctrines of the Christian religion. Otto, therefore, saw his previously unsuccessful endeavours crowned with a satisfactory result; and Geiza, his wife Sarolta, daughter of the Transylvanian prince, Gyula, and their entire household, were baptized. His wife, at her decease in 996, left him one son, Vaik, and three daughters, Judith, Sarolta, and Gizela. As his second wife, he chose Adelhaid, daughter of the Bohemian king, Wenezlaus. Judith married the Polish king, Boleslaus; Sarolta became the wife of the Hungarian prince, Abasarn, and Gizela accepted the Venetian prince, Otto, as her husband. Vaik was baptized in the fifteenth year of his age, when he received the name of Stephen; the Duke of Apulia, Theodosus, was his sponsor. Otto now aimed at gaining the complete favour of the Magyars, and therefore brought about the betrothal of the tender virgin, Gizela, daughter of Henry, Duke of Bavaria, with Stephen, while he was in his minority, in keeping with the ancient custom of the Hungarians.

In the mean time Geiza had created many enemies in the country, by his untiring zeal for the furtherance of Christianity; and thence arose the differences between the Christians and non-Christian Magyars, which finally caused so much unhappiness. Geiza, who felt himself growing too old to fulfil the laborious duties of government, abdicated in favour of his son Stephen, and died in 997.

Stephen.

THE attempted introduction of the Christian religion occasioned considerable party differences during the commencement of Stephen's rule; the Scythians adhered with pertinacity to the faith of their fathers, and took up arms against the first Christian king and his followers. The internal disturbances which at length arose, increased to such an extent that Stephen's throne seemed tottering; on one occasion his camp was attacked, and he only succeeded in re-establishing his power by the assistance of the German dynasties. Cupa was overpowered, and all those who denied Christianity and took up arms against the king, were instantly put to death by the Germans. These religious persecutions were increased by the

cruelty of the priests, and in consequence many of the Scythians forsook the land, and settled in Ungeri, in Asia Minor.

The plains of Stullweisenburg, the gigantic ruins of Cupa's Castle, as well as the destiny of his daughter, Amana, tell mournfully of the affairs of this gloomy period.

The Roman court succeeded in establishing the Christian religion amongst the Magyars only by perpetrating the greatest cruelties; and thus, at this early period, was sown the seed of hatred between the Mahommedans and Christians, which has since fructified and grown stronger. In spite of the discontent to which it gave rise, Stephen did all in his power to advance the interests of the true faith; but he was often defeated in the execution of his plans by the overbearing pride of the priests, in whose power were both Church and State. At this time a great many bishopries were founded, and endowed with considerable wealth, in order to better the worldly condition of the clerical rulers. At their suggestion, schools were erected, and the education superintended by

themselves; children were therefore made intimately acquainted with the Latin tongue, and this is probably the reason that that language was habitually used in Hungary, even at the latest period, for the transaction of political affairs. It may in fine be justly stated, that Stephen laid the foundation-stone of Hungary's freedom, and of the Christian religion in that country. The principles which he instilled into the mind of his son Emeric, whom he regarded as the hope of the nation, illustrate the chief traits of his character; from them we select the following:—

"That he should defend the doctrines of the apostles with his entire power, in order that he might be happy on earth and in heaven; always protect the representatives of the Church, and their privileges; treat the princes and the nobility with the utmost respect and courtesy, in order to eradicate from them the spirit of pride and independence; guard against arrogance, vanity, and boasting, and thereby avoid conflict, hatred, and party quarrels; fulfil his duties with kindness and forbearance, and with conscientiousness; always

state his opinions openly, as becometh a knight; rule the land mercifully, and give encouragement to the foundation of new towns and villages; choose as councillors, experienced right-minded men, and give due consideration to their propositions; accept the advice of the younger members of the government with especial caution; always treasure up the examples of his forefathers, on account of the dangerous renewals of dissensions, which continually occur. That if he wished to enjoy the blessings of Heaven during his reign, he should pray continually for wisdom; and should never swerve from the path of justice and Christian honour; and always observe towards others moderation, honour, and affability, which are the chief attributes of a good king."

The young hero was unable to follow the good advice of his father; for he lost his life in the expedition against the German Emperor Conrad, and descended to the grave accompanied by the nation's sympathy.

A want of unanimity still prevailed in all quarters, partly nourished by the Christians, and partly by

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the believers of the ballem; to reconcile the embittered Magyars was the chief task undertaken by Stephen. He therefore called a diet (Országgyülés) on the plain of Rákos, situate to the right of Pesth; which proceeding was justifiable, according to the league instituted by the chiefs under their vezér, Almus. We append some of the laws made on the occasion:—

THE UNIVERSAL ADMINISTRATION.

In order that the affairs of the administration shall not be interrupted, Cuba is appointed regent, Nádor-Palatin and Kuja judges, and N—— comes curiæ. The position of the clergy is the highest amongst the civil population, and is rendered the more important by the possession of riches and landed property; the agricultural classes are forced to give up to them a tenth part of the produce of their land; the law enforcing this tribute was nullified in the year 1848. The nobility is divided into three classes—the clergy, the

families of the ancient chiefs, and those who have lately acquired rank. This classification of the nation is accepted in the present council. These decisions shall only come into operation after they are sanctioned by the majority of the nation, and by the consent of the King.

THE DIVISION OF THE LAND.

THE land shall be divided into districts, so that in each district there shall be a fortress confided to the care of the Comes Castri. The villages shall be fortified. The revenue contributed by the inhabitants of each county shall be employed to defray the national expenses. The personal safety of the inhabitants of each district shall be protected by the law.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAWS.

(PROCESS-FÜHRUNG.)

JUDGES selected from the clergy and nobility, are to be appointed by the Nádor-Palatin. If

a jobbágy (Unterthan) falsely accuse the comes castri, he shall be punished by a fine of ten ducats (£5), to be paid into the exchequer (Landescassa.)

The bishops alone are empowered to decide disputes concerning wills or marriages.

PUNISHMENTS.

THOSE who betray their country, and those who calumniate the king or his nobles without cause, and also those who are convicted of theft three times, shall be punished by death or banishment.

He who commits murder upon a woman, shall pay to the state fifty calves if he be a noble; ten if he be a subject; he shall also give 110 ducats (£55) to the relation of the person murdered. If it be a man on whom the murder is committed, the assassin shall himself suffer death in the same method, and with the same instrument he employed in perpetrating the deed. If, in the disturbance occasioned by the breaking out of a fire, any tumult take place, or any female be

carried off, the delinquent shall be punished by fire.

Every man is forced personally to take part in expeditions for the defence of the country, not excepting the king himself; if the king do not appear, neither the clergy nor the nobles will be obliged to take arms. The proceeds of the gold, silver, and salt mines shall be devoted to the maintenance of the royal household and of the military. Every tenth village is required to erect a church, the ornaments of which shall be supplied by the king; a portion of these are to be worked by the queen and the ladies of her court—thus, 850 years ago, were manufactured the mantle and shoes in which Ferdinand V. of Hapsburg was crowned as the forty-ninth and last legitimate king of the Magyars.

The exertions of Stephen in favour of the Christian religion, were amply rewarded by Pope Sylvester II., who presented him with a crown ornamented with brilliants, and surrounded with portraits of the twelve apostles executed in enamel. This same pontiff crowned Stephen on the 15th of August, in the year 1000, as the first Christian

King of Hungary; he received from the Pope the title of Apostolic Majesty, as a mark of distinction for his services. All the kings wore Stephen's crown, of whom Ferdinand V. was the last.

The crown was always kept at Wisegrád, in which castle the kings fixed their residence; it is made of two parts, the upper of which we have described; the lower was sent to King Geiza I. by the Byzantine emperor, Michael Ducas (1097), and the two halves were joined together by King Ladislaus the Holy.

We have already mentioned the castle of Wisegrád, the foundation of which was laid by the Sclavonians, but which was finished by the Avar government, and was subsequently the scene of many celebrated and mournful occurrences.

We cannot relinquish the subject without relating one, amongst the many legends of this gigantic and mysterious ruin; at the same time we may mention, that innumerable ruins are to be found on the plains and mountains of Hungary which have witnessed many historical and romantic events, the remembrance of which alone recalls

their splendour. The mysteries connected with these localities have not been merely handed down orally; written documents preserved by succeeding generations record the deeds of times long passed and full of interest.

Religious Intrigues.

RELIGIOUS discord especially characterised the reign of Stephen; the seed had been plentifully sown, not by the Magyars, not by their ancestors, but by the hands of the Roman priests, and it fructified more strongly in each generation. In the eyes of those men nothing was inviolate; every thing which opposed the execution of their plans was proscribed. This evil sprang from Rome itself; since the Roman court, in the garb of Christianity, sought to increase its worldly power and its influence over the fate of nations. The laws instituted by Stephen, prove how much he was under the dominion of the priests, particularly the first agreement of the code which provides for the rights and power of the clergy, whose chief object was to improve

their position by the acquirement of wealth and property.

At this period Hedwig was the mistress of Wisegrád. She was thirteen years of age, and possessed the innocence of perfect youthfulness, united to the beauty and intellect of superior years; she was an orphan, and under the guidance of the clergy. Her father had been the bosom-friend of Geiza, whose grandson, Leventa, celebrated throughout the land for his personal advantages, riches, and heroism, lived near the abode of Hedwig. The maiden had embraced the doctrines of the Christian religion, but Leventa remained true to the faith of his Scythian ancestors; for his father had fallen in defence of his religion in Cupa's expedition. The youth was therefore left to follow his own path. The principal pleasure in which he indulged was hunting, and in the neighbourhood of Wisegrád he was enabled abundantly to gratify his inclination. The eager cry made by the dogs in pursuit of their prey frequently reached the ear of Hedwig, who at length, partly from habit and partly from curiosity, became interested in the daily an-

nouncement of the sport. It seemed to her indication of the presence of a second being; for young, beautiful, rich and good as she was, her life was lonely and monotonous. At the foot of her castle flowed the Danube, and on its narrow shore stood a small village, the inhabitants of which adored their youthful mistress. When the sun sunk gradually into its peaceful rest, and when the bell from the castle-tower summoned the villagers to vespers, in their prayers was ever heard the name of Hedwig, for whose continual happiness they implored the all-powerful Heaven. Around the castle was a large garden, which reached over the valley to the verge of the forest, where Hedwig, like the nightingale, frequently went to give utterance to sweet yet mournful strains. One morning her singing was interrupted by the barking of the dogs; she hastened towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded, and discovered two of them lying weltering in their blood; at a short distance was a bear defending himself against the savage attacks of the remaining dogs. Terrified at the sight, she fled towards the castle, scarcely hearing the cry for assistance from

the hunter, who was lying near, dangerously wounded.

When Hedwig recovered her presence of mind, and thought of the voice she had heard, her warm nature reproached her, and, having aroused herself, she hastened resolutely to the spot whence the sounds issued—she discovered a young man lying motionless and exhausted from loss of blood; his countenance did not inform her who he was, but his costume told of his noble birth. Hedwig placed her delicate hand on the heart of the hunter, and found that there were yet signs of life; she stood gazing at him for a considerable period, while a sensation of sympathy and pity seemed to move her whole being; the young man was in the prime of youth, and manly beauty had naturally enlisted the interest of the maiden. Hedwig hurried breathlessly to the castle, and called the old priest Romano and all the servants, ordering them to carry the unknown youth to a comfortable apartment, and tend him with the greatest care and attention. The true name and rank of the hunter was only known to the old

priest, who did not disclose them. Notwithstanding repeated solicitations, Hedwig could learn nothing from Romano concerning the invalid, save that he was rapidly recovering, that he belonged to the religion of the wild Cupa, and that he frequently made inquiries respecting the mistress of the castle.

When Leventa was so far recovered as to be enabled to take gentle exercise, he entreated the priest to lead him to the garden where the beautiful Hedwig passed so much of her time. "Sir," replied Romano, "I am not permitted to grant your request, more particularly as you belong to the Scythian religion; start not—I know you! Look on this grey head, young man, it has grown so in this place, where I have spent the autumn of my life. I am prisoner, because I remained faithful to the religion of my forefathers. They are called heathens, but their souls are unpolluted; whilst those who call themselves Christians, but too often disgrace the name they bear. I shall suffer on until the chains with which the disciples of the Pope have laden me shall be burst asunder

by merciful death. My forefather Arpád shall not look down upon my conversion."—"Fate is adverse and life is bitter," said the invalid, "when men prepare their own misfortunes, and make the world in which they live. So you know who I am?"—"It is because I know," replied the old man, "that I have opened my heart to you, and spoke of my grief." At this moment a knock at the door disturbed the speakers, and a servant entered with some refreshment, which the priest carefully removed to a remote portion of the chamber, with this remark:—"We are in the power of our natural enemies, the Christians, and must therefore regard their friendly acts with some suspicion."

After the lapse of a short time the young man recovered his health, and frequently wandered in the garden, ever watching studiously for the accidental approach of the beautiful mistress of the castle. On one occasion he met Hedwig, who was returning from an opposite direction; the form of Leventa, invigorated by returning health and spirits, produced a deep impression upon her

mind. She asked the priest who the unknown was, and he promised to reveal the secret if she swore that his name should not again pass her lips. When Romano informed Hedwig that he was the far-famed Leventa, she started tremblingly—her face turned pale, and she was moved by the same indescribable sympathy which suffused her being when she gazed at the senseless hunter; she begged the priest to tend him with care, and treat him as a brother. Hedwig's conflicting feelings forced her to break her word. She could not rest in the state of uncertainty in which she found herself; she therefore despatched a trusty messenger to Leventa's court, to bring intelligence concerning him. When he found he could gather no tidings, he commenced narrating the late occurrences at Wisegrád. The astonished household at once recognised the hunter as their master, and told him, moreover, that the dogs, having returned seriously wounded, they imagined some dire misfortune had befallen the rash hunter. They immediately collected themselves in a body, with a determination to rescue their master from

the hands of their enemies, the Christians. They speedily set out; the golden rays of the sun burnished the tops of the mountains when they were still some distance from the castle. On arrival the gates were locked, the sentinels had taken their places, and the vast building, lately so full of life, was immoveable and motionless. The guard, perceiving the body advancing, concluded they were enemies, and soon commenced hostile preparations on the battlements; so soon as they were recognised as the Scythians, the whole of the inmates of the castle immediately armed themselves. Suddenly, in the midst of Leventa's retainers, appeared the form of an armed, and, judging from his long grey beard, an aged man. He hastily thanked them as his deliverers, and placing himself at their head, led them under the battlements; he told them that a powerful Christian chief was lying ill at the castle, and that, in conjunction with Hedwig, had formed the plan of overcoming Leventa and of taking possession of his property. Astonished at the communication, the men asked, "If he who was ill were not

the Lord Leventa?"—"No," replied the priest; "I know him well, for I taught him the religion of our fathers."

The retainers were greatly enraged, thinking they had been duped, and searched without success for the messenger, who had disappeared during the tumult. "Are you the servants of Leventa?" cried the old man; "if so, you must save your master from this great and pressing danger."—"We will," they replied with one voice. "Then swear you are ready to execute whatever I propose;" they unanimously accepted the proposition of the old man. "Then follow me," said he, as he led them through a subterraneous passage to the court-yard of the castle; at the entrance, however, he lost his rosary, to which was attached a cross formed from a large diamond. As they were pursuing their way through the intricate passage, a storm arose. The raging of the elements re-echoed through the castle, which shook again; the bell from the tower sent forth a dismal sound, telling the inhabitants to take refuge in prayer. The stormy cloud, however, soon passed over, and the

moon shed a faint light over the scene, as the body of men emerged from their shelter and entered the yard. Heaven, nevertheless, frustrated the designs of the old man. As the retainers stood irresolutely in the court-yard, they were perceived by the guard, and the whole castle was immediately aroused. Rose, Hedwig's companion, thought it most prudent to inform the stranger of what had occurred. Leventa at first thought it was but a joke; but, as the uproar increased, he hastily armed himself, and sallied out in the midst of the combatants. At that moment the old man with the grey beard disappeared. Leventa was astounded when, by the pale light of the moon, he recognised his own people, and perceived his faithful servant Vadar lying dead upon the ground; their astonishment was equally great when, about to attack him as an enemy, they found he was their master. An inscrutable mystery seemed to involve the whole adventure. When quietude was somewhat restored, Rosa and Hedwig descended to learn something more respecting the matter, and Leventa, meeting them, kissed the

hand of the latter, saying:—"The adversity of fate proves the wickedness of mankind, but also brings those persons together whose hearts are in unison." The inhabitants of the castle were all present except the venerable priest, Romano. Nobody could discover the passage through which Leventa's retainers came into the court-yard; the knowledge of that secret path was punished with death according to the law of the castle, and was confided only to Romano and the captain of the guard. In vain every apartment was searched; no one was found, and the inmates therefore retired to rest.

At sunrise Leventa arose to enjoy the beauties of the park, and loitered about the garden until Hedwig appeared; after they had been some time in conversation, and were returning together to the castle, they discovered Romano's rosary at the entrance of the subterranean passage. Leventa, picking it up, said, "Perhaps this bauble has something to do with last night's adventures." When they arrived at the castle they found the inhabitants of the little village assembled together;

aided by Leventa's retainers, they had been searching Romano's chamber, but fruitlessly. The priest had forsaken it at an early hour, and was wandering in a remote part of the garden; they nevertheless discovered a chest skilfully concealed in the wall, in which were papers, arms, a small stone casket, and a coarse cowl; the last-mentioned was examined first, and upon it were fresh traces of blood, and a cleverly made grey beard. At this moment Romano re-entered, and the fear at being unexpectedly discovered rendered him powerless; the people, who at once saw through the feint he had prepared for them, were so exasperated that they killed him for his treachery, and cast his body into the rocks. The stone casket was afterwards searched, and in it were found several bottles filled with poison, one of which was labelled with the name of Leventa; in the box, filled with various papers, was Hedwig's will, with a forged clause which bequeathed Wisegrad and its possessions to a convent.

The late occurrences, so full of mystery and excitement, had affected the health of the beautiful

Hedwig, who was, during her indisposition, tended with the utmost care by Leventa; when she recovered, her sympathy for the red hunter had ripened into enduring love for the young hero. Her every thought was devoted to Leventa, and at length they were united in the presence of many persons, who came from far and near to witness the happiness of the lovers. The bliss of both was, however, disturbed by Benda, friend of Leventa.

The Christians had continued to nurture the religious feuds which were springing up, and soon raised the banners of faction in various directions; Leventa hastened to assist those of his own creed, and could not even be detained by the prayers and entreaties of his wife. In the mean time Benda had determined to carry out a wicked intrigue which he had planned: he caused a man much resembling Leventa to be murdered, and sent the head bespattered with blood to Hedwig, in order to convince her that Leventa was no longer alive. The terrible sight rendered Hedwig powerless; the messenger of

evil added, that the only method of saving herself was to take a Christian husband, and that one the mighty Benda, who had just been converted. Hedwig was unmoved alike by threats and solicitations; she had lived for Leventa alone, and, if necessity compelled, could die for him. Benda, perceiving the failure of his project, adopted another. He bribed one of Leventa's servants to go to his mistress bewailing bitterly the fate of her husband; she, however, gave no credence to his words, and said she would rather struggle with the greatest misfortunes than so easily forget Leventa. Shortly after this Hedwig gave birth to a child, upon whom she doted as the pledge of her love for the absent hero, and Leventa returned home. When his wife beheld him, the doubt which she entertained of his existence was so suddenly banished, that she sprang from her bed with a cry of joy, holding her child tightly clasped with one arm, while with the other she tenderly strained Leventa to her breast. The bliss which they now enjoyed was destined to last but for a short period, for the adventurous

warrior was again called into action; in vain the delicate mother entreated him to abjure the religious quarrels, in vain she protested that a presentiment of evil and of danger influenced her; Leventa thought but on his duty—he wavered but an instant, pressed his beloved one to his breast, imprinted on her lips a burning kiss, and hastened to fulfil his determinations.

At Stullweisenburg the Scythians were defeated by the superior power of the Germans, and even at the very moment of conflict the priests were present encouraging, by the sacred relics they brought with them, the spirit of the combatants. Every Scythian who was present was murdered *in nomine Domini*, and Cupa was quartered by the *fratres in Christo*, the quarters being placed in different parts of the land as a terror to the Scythians. Those who escaped hastened to save themselves from further persecution by receiving baptism, and thus brilliant

advantages were gained by the Christians, who seized with avidity the opportunity offered, of accusing Hedwig of the murder of Romano. Eventually Hedwig was killed; and her child, being given to strangers under an unknown name, disappeared for ever. The proud castle of Wisegrad was thus left without a rightful possessor, and was therefore confiscated to the crown.

Stephen's reign lasted thirty-eight years, during which period the religious outbreaks were continually taking place; he may be said to have been the first founder of the subsequent greatness and happiness of Hungary. On the day of his death, August 15, 1038, he gathered the nobles around his death-bed, and sincerely implored them to observe a spirit of unity and the fear of God, and then, recommending the country with his last breath to the care of the Almighty, he died. After forty-five years both he and his son were canonized.

Stephen.

The sun had set,
And once more night spread
O'er the sky its dusky mantle.
In the far distance
Twinkled diamond stars;
Silence like the grave
Reign'd over all nature.
Every thing lay, devoid of sorrow,
Wrapp'd in sweetest slumber;
One, one only watched.
Noble dames and peers,
Priests, soldiers, citizens,
Lie careless stretch'd
Till morning dawn awake them;
E'en the watchmen, set as guards
In the king's bedchamber,
Gave way to sleep;
The dogs, trusty watchers once,
Lie snoring at the doors
Of slumbering masters;
Rest was every where.
The Danube's waves
Came lightly rushing,
Not lash'd to fury by a storm!
'Twas dark in all the streets,
The stars barely show'd the track
To him that wanders through the town;

In the king's room only
Flicker'd still a light;
Hungary lay in sleep,
Yet the king watches still,
Bearing all their sorrows;
Praying he lies in his palace,
Taking neither rest nor peace
Till he knows all to be happy,
And cries loud to his Creator:
"Enlighten my sorrowing heart
That I may see, by my weak hand,
The land made happy that
Thy providence gave.
Hear me, O my God!"

Reverent he bows before the Lord,
When his eye lights upon the purse
That on his table lay:
"Ha! 'tis you that have this night
Destroy'd my rest;
I would bear you to the goldsmith
To form a crown,
But never will I wear it;
I had one from the Pope
And none other shall adorn me;
I will hand it down to my heirs
And never wear it.
Fortune, fame, will never quit
The royal head that bears
The richest of Stephen's goods."

He takes the purse, wraps himself
In his cloak, thanking the Lord,
And will fulfil his task.
He passes through the guards
That sleep around, and gently
Steps forth into the town
Unrecognized, unseen.
He passes from house to house,
And where he thought them poor
He laid a purse,
That in the morn
The poor might be free from care.
Thus he reap'd a glorious harvest;
For the crown he took from his head,
A beautiful crown soon adorned him,
Taken from the world to his Creator's throne;
Heaven's light surrounds him.
From thence he rules his land, a saint.

* * * * * *

In times of yore an ancient sage
Wrote this, yet how he knew the fact
Remains a secret.
Good deeds are never hid;
The morn unveils each night,
And all must come to light.
What king, the honest German king,
Who calls the sires forth from their graves
Before the descendants,
That they may view their deeds

And take pleasure in doing the like,
Has kept this deed for those that love him,
And trust in his protection
As the sword and shield of the realm,
To preserve us in peril and in strife.

BARON VON PÜCKLER.

Peter.

After the death of Stephen, according to the league of succession, Prince Samuel Abba should have been elected king; but the Christian clergy had cause to fear for their privileges if that prince came into power, and therefore succeeded in placing upon the throne Peter (1039), son of the Duke of Burgundy, and his wife Lora. Abba, however, could not submit to this indignity with equanimity; he accordingly called a diet (1041), at which Peter was deprived of the crown and

Abba,

son of Panoncia, elected king. The Christians now suffered all the evils which they had formerly imposed upon those who professed the ancient faith; the Scythians, with the Prince Walter at

their head, persecuted all who had adopted Christianity, and the nobles of the land followed their example. The Germans, who had planted the seeds of religious hate in the bosoms of the people, and the bishops, who had received instructions from Rome to exercise their influence over them, were murdered without remark. Amongst the victims were Buldus, Becerus, Beneta, and Gellért; and thus arose a strife which penetrated to every grade of the nation.

Abhana.

The consequences of religious feud, and of the continual conflict of parties professing different faiths, are pointed out by history as of a demoralizing nature and tendency; it is therefore a curious fact that the Scythians should have, to a great extent, escaped those vices which in other nations were so prominently displayed. The virtuous life led by the greater portion of that people, was even wondered at by the neighbouring European nations; Lucian, Strabo, Arvanius, Justinus,

Curtius, and Horace held them up to the various countries of Europe as admirable examples of morality. Their moral philosophers were famous, such as Abba, Abbaris, Zemolxis, and Toxaris. Partially free from the ordinary vices of a primitive nation, the Scythians enjoyed in the East the happiness which had been granted to their forefathers. The momentary quietude which they enjoyed was, however, doomed to be dispelled; the people, from being forced to intermarry with other nations, had in a degree lost their national beauty, and the qualities which they believed inherent in themselves; the faith they professed was continually assailed, yet they were ever prepared to defend the principles instilled into their minds by those ancestors who had overcome Cyrus and Darius, Kings of the Persians, Bexores, King of Egypt, who had annihilated the army of Alexander the Great under the command of Zopyrum, Alexander himself being wounded by a Scythian arrow.

The Prince Abba was amongst the most zealous worshippers of the Magyar deity, and to him the people had looked up, even in the time of Stephen,

with reverence and hope, and followed him to the last with the utmost devotion. It appears that Abba's ancestors were always held in high estimation for morality and religion; the name itself signifies *father* in the biblical acceptation of the word, *vide* Mark xiv. 36, Gal. iv. 6, Mat. xxvi. 39. *The Syrians, the Copts, and the Ethiopians still call their bishops Abba.*

Abba.

That prince was elected by the Scythians, in spite of the intrigues of the Roman priests and the fury of religious hate, which had been increased by the recent intervention of the German powers; the people, urged on by the murder of Cupa and by the persecution of their faith, became the most bitter enemies of the Christians. Even the gentleness of Abba could not temper the raging conflicts, and the vast plains of Pannonia soon became the scenes of the sanguinary strife which prevailed in every quarter. Scythian mothers raised the dagger against their own daughters if they forsook the

religion of their ancestors; whilst fathers sacrificed their sons, whom they had hoped to see grow up in the faith they themselves professed. The accounts which we receive of these occurrences are naturally of a prejudiced nature, since they were handed down by the priests, who were themselves the causes of the innumerable evils which arose. The true horrors of the period are, however, occasionally discovered by the traditions preserved amongst the people; innocent men who suffered persecution were mocked at with the saying—"Meg verték mint a Cupait"—have been threshed like the Cupas—still a proverb in the county of Stulweisenburg. The gigantic ruins of Cupa bear strong evidence of the events we have recorded; the name is also well remembered in Asia, and is borne by the town and river on the shore of the Mæotic Sea.

ABBANA.

After the lapse of years we are apt to look back with astonishment upon the events of times past, when the deeds of a nation are characterised by

the absence of civilisation; and yet similar events occur in a so-termed "civilized age" unnoticed, because precedent has prepared us for their existence. It is for this reason that the Magyars consider with so much interest the early days of their ancestors, as distinguished by many noble characteristic traits.

We wonder at the gigantic remains of the castle of Abba, the original splendour and brilliancy of which are still perceptible in its ruins; its mysteries and its grandeur living alone in the mouths of the people. Within its walls lived Abba and the Oriental beauty, his daughter Abbana; her mother had been carried off by death, and the maiden led a happy and contented life with the Scythian hero, Adár, made still happier by the birth of a son, Abbadár. She was famed for her goodness, and idolized by innumerable persons whom she had assisted without regard to their religious doctrines; her beauty, too, captivated the most apathetic of the nation. At the foot of the castle there is at the present day a lowly village, Abba, which she caused to be built for

those orphans and widows whose fathers had been sacrificed in the religious feuds. She, in fact, laboured zealously and with perfect success for the removal of the many ills which were suffered by the lower classes. During the life of her father the happiness she enjoyed continued undisturbed, but the spirit of faction did not long remain inert; Adár fell by a treacherous hand, and the father of Abbana was soon after numbered amongst the dead.

Misfortune, the coward, who has no spirit to come singly, fell heavy upon the Eastern beauty. On the election of the new king, the Christians once more gained the upper hand, and fanned the flame again into a raging fire. Abbana was alone and forsaken, yet powerful and resolute; all attempt to convert her to the Roman Church was fruitless; all promises and threats were disregarded; her only friend, Emana, niece to Cupa, had been gradually induced to adopt the Christian faith, but Abbana remained determined yet despairing.

The persecution of the Scythians which now followed was remorseless. If they were discovered

fulfilling their religious duties, they were outlawed and punished in the most summary, and merciless manner; while numbers were accused by the priests of sorcery, and were burnt on piles of thorns and fagots, or placed on sheets of red-hot iron, until they confessed to the interrogatories put to them. The priests thus acquired much information which they turned to good account, and which they found so advantageous, that the plan was universally adopted in Stephen's time, and is to be found amongst the decrees.

All the horrors of which we have spoken did not terrify Abbana, or move her from her determined purpose; she was resolute as Fate, when the following events occurred. Timon, an old man grown grey in sin, introduced himself one day to Abbana, telling her that a true Scythian heart beat beneath the Romish garments which he wore; that his sole desire was to assist her in her misfortune, and labour for her happiness. Her heart was deeply moved at the kindness of the old man, and she thanked him gratefully. From this moment Timon became possessed of her entire confidence;

she hoped with his assistance to be enabled to avert the terrible fate which was impending, especially as his every deed seemed to testify noble devotion and sympathy. Emana, the beloved friend of Abbana, now arrived, and was much counselled by the adviser, Timon. The suitors of the Eastern beauty were numerous and ardent; yet for one only did her heart yearn. Kádár possessed all the qualities which Abbana deemed likely to soften the misery of her condition; the sense of complete loneliness which she experienced, increased her love for him. He had already accepted the precepts of the Roman faith; but even the love Abbana bore him could not induce her to forsake her religion. In order to free them from constraint and danger, Timon proposed they should join their countrymen, who had fled from persecution into Asia. Kádár declared himself ready to forsake every thing for the love of Abbana, and to follow her wherever she might go. Emana, too, although tenderly beloved by her husband, Zuár, agreed to share Abbana's fate, rather than continue a member of the Romish

church. The preparations for departure were carefully made by Timon, who enacted the part of a most sincere friend. Their jewels were gathered together, with as much money as they possessed, and were intrusted to four persons, whom Timon described as faithful followers, who would convey them over the border unobserved. In a few days they bid farewell to the land where the happiness of the Scythians had been so cruelly destroyed; the four retainers had been despatched several days previously, and they followed them in two carriages.

The first day passed without any occurrence worthy of remark; the night was spent in a lonely village, and the following day the travellers continued their journey. In the course of a few hours, a circuitous path led them to a small chain of mountains, and, in searching for the right road, they were surprised by a band of robbers, who had been placed there to secure the treasure which had been forwarded. The first who was taken from the carriage and bound was Kádár, the others being afterwards treated in

a similar manner. Abbana, the trembling mother, whose beautiful child was taken from her, was given up to the most merciless cruelties; she was an enemy to Christianity, and it was deemed no crime to torment her; Emana was also subjected to the grossest insults. Amongst his assailants Kádár recognised his former friend, Hontár, who lowered himself to so great an extent to gratify his revenge for his slighted passion for Abbana; the Eastern woman, overcome with terror, sank lifeless to the ground, crying to Kádár for aid. The hero, maddened with passion and hate, suddenly succeeding in tearing himself away from his captivity, and, springing on his enemy, with one blow stretched him powerless on the earth. He then perceived the treachery and cunning of Timon, who had joined the band. He singled him out, and, thirsting for vengeance, succeeded in bestowing upon him a fit reward for his services. Abbana's child lay senseless on its mother's bosom, a new incentive to the passion of Kádár; he fought with despair and rage till his strength forsook him, and then received his death-blow near

the body of his love, whose arm encircled him as his spirit followed hers.

The sacrifices were concealed by the perpetrators of these dreadful deeds; Hontár had been seriously wounded, and was removed with difficulty from the spot; the only being who escaped was Emana, who had taken advantage of the momentary absence of the murderers, and had fled with Abbana's child. She succeeded in concealing herself in a hollow of the mountain, and was searched for in vain. As night progressed, she plunged still deeper into the desolate wood. When the morning broke she was almost powerless, and ignorant of which direction she should adopt; after wandering onward for some time, a wide plain presented itself, on which she continued her journey; thus she passed a long and weary day, and star-light still found her with her burthen, pursuing the seemingly endless path. At length a bright light in the distance broke upon her, and inspired her with fresh hope and strength; this, however, disappeared, and, giving way to despair, she sank powerless upon the ground. There she could not

rest, for it was with the greatest difficulty that she protected herself from the birds of prey; and when the morning broke, and they had sought their homes in the rocky clefts, a sweet sleep overpowered her.

The genial rays of the sun greeted her on waking, and she found herself near the lonely hut of a shepherd, whence the light had beamed which she had so studiously followed the previous night. She knocked at the door, and was invited to enter by the cheerful voice of an old woman, who seemed somewhat astonished at the singular apparition which presented itself. Emana related a portion of her misfortunes, but, finding that the occupants were Christians, concealed all that might betray her; she was received with hospitality, and her own wants and those of the child were carefully provided for.

When the shepherds, the sons of the old woman, entered the hut, their mother related to them the adventures and misfortunes of the stranger, and enlisted their sympathy for her pitiable condition. Emana, however, suffered acutely from a small but

poisonous wound she had received, and, weakened by her exertions, it so affected her constitution that she found herself sinking rapidly. Before her death, she related faithfully the events which had occurred, and died with a prayer upon her lips for the safety of Abbana's child. The babe was reared by the shepherds, and probably became one of their own class. The body of Emana was not buried, for she had revealed the secret of her religion, but thrown into the forest, a prey to the wild beasts. The perfidy of Timon had secured a considerable treasure to the order of which he was a member, and had been punished by his own death.

Such events as these we have recorded, prove the religious hate which prevailed in one sect against the other, and originated those differences which bred misfortune for Hungary, and gave rise to the innumerable evils which followed; the tools of which were the Roman priests.

King Abba being considered by the Roman priests as a great hindrance to the propagation of

Christianity amongst the Magyars, his domestics were instigated by them to compass his death, and in this manner he was slain, and the body thrown into a cesspool, in the year 1043. After his death

Peter

was restored to the throne. The power of the German arms, which had obtained considerable influence in the land, put an end in some degree to the bloodshed which prevailed. At his demise, in 1047,

Andrew I.,

nephew of Stephen, was elected king of Hungary. He saw with sorrow the direful effects of these religious disasters, endeavouring, with tender hand, to bring into brother-like harmony the many furious parties into which the Magyars were divided. His endeavours were defeated by his death, in 1060. The election then fell upon his brother,

Bela I.

He possessed many excellent qualities, and made it his principal aim to prevent a renewal of

religious dissensions: during his reign all sects were regarded with toleration. In order effectually to secure this important end, he called a diet, to which came delegates from all parts of the land, begging permission to revenge themselves upon the tools of the Pope, who had caused such misery and destruction. Bela refused the prayer of nearly all the people of his own faith, and the following will show to what danger he exposed himself by so doing.

Elma.

AMONGST the human virtues, King Bela possessed a love of all that was good and beautiful; in the society of enlightened people he forgot the cares of life. The non-christian nobles of the land lived in the neighbourhood of the town of Gran; they were united as one family, and the king was beloved as its father. Here he was accustomed to repose from the cares of state, chiefly dwelling at the house of the mighty Haguna. It was not, however, love for the prince that attracted the king to his abode, but admiration for his daughter Elma, the most beautiful Scythian of her day. Her innocent youth, dazzling beauty, and fascinating manner, had made a deep impression upon the heart of the king. During a sojourn at Gran,

Bela was one day walking on a mountain covered with ancient oaks; near him was a spring, the babbling of which nourished his meditations on the threatening aspect of the country's future condition; his fantasy then showed him the likeness of Elma reflected in the clear waters of the stream, and his clouded brow became instantly bright again. Hada, the shepherdess of Haguna, a maiden of about thirteen years of age, approached him with a flock of sheep; on beholding the king she was much frightened, and would quickly have retired had he not hastened towards her, asking why she feared him.

"Because I do not know you," the girl replied, with naïveté.

"Because you do not know me!" answered the king; "are you not a Scythian?"

"I am a Scythian," replied the shepherdess, "and what are you?"

"I am an idler," said Bela.

"That I believe," answered Hada; "whilst every body works this fine day, you do nothing," and she ran away, fearing she might have offended him

with these words. On being called back, however, she returned in a friendly manner, and the king gave her a piece of gold. The next day (it was Friday, the Sunday of the Scythian religion, when the people offered up their sacrifices) the king again visited Haguna's house. Finding its inmates engaged in their religious duties, he wandered about in the spacious garden, where he met Elma, accompanied by the little Hada; the latter was relating her adventure of the previous day to her mistress. As soon, however, as she saw Bela, she ceased speaking, and, when she heard it was the king, she exclaimed, "It is my friend of yesterday," and ran away. The king and Elma had walked but a few paces together when Haguna approached, and, respectfully saluting the king, said, "My lord and king, the peace and happiness of the nation have departed since the Romish priests first set foot in our land; but a great evil, if not total destruction, now awaits them, should you not assist them in their emergency." Impressed with the importance which Haguna gave to these words, the king called a diet, at which the matter was to

be discussed. Love for the king had grown almost unconsciously into the mind of Elma, until it had become a part of her existence; she was never happy unless Bela were near her, and when he *was* her heart beat with the strangest emotion; her passion, and her ignorance of whether it was reciprocated, so preyed upon her health, till at last she was confined to her chamber. Shortly afterwards, a meeting of the most powerful of the Scythians took place at her father's house, and in the apartment next to her chamber; the discussion was stormy, and threats were uttered against the king's life if he hesitated to comply with their wishes. Not a word escaped Elma, who had been eagerly listening. During the debate her blood seemed to congeal in her veins; and, forgetting her illness, she unobserved flew from the house to the neighbourhood of the brook, where she found the king, and related to him all that had occurred. He, however, treated the matter lightly, thinking that her love for him had magnified the real danger. Some weeks after the diet held in the fields of Rákos, the people insisted obstinately on

the extermination of the Popish priesthood, and on the annihilation of all the influence possessed by the Roman court; the nobles held another council at Haguna's house, and decided on the death of the king, who, suspecting treachery, had in the mean time raised an extensive camp on the Margaret Island, opposite Pesth.

Elma had again made herself acquainted with the result of the meeting, for she feared no danger when the life of the king of her heart and country was concerned; she rested not till she succeeded in winning to her purpose an old servant of her father's establishment, with whom she undertook the perilous journey over the stormy Danube to Pesth. As yet Bela did not know the extent of his danger, and he was still inclined to doubt it, when Hintár, his faithful follower, rushed breathless into his chamber, and, in unconnected terms, told him of his immediate peril. One Laki, a noble of the land, devoted body and soul to the king, undertook the preparations for his flight; Bela confided the care of the loving Elma's return to Hintár, bidding him keep

her journey a profound secret; but that instant Laki appeared with the information that all was prepared for the flight, and the king, taking a hurried farewell of Elma, who stood motionless and pale as a statue, gave her over to the care of Laki.

That Bela, whom Elma adored with the most ardent and faithful love, should have confided her to the trust of Laki, one of her most passionate and despised adorers, pierced her to the soul. Scarcely conscious of her actions, she followed her conductor, and entered the boat awaiting her; Laki was silent until they had reached the middle of the river, when the passion he had controlled vented itself in the most ardent entreaties for the reciprocation of his love; Elma remained motionless, as if her senses had been numbed. Laki, unable to conquer his ardour, was about to embrace her, assuring her of his lasting affection, when she awoke from the trance in which she had been plunged, and made a sudden attempt to evade his embrace; by her rapid movement the boat was overturned, and the following day the bodies of

the unhappy lovers were discovered, Laki still holding Elma in an eternal embrace. A stone, to be seen to this day on the Margaret Island, records the mournful event.

The religious contests had not again assumed a decided aspect when the news of the death of Bela I. was spread through the land; his demise was universally bewailed, and alone prevented the execution of the sanguinary resolution determined on at the last meeting. The choice of successor fell upon

Solomon,

Son of Andrew I., in 1063. Immediately on his accession the Hungarian arms were engaged in foreign invasion and civil disturbances, so that the religious feud was for the time abandoned; in the expeditions made they were frequently victorious, and amongst other possessions obtained the tract of land upon which Belgrad was situated.

The Roman court, however, perceived that it could look for little favour at the hands of Solomon; and at a religious-political riot, stirred up by the priests, he was compelled to fly.

Geiza,

Son of Bela I., was placed on the throne in 1075. In this transaction a very conspicuous part was played by the German traitor Wid, who was a counsellor in the service of Solomon. After Geiza's death, which took place in the following year, 1077, his brother,

Ladislaus I.,

Was elected. The ambition of Solomon was aroused. Perceiving that he could only succeed by the death of Ladislaus, and determined to achieve by intrigue that which he could not accomplish openly; he invited the king—whom he meant to poison by means of some strawberries which had been prepared for that purpose—to a grand banquet. His scheme was, however, dis-

covered, and he was incarcerated in the fortress of Wisegrad. Ladislaus subsequently pardoned him, but confiscated all his possessions; he consequently wandered, pilgrim like, through the wide plains of Hungary, over which *he had once wielded the sceptre.*

The Two Kings.

In Stullweisenburg church the choir sings a strain,
A crowd of poor stand beneath the linden before the gate.
Women and men in number, almost naked,
Their cheeks are wan, their hair dishevelled.
An old man stands, leaning against the porch,
He is the poorest of them all, as you see him now
Like a beggar; it is Solomon, once the first in the realm.
Yet where once ruled his word like law,
There he is now fugitive under ban,
And death or ignominy await him.
Every where they track the fugitive;
Exhausted he can no further go,
Leaning on his staff, he waits without the gate.
Within the church the sacrifice has just been made,
The people issue forth, noble lords and dames,
As though a ray of morning shone.
In the midst walked King Ladislaus,
With crown upon his head and clad in purple,

Then all around their caps are raised,
And many bring complaint unto the king.
The king, in crown and purple robe, gives largess,
And that with bounteous hand;
And, as he onwards goes, he stands
Close by the fugitive Solomon.
He grows pale, with trembling heart
He feels his hour is come.
The other looks keenly in his face—
I did not expect you in Stullweisenburg.
His brow grew dark, yet soon
The power of the Lord o'ercame him;
He hands a diamond to the aged man,
And passes on, with all his suite.

The traces of the religious dissensions had not entirely disappeared, when the Kumans, who lived on the banks of the river Kuma, in Asia, broke into Hungary, and after having slain the chief personages of the Christian faith, and those Scythians who had not adhered to their religion, carried the most beautiful of the Christian women as trophies into their own country. Ladislaus

took as his wife Camilla, daughter of the German emperor Rudolf, with whose assistance he was enabled to protect the Christian religion with firmness. He gave the priesthood all the privileges which had been granted them by Stephen; and, at a diet held at Zobolcs in 1092, he decreed that the priests should be permitted to enjoy the benefits of marriage. In recognition of his services to Christianity, after his death, in 1095, Ladislaus was canonized; he was succeeded by

Coloman,

A son of Geiza, who had been a bishop, and was exempted from holy service by the Pope. In the meantime, the intrigues of the Christian court, at the head of which was Urban, were instrumental in stirring up sanguinary conflicts between the Christians and Mahommedans. That pontiff assembled the most influential and fanatical of the former religion at Alueria, in the town Flaromon, and promised terrestial and celestial happiness to those who would conquer Jerusalem from the

heathens, and deliver it into the power of the popish government; on those who proffered their assistance he bestowed a fatal blessing—a blessing which caused the fall of the great Turkish nation—which decimated the nations of Europe —which thousands and thousands of bereaved mothers and orphaned children cursed—which made the people of the two sections of the world eternal enemies—he ordained a huge massacre, which should last more than three hundred years.

During this oppression of the country, King Coloman died, and was succeeded, in 1115, by his son

Stephen II.

Immediately after the accession, the Greeks, and subsequently the Dalmatians, Venetians, Russians, and Bohemians, availing themselves of the misruled and weakened power of the Hungarians, overran the land; they were, however, repulsed. On several occasions their example was followed by the Eastern Kumans, who caused

much evil amongst the Christian population of Hungary. In this gloomy period, Stephen—being unable to guide the helm—was, 1131, seized, and

Bela II.,

The son of Almus verér, crowned. After the death of Bela II., surnamed the Blind, in the year 1141, his son,

Geiza II.,

was elected; under whose government the German emperor Conrad, at the head of 300,000 crusaders, inundated Hungary.

During the period of the crusades more than 8,000,000 of similar dissipated characters overspread Hungary, at whose hands even the altars of the churches were not sacred; they plundered the property of the whole country, transformed its fertile plains into gigantic cemeteries, and, after sacrificing women and young maidens to their animal propensities,

bore them off in their corrupt society. These crimes, however, were forgiven by the Romish priests, if the brutality was enacted upon non-Christians.

After these repeated attacks the country became one vast desert; a few desolate villages were to be discovered here and there, the inhabitants of which were completely bowed down by suffering and sorrow. In consequence of the misery which existed, Geiza found it necessary to sanction the emigration of foreign nations. The first who proposed to settle in Hungary were natives of Flanders; it has been justly recorded that the most worthless and ungrateful citizens were the Saxons, who had occupied Transylvania. The death at an early age of the wise Geiza, was another evil which was added to the many we have already enumerated. He was succeeded in 1161 by his son

Stephen III.,

Who, in the following year, was driven from the throne by the nation, in consequence of religious dissensions, and

Ladislaus II.,

Bela's second son, was then elected. This monarch died in the year 1162, and was succeeded by his brother,

Stephen IV.

After his death, which occurred in the same year,

Stephen III.

was restored.

Bela III.,

Son of Geiza II., next came to the throne in 1173. As soon as he acquired power, he called a diet in order to endeavour to extinguish the religious feud, and to allay the excited passions of the people. At this time the rights of the priesthood were severely restricted, and happiness seemed to be in store, although the nation was partially engaged in a war, carried on by the Popish pretender to the throne, Wladimir, against the King of Poland; but the war was very soon finished, the disturbances in

Greece put down, and Dalmatia was annexed to Hungary. In regard to Poland it was agreed, that, in the event of the death of Wladimir, the crown of Poland should be inherited by the King of Hungary, which actually took place, and Andrew, son of Bela III., was appointed governor of the newly-acquired land.

Bela III. subsequently abdicated, 1196, the throne in favour of his eldest son,

Emerick,

The choice of the nation sanctioning the proceeding; his brother Andrew, however, supported by his partisans, organized a powerful opposition, and claimed his rights to the crown by sword in hand.

King Emerick.

Speech is the spirit sword,
An all-victorious weapon.
Man arms himself therewith
To work good or harm;
It raises thrones, it casts them down,
Divides the world, unites it.

What mailed bands form in the field?
The camp extends tent by tent,
As though a horde of rough barbarians
Enter'd the land, to sack and destroy it.

Up! King Emerick, bestir thyself
To revenge the crime that's done
By thine own blood, terribly avenge
The crime upon thy brother, Andrew!
Gird on thy sword, mount thy horse,
Before Buda's hills o'ercome thee.

The king, calmly rising, said,
Is't true what you say there?
If ought be said against my race
Tis boldly ventured;
My men, march to the field,
And soon the strife shall be begun.

King Emerick lay encamp'd
Hard by his brother Andrew,
And call'd the faithful to him
After the bloody rumour.
As soon as morning comes
The battle shall be fought.

Already night extends its garb
Over all the sky;
Brings rest and peace to every one,
And calms the tumult of the camp.

Hate and envy sleep,
Revenge and strife are rock'd in slumber.

The stirring din of arms
Already vanish'd,
The bright arms no longer shone;
Watchfires flicker red upon the heath,
And horses' neighing sounds.

Then stepp'd the king forth from his tent,
Looks long up to the stars:
Who has opposed me to my brother?
Who has alienated his heart?
Thus he asks in noble spirit,
Moved by inward sorrow.

Quick was his resolution taken,
He long'd to take revenge.
Before the morning star had risen,
And eastern clouds grown red,
Stood Emerick alone, a bold venturer
Into the rebels' camp.

He walked like a spirit of the night,
The sacred crown upon his head,
In coronation robes array'd,
As when he mounted the throne,
The golden sceptre in his hand,
He's sent and watch'd by heavenly power.

None venture to approach him,
He calls aloud, I am he, Magyars!
Your Lord and King! I come to you,
Who wishes to stifle discord.

Not on the bloody path of victory
Will I meet you in arms;
I must severely punish the rash,
That I be not perjured.

You have divided friends and brothers,
And nurtured the crime;
With the sword in lawful contest
This day will I avenge it.
Yet I owe it not to you
That my throne stands firm or falls.

Throw at my feet the bold steel
That thirsted for my life!
Rash ones! honour Heaven
That gave me as your ruler,
Because it is a burden
To care for you that wish to kill me.

And then—he stern regards
His brother—the head of this revolt,
Whose faith and courage I needed most,
Thou wouldst with murd'rous hand
Have robbed thine aged brother of his throne.

By God! this was not thy purpose,
'Twas evil companions urged thee,
And used thee as a tool to their own profit;
Yet, as cunning dazzled thy heart,
I will turn once more to thy brother.

Ashamed, repentant, the warlike band
Sink on their knees in homage,
Swearing only to acknowledge him,
They vow fidelity in life and death.

Duke Andrew stands alone
With head cast down;
His face shows all his grief,
Till Emerick softly roused him,
And gave him his hand.

Thus the victory was won,
The hydra Discord overcome
By courage and by eloquence,
And many thousands saved;
For it builds thrones, it throws them down,
Divides the world, unites it.

Emerick died in the year 1204, and was succeeded by his son,

Ladislaus III.,

who died in the same year, and was followed by the election of

Andrew II.,

son of Bela III., the previous governor of Gallicia.

Notwithstanding the numerous shocks which Hungary had received, it regained under Andrew much of its ancient vigour, and extended its boundaries by the annexation of Servia, Bosnia, Gallicia, Dalmatia, and Lodomeria.

Gertrude.

THE country had now gradually recovered its physical strength, and had also produced many men endowed with rare and intelligent qualities; at the head of these was the king himself. His affection was possessed by a niece of Geiza, Aurora, a maiden who, on account of beauty, virtue, and amiability, was fully worthy of the monarch's regard. Andrew's noble qualities had also made a deep impression upon the heart of the highly gifted German princess, Gertrude, who exerted herself to the utmost in order to sever the ties which united the king to Aurora. She was moreover aware, that Andrew was not totally indifferent to her extraordinary beauty and accomplishment,

and she did not overrate her power; for when she had caused, by her machinations, a rupture between the lovers, Andrew bestowed his almost entire attention upon herself. This was too much for the ardent love of the beautiful Aurora, who, in an agony of despair, effected self-destruction by means of poison. Andrew was now too passionately attached to the German princess, to be much grieved at the untimely fate of his former love, and he shortly afterwards raised Gertrude to the rank of Queen. Even as her husband he remained the worshipper of her beauty, and forced all to the instant obedience of her every desire. The vain woman soon turned the love of the king to account, and commenced demonstrating her influence by taking active part in the affairs of state. The highest offices in the government were bestowed by her upon Germans, who in return pandered to her will, and repaid her favour by flattery; she at length fulfilled her desires irrespective of the laws of the state, and at total variance with the established customs of the nation.

The people soon began to rebel against the infringement of their rights, and their discontented spirit broke out into insurrection, when a proclamation was conveyed from Pope Innocent to the King, calling upon him to fulfil the duties of an apostolic monarch by taking part in the crusade, threatening him, in case of refusal, with the terrible ban of excommunication. Up to this period Hungary had not been engaged in the wars of the crusades. Andrew did not at the moment comprehend the design of the Roman court, and in either case hesitation would have been improbable, so greatly was the papal excommunication feared. He therefore entrusted the government formally to his wife, having appointed her brothers, Berthold, Egbert, and Johannes, councillors, and commenced the warlike expedition against Palestine.

The crusades were not yet ended, though they had drawn into them all Europe to its own destruction, and cost the lives of millions. With the exception of the Kings of Hungary, all the powers of Europe were involved in these wars. Andrew

was therefore threatened with excommunication by Pope Innocent if he did not discharge his duty, and prove himself worthy to bear the title of apostolic king, by marching to Jerusalem with an army; but domestic affairs detained the king.

The queen gained daily more opportunity for satisfying her wishes. During the king's absence the worshippers of beauty flocked to her, and the government was managed as a puppet according to their suggestions.

Remonstrances were of no avail, and the exasperated Hungarians determined upon getting rid of the queen by assassination.

The obstacles which had hitherto stood in the way of Gertrude's complete gratification of her desires, were now removed; she thought only of the means of satiating her vanity and passions, and employed these means to the discontent of the nation. The hate which had long existed in the bosoms of the people was nourished by her vigorous proceedings against the most sacred usages; and, to such an extent did this feeling increase, that a conspiracy was at last formed to assassinate the

tyrannical queen. Gertrude possessed many ardent German suitors, and one of them, Count Banker, having received no encouragement or favour, and, eager for revenge, undertook the deed. Before the conspirators finally decided upon committing the crime, they asked counsel of the archbishop, Petrus Lenion of Gran, who answered, "Reginam occidere nolite bonum est, si omnes consenciant ego non contradico," and thus the fate of the queen was sealed. Whilst Gertrude was indulging herself in all the pleasures to which her passions prompted her, the Count, whom she had brought from Germany, was preparing the means of her destruction.

The night on which the deed was to be committed was Friday; the heavens even seemed to portend some dreadful occurrence, for heavy black clouds of thunder hovered above, occasionally giving place to the pale light of the moon, which gleamed ghastly upon the windows of the castle, and into the passage leading to the queen's apartment. In this passage, near the door of the sleeping chamber, the murderer stood disguised in

female attire; he gradually approached the door, and, unexpectedly finding it locked, looked wistfully at the window of the apartment, which he knew had so frequently proved serviceable in the intrigues of the queen. He was provided with two daggers, the one for her heart, the other for his own; yet there he stood trembling and irresolute when the clock of the tower struck twelve, and the change of the sentinels announced the hour of midnight. The watchword, "Happy he who prays," seemed to pierce to his very soul, and, with a sensation of horror overpowering him, he let the dagger fall from his right hand. He had determined to retreat secretly, when he heard a voice talking within the queen's chamber—it was Gertrude in her dreams speaking words of love and comfort to one of his rivals—another minute, and the murderer stood before the bed; his eye once more rests upon that beautiful countenance, rendered dimly visible by the faint light of the moon—once more on the graceful form which had so often thrilled him; temptation renders him irresolute, when a slight movement

tells him Gertrude is awakening—and the dagger in his right hand pierces her heart.

The melancholy news of the queen's assassination recalled Andrew from his journey in his Magyar empire. All earthly pleasure and bliss had vanished with Gertrude; the beautiful country, whose crown he wore, had no longer any charms for him. He felt that he was in some measure the cause of the crime, and, as one of the nation, should have known the character of the Magyars better than to have entrusted the government of Hungary to an arbitrary ruler.

The summons of the Pope to the crusades became more pressing. The King embraced the opportunity of procuring some alleviation for his sorrow; and, against the wish of the nation, commenced his journey to Palestine at the head of an army composed of the noblest blood in Hungary. The people were incensed at his conduct, and while, in the interests of the Pope, he marched against the Arabian king of Zephadia, sacrificing the best part of his soldiers, they were planning his removal from the throne. His

return prevented the outbreak of discontent, but he was compelled to call a diet to satisfy them, in which the rights and duties of the king and people were defined, the ancient privileges secured, and the following act drawn up, called

Bulla Aurea.

Andreæ II. Regis Hierosolimitæ Dicta

DECRETUM. MCCXXII.

In Nomine S. Trinitatis, et individuæ unitatis.

Andreas, Dei gratia Ungariæ, Dalmatiæ, Croatiæ, Ramæ, Serviæ, Galliciæ, Lodomeriæque, Rex in perpetuum.

Quoniam libertas tam nobilium Regni nostri, quam etiam aliorum, instituta a Sancto Stephano Rege, per aliquorum Regum potentiam, ulciscentium aliquando iram propriam, aliquando etiam attendentium consilia falsa hominum iniquorum, vel sectantium propria lucra, fuerunt in quam plurimis partibus diminuta. Multotics ipsi nobiles nostri, serenitatem nostram, et prædecessorum nostrorum Regum suorum aures, precibus et instantiis multis pulsaverunt, super reformatione Regni nostri.

Nos igitur eorum petitioni satisfacere cupientes in omnibus, uti tenemur, præsertim quia inter nos et eos, occasione hac jam sæpius ad amaritudines non modicas est processum: quod ut Regia honorificentia plenius conservetur, convenit evitare: (hoc enim per nullos alios melius fit quam per eos) concedimus tam eis, quam aliis hominibus Regni nostri; libertatem, a Sancto Rege concessam.

Ac alia ad Statum Regni nostri reformandum pertinentia, salubriter ordinamus, in hunc modum:—

Articulus.

I.—STATUIMUS, ut annuatim in festo sancti Regis, nisi arduo negotio ingruente, vel infirmitate fuerimus prohibiti, Albæ teneamur solennisare; et, si nos interesse non poterimus, Palatinus proculdubio ibi erit pro nobis; et vice nostra causas audiet: et omnes servientes, qui voluerint, libere illic conveniant.

II.—Volumus etiam; quod nec nos, nec posteri nostri, aliquo tempore servientes capiant, vel destruant, favore alicuius potentis: nisi primo citati fuerint, et ordine judiciario convicti.

III.—Item, nullam collectam nec libras denariorum colligi faciemus supra prædia servientium: nec in domos, nec villas descendemus nisi vocati; super populos etiam ecclesiarum ipsarum nullam penitus collectam faciemus.

IV.—Si quis serviens sine filio decesserit, quartam partem possessionis filia obtineat: de residuo, sicut ipse voluerit, disponat. Et si morte præventus disponere non poterit, propinqui sui, qui eum magis contingunt, obtineant: et si nullam penitus generationem habuerit, Rex obtinebit.

V.—Comites Curiæ parochiani nullum penitus discutiant, nisi populos sui castri; Fures, et Latrones, Bilochi Regales discutiant, ad pedes tamen ipsius Comitis.

VI.—Item, populi conjurati in unum, fures nominare non possint sicut consueverant.

VII.—Si autem Rex extra Regnum exercitum ducere voluerit, servientes cum ipso ire non teneantur, nisi pro pecunia ipsius. Et post reversionem, judicium exercitus super eos non recipiat.

Si vero ex adversa parte exercitus venerit super Regnum, omnes universaliter ire teneantur.

Item, si extra Regnum exercitum ducere voluerimus, et cum exercitu iverimus, omnes qui comitatus habent, pro pecunia nostra nobiscum ire teneantur.

VIII.—Palatinus omnes homines Regni nostri indifferenter discutiat: sed causas nobilium, quæ ad perditionem capitis, vel ad destructionem possessionum pertinet sine conscientia Regis terminare non possit. Judices vero vicarios non habeant, nisi unum in curia sua.

IX.—Curialis comes noster, donec in curia manserit, omnes possit judicare, et causam in curia inchoatam, ubique terminare. Sed manens in prædio suo, Prestaldum dare non possit, nec partes facere citari.

X.—Si quis Iobagio habens honorem, in exercitu fuerit mortuus, ejus filius vel frater congruo honore sit donandus. Et si serviens eodem modo fuerit mortuus, ejus filius, sicut Regi videbitur, donetur.

XI.—Si Hospites, videlicet boni homines, ad Regnum venerint, sine consilio Regni, ad dignitates non promoveantur.

XII.—Uxores decedentium, vel damnatorum ad mortem per sententiam, vel in duello succumbentium, vel ex quacuncque alia causa, non fraudentur dote sua.

XIII.—Iobagiones ita sequantur curiam vel quocunque proficiscuntur, ut pauperes per eos non opprimantur, non spolientur.

XIV.—Item, si quis comes honorifice se juxta comitatus sui qualitatem non habuerit, vel destruxerit populos castri sui, convictus super hoc, coram omni Regno dignitate sua turpiter spolietur, cum restitutione ablatorum.

XV.—Agasones, caniferi, et falconarii, non præsumant descendere in villas servientium.

XVI.—Integros comitatus, vel dignitates quascunque, in prædia, seu possessiones, non conferemus perpetuo.

XVII.—Possessionibus etiam, quas quis justo servitio obtinuerit, aliquo tempore non privetur.

XVIII.—Item servientes, accepta licentia a nobis, possint libere ire ad Filium nostrum, ut a majore ad minorem, nec ideo possessiones eorum destruantur.

Aliquem justo judicio Filii nostri condemnatum, vel causam inchoatam coram ipso, priusquam terminetur coram eodem, non recipiemus; nec e converso, filius noster.

XIX.—Iobagiones castrorum teneantur secundum libertatem a Sancto Rege Stephano institutam: similiter et hospites cujuscuncque nationis, secundum libertatem ab initio eis concessam, teneantur.

XX.—Decimæ argento non redimantur, sed sicut terra protulerit, vinum, vel segetes, persolvantur: Et si Episcopi contradixerint non juvabimus ipsos.

XXI.—Episcopi, super prædia servientium, equis nostris decimas non dent: nec ad prædia Regalia populi eorundem decimas suas apportare, teneantur.

XXII.—Item porci nostri, in sylvis, vel pratis servientium non pascantur, contra voluntatem eorum.

XXIII.—Item, nova nostra moneta per annum observetur, a Pascha usque ad Paschas; et denarii tales sint quales; fuerunt tempore Regis Belæ.

XXIV.—Comites camerarii monetarum, Salinarii, et tributarii, nobiles Regni nostri sint. Ismaëlitæ, et Judæi fieri non possint.

XXV.—Item, sales in medio Regni non teneantur, nisi, tantum in Zabolch, et Regécz, et confinis.

XXVI.—Item, possessiones extra Regnum non conferantur: si sunt aliquæ collatæ, vel venditæ, populo Regni ad redimendum reddantur.

XXVII.—Marturinæ, juxta consuetudinem a Colomano Rege constitutam solvantur.

XXVIII.—Si quis ordine judiciario fuerit condemnatus, nullus potentum possit eum defendere.

XXIX.—Comites jure comitatus sui tantum fruantur: cætera ad Regem pertinentia, scilicet cibriones, tributa, boves, et duas partes castrorum Rex obtineat.

XXX.—Item, præter hos quatuor Iobagiones, scilicet, Palatinum, Banum, Comites, Curiales Regis, et Reginæ, duas dignitates nullus teneat.

XXXI.—Et ut hæc nostra tam concessio, quam ordinatio, sit nostris, nostrorumque successorum temporibus in perpetuum valitura, eam conscribi fecimus, in septem paria literarum, et aureo sigillo nostro roborari: ita, quod unum par mittatur Domino Papæ, et ipse in regestro suo scribi faciat: secundum penes Hospitale: tertium penes Templum: quartum apud Regem: quintum in Capitulo Strigeniensi: sextum in Colocensi: septimum apud Palatinum, qui pro tempore fuerit, reservetur.

Ita, quod ipsam scripturam præ oculis semper habens, nec ipse deviet in aliquo prædictorum, nec Regem, vel nobiles, seu alios consentiat deviare: Ut et ipsi gaudeant sua libertate, ac propter hoc Nobis, et Successoribus semper existant fideles, et Coronæ Regiæ obsequia debita non negentur.

Quod si vero Nos, vel aliquis successorum nostrorum, aliquo unquam tempore, huic disposicioni nostrae contraire voluerit, liberam habeant harum authoritate, Sine nota alicuius infidelitatis, tam Episcopi, quam alii Iobagiones ac Nobiles Regni, universi et singuli, præsentes et futuri, posterique, resistendi et contradicendi nobis, et nostris Successoribus in perpetuum facultatem.

Datum per manus Cleti, Aulæ nostræ cancellarii, Agriensis Ecclesiæ Præpositi, Anno Verbi Incarnati, Millesimo, Ducentesimo, vigesimo secundo. Venerabili Ioanne Strigoniense, Reverendo Ugrino Colocense, Archi Episcopis existentibus: Desiderio Chanadiense,

Puberto Vesprimiense, Thoma Agriense, Stephano Zagrabiense, Alexandro Waradiense, Bartholomæo Quinque Ecclesiense, Cosma Iauriense, Briccio Waciense, Vincentio Nittriense, episcopis existentibus. Regni nostri anno decimo septimo.

The Roman court soon discovered that its power, influence, and clerical pretensions were not sufficiently protected by this constitution; Andrew was therefore compelled to call another diet at Bereg in 1232, at which the claims of the priests were legally decided.

Cardinal Jacob was sent from Rome for the purpose of proposing the laws, and when they were agreed to, the king swore to observe them.

Although the Catholic clergy obtained many advantages from King Andrew by the new laws, and though they acquired large estates and held high offices from the following kings, yet henceforward (to their honour must it be said) they always embraced the cause of the people against their faithless kings, and ever took up arms on the side of

the nation. In such times of peril the ardent love of their country was inflamed in their breast, as in that of every true Scythian.

In peace they were the indefatigable guardians of national freedom; they educated the youth in the fixed love of their country, and formed them into true patriots.

We owe to the clergy of that time the establishment of nearly all the high schools and institutions.

At his death (1235), King Andrew left behind him several sons; of whom

Bela IV.

succeeded him in the government, and another of them fixed his abode in Venice, and was united to the Princess Dona; she bore him a son, Marcus, who won himself the title of Count in the French military service; and the family, which still exists in France under the name of Croy, is the only one dating its origin from the royal blood of Arpad.

During the reign of Bela IV., 40,000 Kumaners,

under the command of Cutenus, came from Asia into Hungary, with the firm intention of settling there. The king and all his subjects joyfully greeted their brethren from Kuma, but made their sojourn in Hungary conditional upon their adoption of the Christian religion; at first they consented, but so strong were the ties which bound them to their ancient faith, that they at length resisted; and thus arose a conflict between the new and old Christian Scythians. These disputes encouraged the encroachments of the Tartars, and Hungary was soon again laid waste by the spirit of faction.

Vengeance.

Lona and Bator, the sons of a noble Magyar of Pesth, both renowned for faultless beauty of person, had, during a hunting expedition in the plains inhabited by the Kumaners, become acquainted with two maidens of that nation. Luna and Eda were sisters, alike famed for their goodness and

beauty, and were objects of the warmest admiration to all the youths amongst the Kumaners. The passion for the chase manifested by the brothers after they had met the maidens, was of the most ardent description; they were never happy but when they left their father's house, each with the quiver hanging round him, the hunting-knife in his girdle, and a powerful bow in his right hand; they did not, however, pursue their delicate prey with these weapons, but with the warmest expressions of eternal love, which did not fail to enlist the sympathy and affection of the sisters. Luna and Eda had a third sister: in her youth she had rejected all suitors, and, being both ambitious and fastidious, had grown old without enjoying the bliss of matrimony; she therefore cherished a strong repugnance to the male sex, and maintained that love was a crime. She had for a long time noticed with suspicion the altered demeanour of her younger sisters, and their partiality for pursuing the chase in the same direction; on their return she also remarked their confidential conversation, and the happiness which

beamed from their countenances. Maria, so was she called, immediately employed all her cunning, of which quality there is always abundance in the composition of a wicked woman, in order to discover the secret. To this end she made use of Mehmet, an unfavoured suitor of her sister Eda, and, without disclosing her project, managed to direct him to the spot where the lovers met. Here he was an unseen observer of their joy: jealousy and disappointment so raged within him as almost to render him powerless; still, pondering on their bliss and his own misery, he was discovered by Maria, who, impatient to hear the result, questioned him as to the cause of his grief, feigning, meanwhile, ignorance and sympathy; she learnt all she could desire from his deep despair, and quickly hurried home, where she made every one acquainted with the knowledge of which she had become possessed. Not content with this, she set her Moor to work to obtain fresh information of her sisters' proceedings; and he, in order to gratify the desires of his mistress, painted the meetings of the lovers in the vilest colours,

Maria appeared furious at the statement made by her slave, and went immediately to the oldest chief of the Kumaners, begging him to put an end to the machinations of the Christians, which she said were calculated to bring shame upon their noble race. In the mean time, Luna and Eda had learnt from the Moor that their love had been discovered, and that measures were being taken to put an end to their meetings with the two brothers; they found means to inform them secretly of the dangers which menaced them, resolving, at the same time, on flight as their only resource. To accomplish this, they bribed the treacherous Moor largely, and entrusted their plans to him. On the night appointed for carrying out their resolve, when all the inhabitants of the house of Luna and Eda had retired to rest, two youthful horsemen approached it silently, and with a mingled sensation of hope and fear agitating their minds; they dismounted from their steeds, and in so doing the pale light of the moon cast a momentary glitter upon the daggers secured in their belts. Not long after the appearance of Lona and Bator, for

the two horsemen were the youths from Pesth, two female figures glided noiselessly from the house, and in another instant were clasped to the manly breasts of the Hungarians. Scarcely, however, had Luna and Eda reached the spot where the youths awaited them, when the tread of several horses broke upon their ears. "To horse!" whispered Bator, and both, bearing the beautiful sisters on their steeds, were speedily flying over the plain towards Pesth; the faster they sped, the louder and nearer grew the approach of their pursuers; their horses maintained a headlong pace, as if they knew that the lives of the lovers depended on their speed—snorting fearfully under their double weight, they were unable to prevent those behind gaining ground. The brothers gazed hastily and anxiously towards their pursuers; every moment brought them nearer, and every moment made more certain the separation, perhaps eternal, of those who had plighted their troth. Escape was impossible, and as the brothers had nearly fallen into the hands of the enraged Kumaners, Lona cried aloud, "You are now my bride,

and shall be so for ever!" A white figure fell lifeless from his horse. Inspired with the like frenzy, Bator spoke the same words; and Lona and Bator are no longer to be overtaken—they are alone on the backs of their rapid steeds, and the breathless bodies of Luna and Eda are left to the care of their pursuers.

The chief of the Kumaners, Cutenus, regarded this mournful occurrence as a murder committed on account of religious distinction; and it so afflicted him that he immediately left Pesth with his followers, resolved no longer to dwell amongst the false Christians, but rather with the men of his own faith. The Christian population of Pesth, however, looked upon his departure as indicative of declared enmity; they hired assassins to attack him, by whose hands he perished not far from Pesth. It appears they had long sought a pretext for his destruction, because the devotion of Cutenus to the religion of his

fathers was the principal cause of the Kumaners' aversion to Christianity.

Whilst these events were occurring in Hungary, the Tartars invaded Russia, Germany, and Poland, and marked their encroachments but too plainly by ruin and desolation. The Kumaners heartily desired the approach of these barbarous hordes, by means of whom they thought to revenge the murder of their honoured chieftain. In Cutenus, who was their pride and strength, they had lost all that bound them to the land, and therefore entered into a treaty with the Tartars, promising them rich booty, and explaining the dangers to which the old Scythian religion was exposed by the persecutions of the Christians.

But the leader of the Tartars in Gallicia, Bat, sent an envoy to the King of Hungary, calling upon him to evacuate the land; but Bela IV., who had busied himself in preparations for a powerful resistance to the approaching invasion, courageously returned a defiant answer, which

increased the anger of the army of 500,000 men, who were under the command of Bat, Botsedor, Cadam, Coaton, Zeikan, Peta, Herme, Czebe, and Ocadar, who carried on a conflict of rapine and murder against all persons professing the Christian religion. The heads of the murdered infants were used by them as playthings, and their women sacrificed in the most brutal manner all the Hungarian females with child who fell into their power. Their main object was to annihilate totally the Hungarians who had adopted Christianity, and to force to their own faith those who followed its precepts. The sacred edifices were plundered, and levelled with the ground, and, where Christian towns and villages had existed, heaps of ruins now were discovered. For two long years did the Tartars thus devastate the land. As there was no spot in the whole country where King Bela could rest, or which he could call his own, he sent his wife to Dalmatia, and followed her with all the treasure he could collect; his flight had, however, been made known to the Austrian Emperor, Frederick of Hapsburg,

who caused him to be attacked as soon as he set foot in the Austrian territory, and to be robbed of his property. The Emperor, not content with this, took possession of that part of Hungary lying on the right bank of the Danube, before the Tartars had entirely given up their power in the land. After that nation had acquired all they could obtain, they set out on their homeward journey to Asia, accompanied by their allies, the Kumaners; those Christians who crossed their path were taken prisoners, and carried off as slaves. Being threatened with a dearth of provisions, the Tartars killed their prisoners without mercy.

Bela IV. now returned from Dalmatia, but in what a condition did he find his country? Left uncultivated for three years, the fertile land was overrun with weeds; ruin and desolation marked the spots which had formerly been occupied by cheerful dwellings, villages, and towns; the houseless inhabitants could proffer no hospitality or welcome to their monarch; he soon commenced searching the gardens and ruined

mansions of the nobility, in expectation of finding treasures which the former inhabitants might have buried in the earth, to save them from the rapine of the Tartars. Nor was he mistaken, for he soon amassed a considerable sum of money, with which he purchased grain and cattle; several investigations subsequently took place, and contributed greatly to the welfare of the land.

At this epoch Bela laid the foundation of the royal castle of Buda.

In 1225, the Tartars made preparations for a second expedition into Hungary; Pope Innocent sent a certain Dominicus to Asia as an envoy to Cuyn, the chief of the Tartars, who received the very intelligible answer—"God is lord of heaven, and Cuyn the lord of all mankind."

The inhabitants of Hungary now armed themselves for a battle for life or death, and retired into the interior of the country; they assembled on the enormous plains in the centre of Hungary, and resolved courageously to face the enemy. The youths fought like lions, wives supported their

husbands in the strife, and children of the tenderest years strove for liberty by the side of their heroic parents. The Tartars were defeated; their camp with all its treasure fell into the hands of the Hungarians, and they fled towards their native tracts, but fell on their way into the power of the Poles, who totally routed them.

Bela's days were now numbered. He died in the year 1270, and was succeeded by his son,

Stephen V.,

who was subsequently engaged in an important battle with Otto, king of Bohemia, without gaining any advantage; his son,

Ladislaus IV.,

who occupied the throne after his death in 1272, fought with greater success. In this year was laid the foundation of the archdukedom of Austria by the aid of the Magyars' arms. The principal occupation of this king was

to gratify his own inclination and passions, to the injury of his dominions. At a diet held in 1280, Pope Nicholas III. proposed that the Archbishop of Gran should share the labour of government with the king, in order to prevent him from indulging in such excesses. This was effected, and since that period the Archbishop of Gran has borne the title of "Primas Hungariæ."

Even Lambert, the Bishop of Gran, was unable to curb the excesses of the king. Instead of devoting his attention to the cares of state, he occupied himself with love intrigues with the most celebrated beauties of the day, and passed most of his time amongst the Kumaners, who possessed the handsomest women in Hungary. His neglect of the government, and partiality for the Kumaners, caused great dissension between that nation and Hungary, at first confining itself to individual contests, but finally merging into a general insurrection, in which the former were defeated; considerable numbers fled to Asia, and Oldamur their chief promised to return in a short time, bringing the Tartars with him.

The Kumaner Maiden and the King.

THE hearts of those possessed of rank and distinction—the heart of the King himself—in all his luxury and power, is sometimes overpowered with a feeling of loneliness if love is absent from it; all treasures are worthless to him in whose bosom the bright spark of affection is extinguished. Noble feelings beat as coldly there as the sun breaks upon the icy heights of Siberia. Such were the thoughts of the youthful King Ladislaus when mounted on his throne; his soul remained unmoved by the tenderest of passions. In his continual sojourns amongst the Kumaners he beheld the beauty of the maiden Yenta, who lived at the outskirts of the village, on the plain reaching to Pesth, where the King usually pursued the chase. Con-

tinual fêtes were given to him by the inhabitants, who both honoured and loved him, for his time was spent amongst them regardless of religious differences.

Yenta was proud of her beauty, and the impression it had made upon the mind of the King did not remain unobserved by her; she was therefore the more troubled at her approaching marriage with Hema, a worthy young man of her own station. She spent the greater part of her time in looking over the wide plain for the approach of the King; the day of her nuptials arrived, and yet he came not; the morning broke, and the preparations for the feast progressed—the morning wore away, and Yenta's eyes were weary with watching, when she perceived the King hunting in the distance.

No sooner had she recognised him on his foaming steed than she hurried towards him, bearing as an offering a bouquet of beautiful flowers. The inhabitants of the village were quickly on the alert to welcome the King, who so unexpectedly

honoured the marriage with his presence; Ladislaus bestowed his entire attention upon Yenta until she departed to prepare for the ceremony. The tables were richly laden, for the day was one of feasting, and all had taken the places allotted to them; that at the side of the King was reserved for Yenta.

As Ladislaus and Edua, the mother of the maiden, were conversing on various matters, she entered radiant with beauty; roses were woven in her black hair, which fell luxuriously upon her shoulders, and her countenance seemed to increase their beauty, instead of them giving greater lustre to hers; her face, usually pale, was covered with the blush of modesty, and her bosom heaved with sensations of happiness; her glance met that of the King, and she walked majestically through the chamber which she had once so humbly trodden. All thoughts but of the King's admiration were banished from her mind. After greeting the company assembled with a bow, she

took the seat reserved for her on the left of the King. The conversation soon became lively, and the time quickly slipped away, until the rays of the setting sun warned the King of the hour of departure. The old Edua then raised her feeble voice, and blessed the King for honouring the bride and the feast with his visit, proposing that, as a mark of gratitude, Yenta should conduct the monarch as far as the plains; this mark of attention was universally pressed upon the maiden, who consented.

Ladislaus and Yenta were both mounted on horseback; the latter felt an indescribable pleasure in passing thus proudly through the crowds of villagers, and in finding the envious gaze of the maidens fixed upon her. When the distance had hidden them from the gaze of the spectators, they dismounted, and pursued their way on foot.

As they proceeded, the King gradually made his passion known to Yenta, bewailing in the most ardent terms her engagement with Hema, and de-

claring that his power and station would afford him but little enjoyment if separated from her. The maiden, trembling with love and fear, listened enwrapped to the words of Ladislaus, till, overpowered by the sensation of joy she experienced, she sank upon his breast, nothing but the vaulted heaven and the blooming nature around witnessing their love. The bark of the dogs following upon the track of the hunted hare, put an end to the lovers' bliss; one kiss, and they parted each in a different direction.

It was soon remarked by Hema, that Yenta was ever wandering near the plains whither she had accompanied the King; but he was, nevertheless, far from harbouring any suspicion of his wife.

Ladislaus frequently repeated his sojourns in Körösszög, and was carefully observed by the old Edua, who finally made Hema aware of the King's passion for the beautiful Yenta. In the mean time, she pretended to further the plans of the

monarch, and arranged a meeting for him in a hunting-lodge not far distant; but the old woman betrayed the lovers, and in the place of the Kumaner maiden he discovered Arbutz, Turtele, and Kemencze, who, favoured by the starless night, assassinated Ladislaus in the lonely hut in 1290.

On account of his predilection for the Kumaner beauties, he is called in history Ladislaus the Kumaner, Kun László.

Andrew III.,

Nephew of Andrew II., descended by the female side from Arpad, was chosen king. His father sprung from the union of Andrew II. and the German princess, Beatrice.

Andrew III. married the Venetian princess, Catalino Tomassino, by whom he had a daughter and one son, Andrew, who died during his father's reign. His father soon followed him (1301), and

with him died the twenty-third and last king of the race of Arpad, founder of the Magyar empire.

Henceforward the Kings of Hungary were elected from different families.

CHAPTER III.

Tartars—Monguls—Turks —Crusaders.

SECOND PERIOD.

1301 TO 1540.

Asiatic Chiefs.

Various Kings.

BY the death of Andrew III., in 1301, the male line of Arpad became extinct after 417 years. The electors were therefore now obliged to look to the female line for a successor to the throne, and their choice fell upon Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia. He declined to accept, and proposed in his stead his son, likewise named

Wenceslaus.

The young prince, who seemed to have an additional connection with the Arpad family, inasmuch as he was betrothed to Elizabeth, daughter to Andrew III., was gladly accepted; and Wenceslaus, after defeating at Buda the army of Charles Robert of Naples, a rival claimant, was crowned at Stullweisenberg.

Charles Robert was son to Charles the Lame,

king of Naples, and claimed the throne by virtue of a descent from Stephen V. of Hungary, while Wenceslaus was a descendant of Bela IV. Pope Boniface VIII., who had long entertained a hope of making Hungary, like Naples, a fief of Rome, and who favoured the pretensions of the Neapolitan, declared the coronation of Wenceslaus null and void. He sent his legate Nicolaus to Hungary to enforce his commands; but this proceeding rather irritated than awed the States, and the Hungarian clergy showed so much national feeling, that they excommunicated all the adherents of Charles Robert, and even the Pope himself. Nicolaus was obliged to fly for his life. Nevertheless, the Pope would not desist from his purpose, and a threat of excommunication weakened the party of Wenceslaus, whose cause was further injured by his weak and profligate conduct.

The King of Bohemia came with an army into Hungary, and, after revenging himself on the Neapolitan party by divers acts of spoliation, returned into Bohemia with his son, taking with him the crown and insignia of the kingdom.

In the meanwhile Pope Boniface died, and the party in Hungary, who still regarded the acknowledgment of Charles Robert as incompatible with their electoral rights, inasmuch as he was forced upon them by the ecclesiastical power, found a new candidate in Otto of Bavaria, likewise connected with the Arpad family by the female line. Otto's cause was supported by many of the former adherents of young Wenceslaus, who had completely alienated himself from Hungary by breaking off his marriage with the Princess Elizabeth. By means of a contract with Wenceslaus, who in the meanwhile had ascended the throne of Bohemia, on the death of his father in 1305, the Bavarian recovered the insignia of Hungary, and was formally crowned at Stullweisenberg. His party was, however, still weak; and on a visit to Ladislaus, waivode of Transylvania, whose alliance he sought, he was made prisoner by the waivode, who attached himself to the cause of Charles Robert through the interest of his ally, the Emperor Albert.

During the period of Otto's imprisonment,

Hungary was ravaged by civil discord, till at last a compromise was made by the acceptance of Charles Robert, whose claim was still supported by the Pope (Clement V.), the Hungarian nobles declaring that they elected him from their own free choice, and not through the dictation of Rome. Charles Robert was first crowned provisionally at Buda, and afterwards at Stullweisenberg, with the crown of St. Stephen, which had fallen into the hands of the waivode of Transylvania. Otto, after a year's imprisonment, returned to his own country, where he died of poison in 1312.

Scarcely had Charles Robert been crowned when he found a new enemy in Count Mathé of Trencsén, who had been one of his adherents in the Diet, and the cause of whose defection is unknown. He committed various acts of depredation, invading the bishoprics of Gran and Neutra, and burning the city of Zips; but he was ultimately defeated at Torissa, and the royal army took possession of Comorn, which formed part of his extensive possessions.

Wisegrad.

IN that northern region, where mother Nature has placed the Carpathian mountains on the borders of Hungary, as if to protect her from foreign encroachment —where, in A.D. 140, having first subdued the Marcomani, and gained a brilliant victory over those northern Sclavonians to whose ruthless force Hungary and her liberties fell a victim in the nineteenth century—Terentius, the great Roman general, as a memorial of the mighty events that had occurred on the spot, erected a fortress, which took from him the name of Trencsén.

Great in strength, even as a giant, was this fortress in days of yore; and even at the present day the wanderer is awed by its vastness, when its ruins suggest to his mind the period of its lustihood. They seem to implore Heaven for a

return to Hungary of the golden age that has passed.

At the commencement of the fourteenth century, Mathé of Trencsén, a powerful wealthy prince, highly esteemed, and possessing great influence throughout the country, was the governor of this fortress. He was the dreaded opponent of King Charles Robert, and made the crown tremble on his head. Fortunately, however, for the king, the life of Mathé soon approached its close. Shortly before his decease, the dying hero called Zachy Felicianus to his bedside, and made him promise anew that he would pursue the course that he had already begun, for the dethronement of the Angevine, and the liberation of Hungary. Zachy Felicianus promised to fulfil the request of his dying lord; but scarcely had Mathé closed his eyes, when Zachy, dazzled by the flattering promises of the king, showed his incapability of carrying out the plan that had been entrusted to him. Queen Elizabeth, by her kindness and condescension, moreover, had won the heart of Zachy's daughter.

This queen, who was only eighteen years of

age, and endowed with all the gifts of nature, was the fourth wife of Charles Robert. She stood by him as the budding rose-tree by the withered oak, and her young life would have been like that of the captive, had it not derived a solace from the host of beautiful maidens who assembled round her with their homage. This, however, was not sufficient to appease the yearnings of her heart, which sighed for an object on which to bestow its affections; and her present position with regard to the young knights, rather increased than satisfied her wishes.

Resolving to adopt any expedient, however artful, that might forward her plans, she chanced to light upon Zachy's daughter, Clara, and at once determined to make use of her as an object of attraction. So great was the affection she bestowed on the young girl, that she seemed to be at once a friend, a protectress, and a mother.

The queen's plan was perfectly successful. The number of worshippers increased, and with it the number of happy hours. Clara shone among the rest of her train as a Venus among the stars.

The youthful knights bowed down before her beauty as the grass-blade before the rays of the sun. The light of her eyes, as they flashed through her dark locks, struck deadly wounds into every heart.

When the queen perceived that it was Clara alone who attracted the throng of admirers from far and near, she became jealous of her charms; and Clara, although surrounded by adorers, who were among the noblest and most beautiful of the land, nevertheless felt herself lonely and desolate, as a rose in the midst of a desert, which is rocked to and fro by the pitiless storm.

Among the admirers of Clara was Casimir, prince of Poland, brother to Queen Elizabeth. This circumstance pleased the queen, because it accorded with her malicious design to lower the pride of Clara. Finely woven, however, must the seductive web have been to ensnare the daughter of Zachy, who had hitherto resisted every temptation, though she was well accquainted with the secret intrigues of the queen. Moreover, her father, to whom likewise the queen's mode of life

was not unknown, and who therefore knew the dangers which threatened his daughter, watched her with an anxious eye. His glance, however, was too weak to detect the first budding of a passion, of which Clara herself was scarcely conscious.

Casimir at last succeeded in gaining a place in Clara's heart—nay, in winning it entirely. It was Clara's first love; the void in her heart which she had hitherto felt had passed away, and her bosom was filled with a delightful melancholy. Once, inspired with the most rapturous feelings, she strayed along the garden till she reached a secluded spot shaded by a green thicket. Here, while fancy called before her mind pleasing images of the future, she cast herself upon the carpet which nature had spread. Casimir, who had watched and followed her, surprised her in the midst of her reveries. The lovers thought that they were secure from every eye and ear; but the queen had watched them closely from her chamber, and they were aroused from their dreams of love by the queen's companion, Antoine.

On the 17th of April, 1330, the nobility from all

parts came to a hunt by the queen's appointment. The brightness of the day gave new animation to the place; the clang of the horn, the clash of spears, and the barking of hounds, were re-echoed by the moss-covered walls of Visegrád. Within the castle, too, all were busied in preparing the banquet, and in tending on the dogs, that were brought in every now and then, wounded by the bears. At four o'clock in the afternoon, Prince Casimir entered the castle, whither a desire to see Clara had brought him. He rushed into the garden and sought her favourite spot, and his eager haste was not unobserved by the queen's sister. Casimir found Clara where he expected; but his sudden appearance in hunting attire startled her so much, that she dropped the flowers which she was twining into a wreath, and hurried from the spot. Casimir, overtaking her, clasped her in his arms, and she fainted.

In the meanwhile the hunting party were returning, and Antoine was sent on by the queen to announce the arrival of the guests to Clara. Antoine did not find her in the castle, and therefore

hastened into the garden, where she became a witness of the fatal interview. Clara was about to fly from the spot, when Antoine with burning cheeks delivered the queen's message, with some scornful additions of her own.

Clara saw that she was discovered. Her head became dizzy, and she fell senseless to the ground. Her father, who at this moment came up with the hunting party, saw his daughter's helpless situation, and, without knowing its cause, hastened to her assistance. In the meanwhile, the spiteful Antoine had revealed her discovery to the queen, whose heart bounded with joy when she saw that she need no longer dread Clara as a rival.

When Clara had in some degree recovered, she staggered towards the castle, leaning on her father's arm. Antoine, who happened to be in their path, fled into the castle, whither she was followed by Felicianus, after he had confided his daughter to the care of an attendant. He overheard her laughing with the queen, and exulting over his daughter's dishonour. Maddened with rage, he drew his hunting-sword and rushed towards the

queen; who shrieked with terror when she saw the peril with which she and her young sons, Andrew and Louis, were threatened. At the same moment the king, with two of his attendants, rushed into the apartment; but a blow from the sword of Zachy severed the queen's right hand, and it fell to the ground. Felicianus was soon overpowered by the guards, and Potoki, one of the king's attendants, stabbed him to the heart.

That a veil might be thrown over this dark affair, Clara was confined in a dungeon, and, in spite of her entreaties, forced to drink poison, which was administered to her in a cup of water. As for the family of Zachy it was completely exterminated by order of the queen and Casimir, who dreaded its just revenge.

After the death of Mathé von Trencsén, Charles had nothing more to fear from his enemies for the safety of his crown; but persons coming from Asia informed him of the great preparations of the Tartars for war.

The traces of the former inroad of the Tartars had not yet disappeared from their land; they

would not give a new opportunity to the barbarous people, and therefore resolved not to wait for the enemy, but advance against them. The country summoned all its strength to march against the Tartars, and arrived at the foot of the Uraine, in Great Russia, where they fought with and entirely defeated them.

Meantime Charles died in the year 1342, and was succeeded by his son, Louis. This king, foreboding some danger, immediately on his accession to the throne ordered the forces to be increased; for the Tartars had joined with the Russians, and hastened to wipe away the stain upon their martial prowess. They were again beaten; and, since the Russians were partly led on by the Tartars, and partly the Tartars by the Russians, Red Russia was allotted to the crown of Hungary as a compensation for the war, and the Tartar leader Molud forced to contribute to its expenses. The late King Charles had caused dissensions in his family, which produced the most unhappy consequences. For the sake of his own interests he had married his children with those of his brother, and had

thus done violence to their inclinations. His daughter Johanna, whom he had given in marriage to his nephew, Andrew of Naples, began to feel disgust against her husband; Pope John XX. afterwards divorced them *e mensâ et thoro.*

However, she did not quit her husband's court, but bestowed her affections on Prince Tarenton.

Johanna.

ANDREW, the younger brother of King Louis, had been brought up at the court of Naples under the care of his grandfather, King Robert the Good; and the worthy old king promised him the hand of his grand-daughter Johanna* in marriage, as well as the succession to the throne. Both these promises proved unfortunate. Johanna, who had been brought up amid all the vices and luxuries of a profligate Italian court, was indeed married to Andrew, whom she detested; but Robert, shortly before his death, appointed, not Andrew, but Johanna as his successor, at the same time ordering that Andrew should be crowned with his wife.

This middle course, like most middle courses,

* Johanna was the daughter of Robert's only son, Charles, who died in his father's lifetime.

pleased no one. On the one side, Andrew, who had expected to be sole King of Naples on the death of his great-uncle Robert, was disappointed in his hopes; and, on the other side, there were the male relatives of King Robert, who did not understand being supplanted by a woman and a foreigner. These were Charles, Duke of Durazzo,* and Louis, Duke of Tarento, the former of whom had married Johanna's sister, Maria.

Elizabeth, Queen-mother of Hungary, had reason enough to feel uneasy about the interests of her son, Andrew. She therefore set sail for Naples, and landed in Apulia, where she was received by Andrew and Johanna, who conducted her with great pomp to Naples.

The first operation was to secure the consent of the Pope to the coronation of Andrew; for Naples had always been regarded as a fief of the church. Elizabeth therefore not only despatched an embassy to Clement VI., who resided at Avignon, but performed in person a pilgrimage to Rome.

* Charles of Durazzo, and Louis of Tarento, were the sons of King Robert's younger brothers, John and Philip.

On the banks of the Tiber, she was greeted by the powerful families of the Orsini and the Colonna; at the gates of St. Peter's, she was received by the cardinals. The gifts to the church were many and valuable; the most costly of all being a golden cup inlaid with pearls, and a silver tablet adorned with diamonds, and being a likeness of the apostle St. Peter.

When she returned to Naples, she did not find any great benefit resulting from her piety. Johanna, who did not conceal her hatred for Andrew, nor her predilections for a less lawful object, was openly aspiring to an undivided dominion; and the consent of Pope Clement VI. to the coronation of Andrew, was only to be bought at a price of 44,000 silver marks. This commercial transaction by no means pleased King Louis of Hungary, who thought it was hard to pay for a crown to which Andrew was justly entitled.

However, the Pope's right to nominate a King of Naples had been too recently exercised to admit of dispute now. On the death of Charles II. of Naples, in 1309, the rightful successor to the

throne, according to the laws of primogeniture, was Charles Robert of Hungary, whose father, Charles Martel, was the eldest son of Charles II. Nevertheless the Pope, who did not wish to see the kingdoms of Naples and Hungary united under a single ruler, supported the will of Charles II., by which Naples was bequeathed to his younger son, Robert the Good, and Charles Robert had not thought fit to oppose his decision. Louis therefore confirmed, though unwillingly, the transaction with Clement VI.; and Elizabeth, who had apparently reconciled Johanna with Andrew, and believed that she had now done all that was necessary, returned home.

The calm, however, was of short duration; and, though the day for the coronation of Andrew approached, there was a party at Naples always prepared to throw difficulties in the way. Johanna still detested him as much as ever; and the crafty Charles of Durazzo, who had a double connection with the throne—as the son of the late King Robert's brother John, and as the husband of Johanna's sister, Maria—had by no means relinquished his hopes of dominion. In short, Andrew

was an eyesore to the Neapolitan court generally, though there was this difference in the machinations of his enemies:—the queen desired to get rid of him because she dreaded him as a companion in power, and had bestowed her affection on another; while Charles of Durazzo hoped to destroy Andrew and Johanna alike, that he might ascend the throne himself. A conspiracy was set on foot for the destruction of the Hungarian prince. A hunting expedition in the Taro di Larno, which was to last several days, was proposed, and the youth, with a natural taste for the sport, readily fell into the trap that had been laid for him.

Loud were the sounds of revelry at the banquet which had been provided for the weary hunters at a convent in the neighbourhood of Aversa; but their external signs of joy only served to mask the design of the Neapolitan conspirators. They allowed Andrew to retire to rest, and, after they thought he was asleep, made a pretext to summon him from bed into an antechamber. No sooner had he made his appearance than they essayed to strangle him; for a belief that a ring, given to him by his mother,

protected him against peril by steel and poison, prevented them from using the sword.

Prompted alike by native courage, and the disposition of the moment, Andrew made vigorous efforts to save his life. He tore himself from the hands of the conspirators, and rushed back to the door of his chamber, but he found it bolted. Within the chamber was his wife, Johanna.

He now cried aloud for help, but no one seemed to hear him. Still he was not altogether unheeded. Yeold, a Hungarian woman who had nursed him in his infancy, was awakened by the noise, and shouted from a window of the convent. So piercing were her shrieks, that, for a while, the conspirators desisted from their purpose; but they soon recovered their self-possession, and, seizing Andrew by the hair of his head, pulled him down to the ground. They then put a silk cord about his neck, and, dragging him to a window, hung him till life was extinct. When they saw that he was dead, they allowed his body to fall into a garden below, and retired as if nothing had occurred.

The nurse, as much alarmed by the silence

which now prevailed, as she had been by the previous tumult, approached the chamber of Andrew, and called to Johanna, but she received no answer. She next attempted to awaken the monks of the convent, and here she was successful. Aided by the holy men, she found the body of Andrew, which was at once removed to the church. Another attempt was made to arouse Johanna, and to communicate to her the mournful discovery; but her slumbers appeared sounder than ever.

At the dawn of day, Johanna fled to Naples, and, so slight was the sympathy she showed for her unfortunate husband, that the body remained for two days unburied, and might have been forgotten altogether, had not the last office been performed by the Canon of Aversa.

In the meanwhile a reaction had taken place against Johanna's party; and Charles of Durazzo, now that Andrew was no longer to be feared, was loud in his protestations of sorrow for the unfortunate prince. Although he had been one of the chief agents in the conspiracy, he had dexterously avoided all appearance of participation; and

Johanna's recent refusal of the duchy of Calabria, which he had claimed in right of his wife Maria, was an additional reason for the adoption of a line of policy which might end in her ruin. He was now foremost in urging an investigation into the murder, and the trial of the culprits.

Several personages connected with the Neapolitan court were found guilty, and executed with every refinement of cruelty; while so great was the revulsion of feeling among the populace, who had hated Andrew when alive, that they tore to pieces the bodies of the culprits, which had been cast upon a burning pile, and then with shouts of exultation hurled the mangled limbs back into the flames.

But the death of Andrew was as yet imperfectly avenged, for the chief criminals had escaped with impunity.

The Vengeance of King Louis.

On hearing his brother's melancholy death, King Louis immediately resolved on vengeance, enter-

taining no doubt that Johanna, in spite of her dissimulation, was implicated in the crime. Strengthening himself by an alliance with the Emperor Louis the Bavarian, and with the Duke of Austria, he made preparations for an invasion of Naples. In vain did Pope Clement VI. endeavour, by way of exhortation, to dissuade him from this enterprise; in vain did Johanna, who foresaw the coming storm, write a letter protesting her innocence; the stern Hungarian was not to be moved. He now wrote a letter to Johanna, distinctly charging her with the murder of Andrew, and reminding her that there was a heavenly power which would punish crime.

Johanna's position, even with regard to her own country, was by no means secure. She had displeased them by her marriage with Louis of Tarento, with whom she had maintained an unbecoming intimacy during the lifetime of Andrew. Several towns fell off from their allegiance on hearing of the approach of Louis, who marched towards Naples like a triumphant conqueror, receiving offers of submission from every side. As

for Charles of Durazzo, whom a grant of Calabria had reconciled to Johanna, and who had her command of the Neapolitan forces, he did not so much as venture a battle, but retired before the overwhelming force, which steadily advanced on its work of vengance, its mission being signified by a black banner, on which was represented the strangled body of Andrew.

When Louis reached Aversa, he was met by Charles of Durazzo, whom he received with apparent kindness. However, he perfectly knew that Charles was implicated in the murder of Andrew; and in the midst of a supper, to which he had invited him and his brother, suddenly ordered him to be seized. On the following morning Charles was beheaded, and his body thrown from the very window from which that of Andrew had been cast by his murderers. His brothers, contrary to the advice of the more sanguinary counsellors of Louis, were sent to Visegrád, and there honourably maintained.

When Louis reached the city of Naples, Johanna and her husband had already fled to

Avignon. He was received with adulation, and, styling himself King of Sicily, caused all the persons concerned in the murder of Andrew to be executed with the utmost barbarity. That he did not intend by his new title to interfere with the rights of his nephew Charles—to whom Johanna had given birth after the death of Andrew—he amply showed, by making the Neapolitans pay homage to the royal child. The plague, which broke out at Naples, induced Louis to return home; but he left Stephen Lacz, the waiwode of Transylvania, in the newly conquered country, with a considerable force, composed of Hungarian and German mercenaries.

It was, however, found impossible to keep the Neapolitans in subjection; and Stephen Lacz, finding that he could not check the growing insurrection, was forced to call King Louis to his assistance. Louis came and reconquered the kingdom, and immediately afterwards made a pilgrimage to Rome, leaving the waiwode Andrew Lacz at the head of an army in Hungary. So much

respect was shown to him by the Romans, that the principal personages of the city advanced four leagues to meet him; while the streets were adorned with magnificent hangings, and the Pope's palace was assigned to the visiter as a residence.

Notwithstanding his second conquest of Naples, Louis soon abandoned all thoughts of retaining it. The Pope—to whom Johanna had sold her right to Avignon, and who viewed with jealousy the interference of the Hungarian king in a state in which the church claimed supremacy—had always espoused her cause; and when negotiations for peace between Naples and Hungary were set on foot, formally pronounced her innocent of the murder of Andrew. He decreed, however, that she should pay the sum of 300,000 ducats to the King of Hungary; but this the Hungarian ambassadors magnanimously refused, declaring that their king had made war, not for the sake of profit, but to avenge the murder of his brother. The result of the negotiation was, that the Hungarians quitted Naples, and left Johanna in quiet possession of

her kingdom. From the year 1352, King Louis took no part in Neapolitan affairs.

But the hour of retribution, though tardy, arrived at last. Thirty years had elapsed since the departure of the Hungarians, and still Johanna sat quietly on her throne. When the great schism of the church took place, and the reverence of the faithful was divided between Pope Urban VI., who resided at Rome, and Pope Clement VII., who resided at Avignon, Johanna took the side of the latter. This choice was fatal to her power and her life. Pope Urban VI., exercising the old seignority over Naples, declared that Johanna had forfeited the crown, and offered it to Charles of Durazzo, son of that Charles whom Louis had put to death at Aversa. The young prince, obtaining the permission of Louis, at whose court he resided, marched a Hungarian army into Naples, and, after many difficulties, fought his way to the throne.

When Charles made his triumphal entry into the city of Naples, the unfortunate Johanna fell into his hands. She was strangled by four Hungarians;

and it is said, that a silken cord which had been made for the murder of Andrew, and which she had woven with her own hands, was the instrument of her death.

The affairs of Dalmatia involved King Louis in a war with Venice. Zara, which was under the dominion of the republic, was anxious to transfer its allegiance to Hungary; and, being besieged by the Venetians, was assisted by Louis in person; but he was so signally defeated in July 1346, that, concluding an armistice for nine years, he returned home, leaving Zara to the mercy of the victors.

During this armistice occurred the expedition against Naples; and, when it had terminated in 1352, hostilities with Venice were renewed. Fortune was so much on the side of Louis, that, after a severe struggle, the republic, by a peace made in 1358, ceded to him the whole of Dalmatia. For no less than three hundred years the province had been a bone of contention between Venice and Hungary.

In the "War of Chizza," which occupies so conspicuous a place in the annals of Venice, Louis appeared among the enemies of the Venetians, and Cattaus fell into their hands; but on the conclusion of peace, in 1381, it was restored to Hungary.

By virtue of a treaty made with Casimir III., King of Poland, that kingdom, on the death of Casimir without heirs in 1355, fell to Louis. His government in Poland, which was chiefly carried on by deputy, was unpopular; but he succeeded in making the Poles swear allegiance to his daughter Maria.

King Louis died in 1382, at the age of fifty-six years;—his deeds have rendered him famous, being called the Great.

So highly was the memory of Louis respected by the Hungarian nobles, that on his death they unanimously elected his daughter,

Maria,

as their *king*. As she was only twelve years old, the government was undertaken by her mother

Elizabeth, daughter of Stephen, Duke of Bosnia—a woman of boundless ambition, and unscrupulous as to the means whereby she could attain her ends. Assurances of fidelity poured in from every part of Hungary; and though there was disaffection on the part of the Poles, who forgot their oath of allegiance to Maria, the embarrassments that might have arisen in consequence were removed by Elizabeth, who, in Maria's name, transferred the Polish crown, and offered them instead her younger daughter, Hedwig, whom the Poles gladly accepted.

The bad qualities of Elizabeth soon began to show themselves, and she had an evil counsellor in the Palatine Gara, whom she made her associate in power. Gara, who had been born on the confines of Styria, had enjoyed the favour of King Louis, who raised him to his present dignity, and his courage, fidelity, and experience rendered him a valuable servant, while he acted under a firm and skilful ruler. But his virtues were counterbalanced by an overweening ambition and vindictiveness, which displayed themselves when there

was no further cause of concealment; and Gara had found especial objects of hatred in the Horwáthi family, who had risen from poverty to the highest dignities of the state. The family were aware of the ill intentions of Gara towards them, and anticipated him by forming an alliance with sound, powerful nobles. An insurrection at Zara, which was raised in 1384, at their instigation, having been suppressed, they resolved to raise a new king to the throne, and thus to secure foreign assistance.

Their choice fell upon Charles III., King of Naples; who was crowned as

Charles II.

of Hungary. Paul Horwáthi, Bishop of Agram, leaving Hungary on pretence of a pilgrimage to Rome, made the ambitious monarch a proud offer of a new kingdom. Charles, used to conquest, gladly accepted the offer, and proceeded at once to Agram, where he remained till the partisans of the Horwáthi faction assembled round

him. He still, however, dissimulated his intentions, and in reply to a messenger sent by Queen Elizabeth, who asked the cause of his coming, he represented that he could never forget the kindness of King Louis, and that he merely came for the purpose of reconciling the Hungarians to her rule.

The queen, however, had no doubt as to the peril with which she was menaced, and that a potent ally might be secured. Maria was married without delay to Sigismund, son of the late Emperor Charles IV., to whom she had been betrothed in her father's lifetime. Sigismund hastened to Bohemia, of which country his brother, the Emperor Wenceslaus, was king, to raise an army for the support of his young wife and her mother.

At Buda a system of dissimulation was carried on by both contending parties. Charles, who had proceeded thither from Agram without opposition, was met by the two queens, and the hypocritical Elizabeth addressed him as her protector, and called down blessings on his head. When

they had entered the city, Charles feigned modesty, and would not, at first, take up his residence at the royal palace. Soon, however, his partisans proclaimed him governor of Hungary; and then, dropping all show of humility, he openly took the government into his hands, and called an assembly, which, with one patriotic exception, accepted him as King of Hungary.

The character of the two queens was amply shown on this occasion. When a deputation had communicated the acts of the assembly, Maria expressed a willingness to resign the throne, and, on quitting Hungary, to reside with her beloved husband. Elizabeth, on the other hand, broke out into imprecations; and this was, perhaps, the only occasion on which her natural temper got the better of her power of dissimulation. Her rage was, however, but momentary; and, in an interview with Charles shortly afterwards, she removed completely any suspicions he might entertain, by admitting that French government was not suitable to Hungary, and that he was therefore the proper occupant of the throne.

The coronation of Charles, which took place at Stullweisenburg, was accompanied by signs, which both the superstitious and the incredulous might construe into omens of evil. The new king was surrounded by a troop of armed warriors, as if conscious of insecurity; while the queens, who were forced to be present at the ceremony, fell on the tomb of the great Louis, and uttered silent prayers for vengeance.

"Is Charles agreeable to you as a king?" said the Archbishop of Gran to the people, according to ancient formality. The usual answer to the question had been a shout of applause, but now a dull murmur was the only sound. When Charles left the church, the banner of St. Stephen was brought before him, but the staff snapped in two, as if the first Magyar king would not acknowledge him for a successor. A storm, such as had never been heard for centuries, overthrew roofs and steeples; a flock of ravens settled on the royal palace, and for three days fought with each other in the air.

The disposition of Maria was so gentle, that she

could not be made the confident of an intended crime; therefore Gara and Elizabeth took upon themselves the removal of the royal intruder.

On the appointed day (Feb. 3. 1383), Gara, attended by a body of twenty friends and retainers, entered the palace, on the pretence that he wished to take leave of the queen, before he departed to celebrate his daughter's marriage. At the same time a message was conveyed to Charles, from Elizabeth, stating that she had just received a letter from Sigismund, which she would only open in his presence.

When the king made his appearance, and the Italian guard, which usually accompanied him, had dispersed itself about the town, Elizabeth contrived to engage him in conversation till the sun had set. Gara then made a signal to Count Forgách, the queen's cupbearer, who had been entrusted with the execution of the scheme, and who now, rushing forward, struck Charles several times on the head with a Csákán, or Hungarian war-hammer. The Italians, who, on first hearing the confusion, had rushed towards the palace, were panic-struck, and

fled in all directions, while the town was speedily occupied by Gara's partisans.

The Italians returned home, and Ladislaus Horwáthi escaped with difficulty to Croatia, of which he was the Ban. Charles, left in the hands of his enemies, was removed to Visegrád, where he died in about a fortnight (1386), either through the wounds inflicted upon him by Forgács, or through some fresh violence.

The murderers did not escape unpunished. The sea-coast was in an uproar, through the influence of the Horwáthi; but Elizabeth and Gara thought that their presence would restore order. They, therefore, set off with Maria for Croatia; but when they had got as far as Diákówár, they were suddenly attacked and overpowered by the Ban Horwáthi. A general rout took place; but Gara, whose chivalric courage almost compensated for his vices, defended Queen Elizabeth to the last. Although he stood quite alone, no one ventured to come within reach of his dreadful arm; and he was only attacked from a distance by a shower of missiles. Nay, when an arrow pierced him, he is

said to have broken it off short as it stood in his flesh, that the free movement of his arm might not be impeded. At last, the combat was brought to a termination by a Croat, who, creeping under the queen's carriage, caught Gara by the leg, and pulled him down, when he was at once overpowered, bound, and beheaded before the very eyes of Elizabeth and Maria, who were brought before the Ban as prisoners.

The fate of Elizabeth is uncertain: some say she was drowned in the waters of the Bossut; others, that she died in prison at Novigrad, and was buried at Zara. As for the cupbearer, Blasins Forgách, he had been one of the first to fall in the conflict with the Croatians.

The gloomy state of affairs appeared favourable to the longings of the King of Bohemia, but the sympathy of the Hungarians towards Maria resulted in the election of

Sigismund.

He had returned from Bohemia, with an army, to ascend the throne; and finding all Hungary in his

power, was advancing towards the Dalmatian coast. Still there was every fear that the insurgents in their flight would carry off Maria to Naples. Fortunately, Venice was inspired by a sense of chivalry, and sent over the captain Giovanni Burbango, with a chosen body of men, to rescue the captive princess. John Horwáthi, the Prince of Aurana, in whose custody she was kept, found himself so hardly pressed that he gave her up to Burbango, who would accept of no other reward than a valuable girdle, with which the young queen presented him. He escorted her to Zeng, and she met her husband Sigismund at Agram.

Prior to the release of Maria, Sigismund, who found the Hungarians enthusiastic in his cause, had been crowned at Stullweisenburg; and, when Maria returned to her kingdom, she formally resigned to him all her right to the crown. Nicolas Gara, son of the late palatine, was appointed to his father's office; the Horwáthi were subdued, and their estates were confiscated. At the same time, Hungary lost some of her most important possessions. The Dalmatian cities, with the single ex-

ception of Zara, placed themselves under the power of Twartko, Duke of Bosnia, who henceforth assumed the title of "King of Rascia, Bosnia, and the Sea-coast." Galicia was freed from Hungary by the Polish youth, who were summoned to arms by their queen, Hedwig, while her husband Uladislas V. was engaged in a war with the Lithuanians.

The Two-and-thirty Warriors.

About the year 1393, thirty-two men, celebrated for their feats of arms, united together in a sort of brotherhood, which was called, from their number, that of the "Thirty-two Warriors." Their leader was Stephen Konth, who had gained a high reputation in the campaign of King Louis; and they led a wandering life about the country.

The existence of such a body was viewed with an unfriendly eye by King Sigismund, who resolved on the destruction of the famous "thirty-two," and entrusted the execution of his wishes

to George Waidap, a man of known courage and shrewdness, who surrounded them while they were encamped on the banks of the Save. Little expecting an attack, they were all asleep, with the exception of one of them, named John Korpách, of whom it was said, that "the sun never found him sleeping." When they were awakened by their vigilant watchman, they prepared for defence, but gave themselves up to Waidap, on his promise that he would reconcile them to the king.

This promise was shamefully violated. The warriors were put in chains by Waidap, and taken in a cart to Buda. Their courage, however, was not damped, and they resolved to remain in open defiance of a king who had so unworthily ensnared them.

When they were brought before Sigismund, he was seated on a throne, surrounded by the grandees of his realm. But the proud "thirty-two" stood erect, neither bending the knee, nor bowing the head, nor uttering a single word of salutation, till at last the enraged king ordered them all to be

beheaded in St. George's square. They died like martyrs, Konth declaring on the scaffold that he had always looked death fearlessly in the face, and could do so now. His young arm-bearer shed tears as he witnessed his master's fate, and it was in vain that Sigismund, who at first compassionated his youth, promised to provide for him. But the boy scornfully rejected his offer, terming him at the same time a "Bohemian swine," and he was at once beheaded with the "thirty-two."

The valour of the "thirty-two," and their devotion to each other, had endeared them to the minds of the people; and Sigismund, by the severity of their punishment, greatly compromised his popularity. He also lost a strong hold on their affection by the early loss of his young wife, Maria, who was always revered as the daughter of the great Louis. Since her retirement from the cares of state, she had devoted herself to acts of piety, and she was also a patroness of literature. The attachment that existed between her and Sigismund may be inferred from the fact, that although

he survived her more than forty years, and was generally of an inconstant disposition, he never forgot the bride of his youth, but always alluded to her in terms of deep regret. Her death has been attributed to consumption.

Garay has traced this event:—

In Buda stands a noble band,
Resolved on an heroic death;
It is Kont, the bold Magyar,
With two-and-thirty comrades.

All are heroes fearless, true
And valiant patriots;
By Wajdafy's treason
Deliver'd to the despot.

In Buda they stand with haughty mien
Before the King, who trembles with rage;
Resolution speaks in their faces,
Anger flashes from their eyes.

The King, upon his throne,
Shouts in thundering words—
"Down on your knees this instant,
Traitorous, haughty spirits!"

He cries out in anger, and thirsts for vengeance,
The nobles stand calm and serene;
At their head stands Kont the warrior,
With pride and haughtiness.

"Not so, my King!" he coldly says,
Shaking his hoary head,
As in the rustling wood
The trees are moved by the wind—

"Not so, my King! by Heaven, no!
Thou lovest but revolt;
Thine is the deed, thine the work,
That the land sinks in destruction.

"Thou art on our forefathers' throne;
'Tis for thee to protect our rights,
But thou hast bestow'd on us
Hate, and every insult.

"We would gain for our country
Every ancient freedom;
We could not—yet in union
We will die.

"Yet, since thou with avarice
Hast brought the land unto its bier,
This band will never bend its knee,
Nor will Kont, the Magyar."

Thus said the hero boldly
To the King's own face;
Proud and upright he stood there,
Like an oak amid the woods.

The King, threatening in fury, says,
"A King's anger is severe;
Ha! curses on you—a terrible death
Awaits the insulter of majesty!

"Death shall meet you all united,
Rebellious, unruly band;"
He shouts aloud, behind appears
The giant executioner.

The trembling people round grow pale,
The heroes on the scaffold
Saw Sigismund's gloomy look,
Full of murd'rous joy.

"Life and death rest in my hand,
Yet who will bend the knee
Shall have his life!"
They move not, and are silent.

All are heroes full of courage,
Who will gain eternal glory;
They shed their blood for their country,
And tremble not for their lives.

"Now, let the hangman's hand begin,
For you shall die!"
Cried the King; "thus may the land
Be destroy'd by my anger."

Two-and-thirty nobles mounted soon
The scaffold with hardy mien;
The hangman is tired with his bloody task,
And the axe sinks notch'd to the earth.

In the still air is heard
Not the slightest sound,
Only from the people's mouth
A deep suppressed groan.

Who is the last sacrifice
Among the noble band?
Who sees the bloody axe
Fall thirty times upon his friends?

He looks around courageously,
And views the horrid bier,
Fixes firm the hangman,
'Tis Kont, the Magyar.

"Like a hero, firm as rock,
I go to death with sacred fire;
No murderer, no thief—a patriot
Must I die on the scaffold.

"Comrades! you shall see our death
Is a bloody sacrifice;
From hence will rise the dawn of freedom,
And shame for Sigismund."

Thus spoke the hero; the steel glances,
The bright clear sun goes down,
The noble band all die,
And with them Kont, the Magyar.

Round the scaffold sounds
No noise of wo or grief,
From the people's lips is scarcely heard
A curse—a terrible curse!

By this atrocious deed Sigismund had heaped upon himself the hatred of the whole country, and was obliged to hold the reins of the government with an iron hand, in order to quell at their birth the dangers that menaced him.

In the meanwhile, Prince Stephen Latzk, waivoda of Transylvania, the Counts Urday, Somonytornyi, and the Ban Horváth of Croatia, had formed a new coalition to dethrone the nefarious Slavonian king. They had formed a plan, in conjunction with Ladislaus, son of the

murdered King Charles II., to marry him to the daughter of the Turkish Sultan Bayazeth, to make sure of his assistance in the expulsion of the Bohemian intruder, and place Ladislaus on the throne.

From the Diet holden at Körös Udwarhely, this plan had become noised about, and reached the ears of Sigismund. He hastened thither with an armed force, caused Latzk and his son to be decapitated in the Senate's chamber, and their corpses thrown out of the windows of the high edifice.

The Sultan Bayazeth was now solicited by influential Hungarians speedily to enter Hungary, and to interfere in the quarrel, which had been artfully fomented by the Hapsburgs, with a view to create a party among the Hungarians for their interest, in order to attain more easily the throne of St. Stephen. Aware that they expected in vain to get possession in a good and honest way of Hungary's sceptre, these Hapsburgs had changed their policy in that respect. They had set the Turkish Sultan, hitherto friendly to the

country, against the Hungarians. The ministry at Stambul were bribed, agents fanned this artfully kindled fire, till at last Bayazeth renewed his former claims upon Servia and Bosnia. Hungary sent an armed force against the invading Turks. This stayed momentarily the hostilities, but the dispute remained unsettled.

The Hungarians now armed with more earnestness. The Turks were beaten every where; the fortress Widdin even fell into the hands of the victorious Magyars. But at the storming of Nicopolis they suffered so severe a defeat that the King hardly escaped with his life, and the flower of the Hungarian army met there with their grave. On his return home the arbitrary King, who had been the author of all these misfortunes, especially of this disastrous campaign, which he had undertaken against the nation's will, was, by a decree of a Diet holden at Pesth, dethroned, and imprisoned in the fortress of Siklós.

The Magyars were still bleeding of the wounds just inflicted upon them, when again a Turkish army under Mahomed, and another under Amurat III.,

drew their cimeters against the Hungarians. At the same time the Venetians entered the field against them, claiming the right of possession of Dalmatia. But both hostile armies were forced unsuccessfully to retire within the limits of their respective territories.

The court of Rome was zealously and actively exerting itself during this stormy epoch, with a view to acquire predominant influence throughout the Christian nations of Europe, and to guide the helm of their several destinies. But in order, as far as Hungary was concerned, to check those endeavours effectually and for all future times, it was decreed by the Diet that no papal missive or bull should be promulgated in any part of the Hungarian territory without the sanction of the secular power. In other countries, too, the intrigues of the Roman court, which were carried on under the cloak of apostolical authority, were daily becoming more apparent. Some few of the European states, inclined to religious innovations, and willing to use religion as a means for the attainment of temporal objects, seized the opportunity afforded them, and,

instead of destroying the power of the Roman court, ranged themselves upon the side of the Reformation. Wickliffe in England, and Huss in Bohemia, rose up and preached new doctrines, wherein was shadowed forth a new and popular religion, which pointed to an easier and less troublesome road to heaven; whilst it rekindled a war between sound reason and common sense on the one side, and the most grovelling religious fanaticism on the other. After the death of Sigismund, in 1437,

Albert

of Hapsburg at length succeeded in ascending the throne of Hungary. In his first campaign, however, against the Turks, he became ill of a surfeit of melons at Hatvan, whilst flying from the Turkish forces. Before his death, which took place within a few days, he summoned to his bedside the prelatical dignitaries of the nation, and urged them, in case his queen, who was then pregnant, should be delivered of a son, to elect

him as their future king. This earnest and praiseworthy request, however, was not complied with, and, in 1440, the Hungarians elected the gallant youth

Ladislaus V.,

King of Poland, to the crown of Hungary. The efforts made by Ladislaw Gara, Giskra of Bohemia, and Count Ulrick of Czilli, the adherents of Albert's widow, who had given birth to a son, to secure for him the crown, were fruitless. At length, when no other means seemed available, she thought she should attain her object by carrying off stealthily the Hungarian crown, which was deposited in Wisegrád. She afterwards pledged this crown with her brother-in-law, Frederic of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria. But when they both perceived that the mere possession of the crown of Hungary was of itself insufficient to gain over the Hungarian people to their cause, or to reach the throne, Frederic again addressed himself with fiendish animosity to the Turks, and strove to excite them to

hostility and war against Hungary. The sword, however, of Hunyadi, the ever-memorable hero of Hungary, as well as the activity of the monastic orders, prostrated this infamous scheme, and the Turks were defeated at Belgrade. But these events were soon to be succeeded by the days of Hœmus and of Varna, which brought so much disaster upon Hungary.

The Perjury.

IS it a breast inflamed by sweet feelings, which makes me rise on the wings of fancy into the dominion of love, that urges me to sketch the following pictures?—or is it an attempt to destroy the evil thoughts of vexed spirits, by portraying a heaven to them? No! but the mourning voices of those warriors, which thrill my soul, impel me to depict their fate and sufferings, under the curse of a foreign intriguer and religious fanaticism. Who can check the mighty flights of the spirit? The gates of heaven and hell open before them! They conjure up the past, and throw back the present into the gloom of time! Thus we descend into the kingdom of the shades of our Scythian fathers, to fulfil a sacred duty—to pay homage to their memory.

The cries of Hœmus and Varna are borne lightly on the breeze which blows over the turf covering our ancestors. They lie in the arms of corruption, martyrs of avarice and the shameful intrigues of the Popes and the Hapsburgs.

The customs of the world confine us not: Heaven is our anchor; at its altars we pray, and curse those who misled you by their perjured arts; relying on Karajon's authority, we will relate their deeds as an echo from your shadowy realm.

The story is from antiquity, and gloomy as the colours which tinge those dark times.

The repulse of the Turks, when they laid siege to Belgrade, excited Pope Eugene IV. to make a great effort for their destruction. An armistice had already been brought about between the rival claimants to the throne, by his legate, Cardinal Julian, who now did all he could to induce Wladislav to make war upon the Ottomans. Julian was a powerful warrior, and his words were well fitted to inflame a warlike people like the Magyars, especially when they were taught to believe that the cause he advocated was the cause of Heaven.

Too soon the credulous Wladislav entered upon a war which ended in his destruction.

The army raised for the annihilation of the Turks, was composed of various nations. The despot of Suric, who hoped to receive a lost territory, had been active in collecting mercenaries; and Julian, who did not spare money on the occasion, had raised recruits chiefly in Bohemia. As the expedition was looked upon in the light of a crusade, the warriors were marked with the sign of the cross.

The motley force crossed the Danube at Semendria, and proceeded slowly; so that, although the expedition had commenced in the summer, the van, which was commanded by Hunyadi, did not reach Nissa till late in the autumn. Here they first met the Turks, defeated them, and took the city. They then proceeded to the Bulgarian town Sophia; and, although the inhabitants were Christians, they were slaughtered without mercy by the ruthless Crusaders. In a pass of Mount Hœmus they were again opposed by the Turks, who, though they were commanded by their great Sultan Murad, were again defeated.

The autumn was cold, and a frosty wind blew through leafless trees, across the ridges of the Balkan. The army was ill clad, provisions were exhausted; and, although the Hungarians had been hitherto victorious, a retreat was deemed advisable, and many perished of cold and hunger before they reached home.

Although, in spite of the brilliant successes of the Hungarian arms, and the great slaughter of the Turks, no solid advantage had been gained, Christendom was filled with premature exultation, and messages from nearly every power in Europe congratulated Wladislav, and promised him assistance in continuing the war. Indeed so formidable were the preparations for renewed hostilities, that the Sultan Murad now sincerely desired peace; and his ambassador, who in the first instance had been sent to Hunyadi—so highly was that great man revered by the Turks—was referred to the King, who was then collecting an army at Szegedin. Hunyadi and the deputy of Servia, George Branhourd, who were better acquainted with the cost, strongly counselled peace instead of the renewal of

an impolitic war, and in July 1444 a peace was accordingly concluded for ten years. The document in which the terms were stated was written in two languages; and the Turkish ambassador, as if he would guard against all possibility of a breach of faith, requested Wladislav to bind himself by a sacramental oath. This the king refused, as against the principle of religion, in making terms with an unbeliever; but he swore upon the Gospels that he would maintain the peace inviolate, and the Turk took a corresponding oath upon the Koran. No engagement could be more solemn.

He who reads the result of this treaty, and is impressed with the conviction that this world is ruled by a Providence, will be inclined to marvel that the thunders of heaven did not sweep away the human race, and leave the earth a habitation for wild beasts.

The mild rays of spring do not call forth a single flower from the bosom of the earth that is

not watered by the blood of nations; yet how happy would life be if religion would be allowed to reign in its purity, and were not made an instrument of perfidy and bloodshed! All religions which are departures from the one true religion, which commands love to our fellows, are to be regarded as abominations, and those who propagate them should be branded as enemies of the human race. How often have they not prompted deeds of horror which have annihilated the felicity of nations, perpetrating these atrocities in the belief that they alone were the chosen of Heaven, and that all others were its foes!

The hapless Magyar nation did not fare better than the rest; but a new calamity was now prepared for it by the unscrupulous potentate of Rome. The steppes of the Balkan and the Hœmus were still echoing with the shrieks of Christians and Turks, and were still stained with their frozen blood, when Julian, by offering worldly gain and eternal bliss, prompted a fresh and fearful conflict. Through his influence the bond which united the Turks and the Magyars

was shamefully broken, and the accursed doctrine, too often encouraged by the church of Rome, that the Christian is not bound to keep faith with the infidel, was urged with lamentable success on this occasion.

Scarcely had the treaty been concluded, when information was received that Caramania was in a state of insurrection, and had drawn the Sultan to Asia; that the united fleets of Rome, Genoa, Venice, France and Burgundy, which now lay in the Hellespont, would intercept his return; and that this was the moment for expelling the Turks from Europe. Cardinal Julian resolved that this opportunity should not be lost. He persuaded the King to break the oath he had so lately made, and to swear by his royal word and honour, by his Christian faith and baptism, by his hope of eternal salvation, by the holy and undivided Trinity, by the Virgin Mary, and by St. Stephen of Hungary, that he would commence the war in a few weeks.

The nobles of the kingdom too readily followed the example of their King; for in that age of priestly power, who would have shrunk from a

course on which he believed his eternal welfare depended?

In the month of September, notwithstanding the solicitations of his Polish subjects, who earnestly dissuaded him from this unholy attempt against the Turks, King Wladislav set forth on his expedition, and was joined on his way by John Hunyadi and George Drakul, Prince of Wallachia, with additional forces. The latter, however, who arrived while the King was vainly besieging Nicopolis, already a scene of Christian slaughter, was greatly opposed to this new crusade, representing that the Sultan's hunting-train was more numerous than the entire army of Wladislav.

The army was composed of twelve divisions, each of which had a consecrated banner. That of St. George, which belonged to the division commanded by Stephen Báthori, was carried in front of the army; the second belonged to the King's division, commanded by Ladislaus Bánfy; the third, to Cardinal Julian Cesarini; the fourth, to the Bishop of Groswardein, John Dominich; the fifth, to Simon Rozgon, Bishop of Erlau; the sixth, to George

Drakul; the seventh, to Raphael Herzeg of Zekchew, Bishop of Bosnia; the eighth, to the Transylvanians; the ninth, to the Széklers; the tenth, to John Hunyadi; the eleventh, to George Orosz; and the twelfth, to Michael Chernym.

The greater the atrocities committed by these heroes of religion, the greater in their belief was the certainty of heavenly bliss. As they proceeded from Nicopolis, they burnt twenty-eight Turkish galleys, which lay without their crews in the river Kamazik. Several fortresses surrendered without resistance. Sumen and Petrer, which were strongly situated, fell into their hands after a severe resistance. No less than 5000 Turks were slaughtered at the siege of the latter, where the King first received intelligence of the movements of the Sultan Murad.

This great ruler of the Turks had retired from the cares of empire with the intention of passing the remainder of his days in Magnesia. However, as his young successor was not considered equal to oppose the formidable army now raised against him, the Turks requested their former

ruler to resume his authority. Murad obeyed the call, and finding the Hellespont occupied by a host of Christian ships, which he could not hope to subdue by force or stratagem, he actually bought a passage of the Venetian and Genoese merchantmen, and by this means a large body of Turks passed over from Asia to Europe at the rate of one ducat a head. Murad then crossed the Hema, advanced towards Nicopolis, and came up to the Hungarians at Varna, who knew nothing of his approach till the Turkish watch-fires on a neighbouring hill revealed the terrible secret. On the following day intelligence was received that Murad with an overwhelming army was approaching.

The morning of the 10th November, 1444, broke. It was a fine autumnal day; but the bare mountains, crowned with leafless trees, presented a desolate appearance, and when the Christian army was drawn up, a hurricane arose which tore the Hungarian banners to pieces, even the banner of St. George itself. This was looked upon as an evil omen. The King was soon mounted on his charger. The helmet pressed upon his youthful

brow, and his plume fluttered gaily in the wind, as, attended by Cardinal Julian and John Hunyadi, he rode in front of the ranks, inciting the valour of his followers. The cardinal, as a minister of the church, pronounced his benediction on the crusaders, and gave a general absolution of their sins.

When the left wing of the Turkish army crossed the hill which separated them from the Christians, and as the Asiatic troops were attacked in small divisions by the Croats and the Bishop of Erlau, victory was at first with the Hungarians. However, the Bishop of Groswardein, who had occupied a strong post, left it to pursue the flying enemy, and sank in a marsh, while his forces were cut to pieces by a fresh body of Ottomans. The Bishop of Erlau likewise perished, and the Ban of Croatia returned to his former position. The Turks now pressed forward with overwhelming force, when the King and Hunyadi, with a body of Wallachians, rushed towards them. The rest of the army followed, and the Turkish line was broken. The Sultan had already taken flight, when Wladislav, at the head of the Polish body-guard, rushed for-

ward upon the Janissaries. These could not withstand the shock, and fled in the first instance; but the Poles were soon surrounded by a superior force of infantry, and the head of Wladislav being struck off by a Jannissary, was fixed upon a lance. A general panic now took place, and the Christians were routed with terrifie slaughter.

Some saved themselves by flight, Hunyadi, after riding two days and two nights, by order of Drakul. As for Cardinal Julian, the originator of the mischief, some say that he was murdered by a Wallachian for the sake of his money; while others account that he was taken prisoner to Adrianople, and there scourged and flayed.

As a memorial of his victory, the Sultan Murad sent twelve Hungarian knights and twelve youths, all fully armed, to the Sultan of Egypt, that he might see what a noble race he had subdued. He also sent the head of the perjured Wladislav, though indeed there are some who say that that unfortunate monarch was not killed in the battle, but lived for many years as a hermit on the mountains of Spain, repenting of the wickedness

he had committed, and haunted in his conscience by the spirits of the slain.

The belief that Wladislav was not killed at Varna, receives confirmation from Karajan, who chronicles the travels of Leo in Rozmital from 1465 to 1467. It appears that Leo, while travelling between Medina del Campo and Canta la Piedra, heard that in the neighbourhood of a village, distant about four leagues from the latter place, was the cell of a hermit, who was generally believed to be Wladislav, King of Poland. In Leo's train was a Pole who wished to see the hermit barefooted, saying, that if he had six toes on one foot, he must be King Wladislav to a certainty. After some difficulty, the hermit complied with the Pole's request, and had no sooner bared his feet than the man threw himself on his knees, exclaiming: "Hail, thou art our king!" The solitary, however, replied: "I am surprised that you fall on your knees before me; I am by no means worthy of such an honour. I am but a poor man, who hopes to atone for my guilt in this desert, if the Almighty will support my

strength!"—With these words he retired weeping into his cell.

This battle, the bloodiest in Hungary's history, cost the Hungarians 70,000 men; the slaughter was as great as that at Cannæ, where Hannibal defeated the Romans, 216 B.C., in the second Punic war, and where Hannibal, his brother Mazo, and the generals Hasdrubal, Æmilius, Servilius, and Minutius, won for themselves eternal glory by their heroic deeds, marking it in history as Cannæ, Campo de la Sanguine. A battle was fought by the Romans against the Greeks in the same place, A.D. 1019, and the town was entirely reduced to ashes in the year 1083.

The battles of Varna and Cannæ are compared thus;—

> Romuli de Cannas ego Varnam clade notavi
> Discite mortales, non temerare fidem
> Me nisi Pontifices jussissent rumpere fœdus
> Non ferre Scythicum Pannonis ora jugum.

The hills of Varna cover the heroes of Hungary and Turkey, who had been incited to mutual slaughter by the Popes.

The sun sank gloomily behind the hills of Varna on the day that the work of the Romish court was accomplished.

The Magyars appointed John Hunyadi governor of the land, and he justified the confidence the nation bestowed on him; for, as long as he governed and wielded the sword, the Turks gained no advantage over the Hungarians: they were beaten in several places, and at last suffered a signal defeat in the plains of Rigó.

While the nation was engaged in war, they were occupied by the zealous efforts of Count Czilli to procure the crown for Frederick of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria, but he was unsuccessful. Hunyadi had proposed to the Magyars the son of Elizabeth, the widowed queen of

Ladislaus VI.,

who was elected king in the year 1445.

The Turks in the meantime recovered from their defeat, and strengthened their power. After they conquered the Greek emperor Palæologus, and took Constantinople, they marched against Hun-

gary, and a considerable portion of the country fell into their power; they then advanced on Transylvania, but were defeated by Hunyadi, and forced to retreat.

Hunyadi died in 1556. He left two children, Ladislaus and Matthias, sons worthy of so great a father.

Ladislaus Hunyadi, the eldest son of Hunyadi, after the death of his father was entrusted with the defence of Belgrade against the Turks, where he gave the first proofs of the heroism he inherited from his father. The king honoured him as a warrior of high merit; and, as soon as the danger was over, went to Belgrade, accompanied by Count Czilli, to pay him a visit.

Ladislaus Hunyadi upbraided Count Czilli for his conduct, whence a dispute arose between them, in which Count Czilli insulted the hero. Incensed by this, he drew his sword and killed him on the spot.

When the King was convinced of the worthlessness of the Count, he promised Hunyadi that he would pardon the deed.

However, the relations of the murdered Count would not let the affair rest. They succeeded in bribing witnesses, who swore that both the Hunyadies, and particularly the eldest, had hostile intentions against the king, and aimed at securing the crown.

In consequence of these groundless accusations, Ladislaus and Matthias were brought to Buda, and thrown in prison. With them were the Bishop of Groswardein, John Vitéz, Kanisa, Count Rozgon, Badó, and Corbavia, and others. Ladislaus, the preserver of his country, was beheaded; the beheading of Hunyadi was even said to be an act of favour on the part of the king, since his punishment would have been breaking on the wheel. The nation rose upon the murder of their preserver, and joined his mother, the Countess Horoghszegy, to avenge his death. The king fled by night from Buda to Prague; he took with him Matthias, the younger Hunyadi, as a prisoner, and gave him over to Podiebrad, the governor of Bohemia, to be kept in strict confinement.

Shortly after Count John Hunyadi had sunk

into the grave of his fathers, loaded with honours, his eldest son Ladislaus was murdered for his country, the younger Matthias dragged from his home as a prisoner, far from his country, away from the arms of his loving mother, in whose lap he first learned to view the azure sky. And there, where they had dragged him, they tried to banish every noble feeling from his breast, and make it void of feeling for his country. The tyrant's efforts are ever directed to the stifling every sacred feeling in the breast, or to try and deprive it of all its energy.

Imprisonment.

Prague, the capital of Bohemia, was the place where Ladislaus VI. had placed Hungary's favourite, Count Matthias Hunyadi of Bistriz, under the surveillance of the governor, Podiebrad.

There he placed him in the custody of George Podiebrad, a Hussite leader, who had reigned over Bohemia, first as governor, and afterwards as king, since the death of Albert of Austria.

Podiebrad had a daughter named Catharine, who, at this time, was the ornament of the ancient city of Prague. Although young Hunyadi saw her but seldom, her charms made a deep impression on his heart. Catharine gave him reasons to believe that his affections were not misplaced, and the consciousness that he was loved by the illustrious daughter of Bohemia, gave a charm to his captivity.

Bredislaw, Matthias's tutor, had also a young daughter, named Isabella, who was the companion of his leisure hours, and whose name he loved to abbreviate to the old Hungarian "Bella," as that brought before him thoughts of his home and the images of his early childhood.

At first Podiebrad manifested some distrust towards the young Hungarian, but all of a sudden this feeling appeared to be changed, and he seemed to avail himself of every opportunity that might lead to a more friendly relationship. He even seemed to encourage the growing attachment between Matthias and his daughter. This, indeed, could not pass unobserved; for Catharine loved

with all the ardour of a first affection. Every hour appeared weary to her that was not passed in his presence; and her heart beat with emotion when he told her of his beloved country, and the grief which he felt at being severed from his noble mother, Elizabeth, and the companions of his youth. But the feeling changed to one of a sympathetic character when he dwelt on the heroic qualities of the widow of John Hunyadi, saying how, when she heard that her first-born, the fair-haired Ladislaus, had perished on the scaffold, she had not shed a single tear, but had summoned her retainers to war against a treacherous king, who had so grievously annoyed the family of his defender.

Matthias now passed all the hours which he could spare from his studies and knightly exercises in the society of Catharine, and often for two or three weary days Bella did not see her beloved playmate. She was not insensible to the change; and, when Matthias returned to her after a long absence, she would fall upon his neck, bathed in tears, and reproach him for his neglect.

The approbation with which Podiebrad regarded his daughter's love for Matthias, was inexplicable to all excepting one person, who, according to a belief at the time, had the power of foreknowing future events. This was an astrologer, upon whom Podiebrad placed the greatest reliance, and with whom he frequently remained closeted for hours. When, after one of these interviews, the old man took his leave, Podiebrad was observed to grasp his hand with an eagerness which, with him, was unusual.

Once, in the course of a conversation with Matthias and Bella, the astrologer was expressing the general principle of his science; namely, that every human being had a peculiar planet, by which his destiny is recorded in the skies.

"That is a true doctrine, I am sure!" exclaimed Bella; "only last night, Count, I am certain I saw your star shining in the direction of your native land with extraordinary lustre."

Matthias imprinted a kiss on the lips of the little astrologer, while he treated her credulity with a levity at which she feigned to be offended.

It was at this juncture that Ladislaus VI. died, 1457, at Prague. No sooner did the news of his death reach Hungary, than Michael Szilágyi, uncle to Matthias on the mother's side, made preparations for the election of his nephew, and for this purpose proceeded to Pesth, accompanied by some of the chief nobles of the land. The Hungarian, who looks with an eye of affection on all that concerns the greatest of the Magyar kings, recollects that on this occasion the Danube was suddenly frozen over, so that the Hunyadi party could walk across it to the place of meeting; while the adverse party, who were stationed at Buda, and who feared that the murder of Ladislaus Hunyadi would now be avenged, were deprived of the natural protection of the river.

The people of Hungary were already prepossessed in favour of the young Matthias. They remembered the glorious deeds of his father John; and the untimely end of Ladislaus Hunyadi had stamped him with the character of a martyr. It was in the eyes of the people of Buda, that the noble young man, with his fair hair hanging about

his shoulders, had ascended the scaffold with hands bound, but with a fearless step; they had seen how the headsman, awed by the dignity of the victim, had been unable to fulfil his hateful office before he had dealt the fourth blow, and the spectacle had made an indelible impression upon their memories.

At first the faction adverse to the Hunyadi, who were headed by the palatine, Ladislaus Gara, attempted an opposition when Michael Szilágyi proposed his nephew; but finding all resistance was in vain, and being assured by Michael Szilágyi that they should receive no injury on account of the death of Ladislaus Hunyadi, they joined the rest, and, 1458,

Matthias Corvinus

Was unanimously elected. The enthusiasm of the people in favour of Matthias had already been manifested by the shouts, in the public streets, of "We will have Matthias for our King; God has given him for our protector!" And, when the election was over, the public joy was testified by the

ringing of bells all over the country, as soon as the news was conveyed. As Matthias was yet under age, the assembly decided that his uncle should carry on the government for five years; or, as old Thurócz figuratively expresses it, "until the access of Phaeton should complete five annual courses." One of the first acts of Michael was to disinter the body of his kinsman Ladislaus, and to remove it with great pomp to Transylvania.

While the Hungarians were occupied in the choice of a deputation who should demand the release of the newly-elected king from his captivity in Bohemia, the result of the election was already known to George Podiebrad. The liberation of Matthias had already been privately concerted between his mother, Elizabeth, and the Bohemian ruler.

Matthias was still unacquainted with his good fortune, when Podiebrad, who had treated him with extraordinary respect at the supper-table, addressed him thus, "Confess, my dear Count Matthias, that you love my daughter Catharine; for I can tell you, by her own confession, that you are loved in return. If, therefore, your affection is sincere"—

here the old man's voice faltered, but Matthias understood his meaning, and grasped his hand with fervour. Shortly after the paternal blessing was conferred upon the youthful pair.

A few days after the betrothal, when Matthias was alone in his apartment, his heart being divided between the happiness of the present and regrets for the past, he was startled by a knock at the door, and still more by the appearance of his uncle, Count Szilágyi, and John Vitéz, Archbishop of Groswardien, a zealous adherent of his house. With a reverential air the latter thus accosted him: "Count Matthias Hunyadi, Heaven has freed the nation from the chains of a tyrant, who now stands before the judgment-seat of God. The Magyar nation has chosen thee—thee, the son of its preserver, John Hunyadi—thee, the brother of the martyr Ladislaus—thee, who seemest to combine in thyself the soul of both those heroes—to be its king. Mayest thou become the chief pillar of thy country's greatness!"

"Make me once more a freeman—restore me to my home and my mother, and my heart shall

henceforth belong to my fatherland!" At this moment the walls of Prague shook with the sounds of artillery, and the streets were filled with a joyous multitude, who greeted the young King of Hungary with their acclamations.

Never had such a feast been seen in Prague as that in honour of the youthful Matthias (of 15 years), and his accession to the throne of Hungary. Rising from his seat amid the assembled guests, he thus addressed them: "Noble Bohemians, and you my fellow-countrymen, raise your goblets to the health of George Podiebrad, who, during the period of my captivity, treated me not as a prisoner but as a friend; raise your goblets also to the health of his daughter Catharine, who converted my prison into a paradise; raise your goblets, I say, for Catharine is my betrothed, and Podiebrad is my father!" In reply to this address the guests drained their goblets, and the festive-hall rang with the sound of their applause.

It was in the early spring of the year, to quote the words of Thurócz, when the breath of the

zephyr had subdued the rigour of the winter—when the snows, dissolved on the mountains, poured down into the lowly valleys—when the throats of the birds, anticipating the approach of the spring warmth, melted into charming melodies—the youthful King, accompanied by a Bohemian escort, quitted Prague for the land of his birth. In granting Matthias liberty, Podiebrad's only conditions were—that he should keep his promise towards Catharine, and pay a ransom of 60,000 ducats (£6000).

The Hungarians, rejoicing that a Hunyadi had ascended the Magyar throne, met their King at Strazeyez, in Moravia, whence he proceeded in triumph to Buda. In vain had the enemies of his house endeavoured to prejudice the popular mind against him wherever he came; he was greeted with shouts of "Long live King Matthias!"

Szelágyi was appointed regent until Matthias arrived at the age of twenty, coming under obligations to call a Diet every year, and to organize the civil and criminal laws, and the rights of landlord and tenant.

Matthias as a Man, Warrior, and King.

ALTHOUGH young, and of ardent temperament, Matthias came off victorious in all the dangers that threatened the land, and all the intrigues that were planned by his jealous neighbours; his bitterest enemies regarded him with feelings of esteem and admiration. His heart was sensitive of the noble and the beautiful, and inaccessible to flattery; open to every one, it demanded openness in return, and was never entangled by deceit.

His sense of the beautiful and sublime was soon displayed, and he attracted persons of merit to his court from far and near. Men equal to Ruffo and Siliko, Pompey and Cæsar, Solon and Lycurgus, seemed ever ready to offer their services to the young King.

Attachment to noble hearts is peculiar to all really great characters; it appears to be the source of exalted actions; and, when it exists in pure minds, it is like a heavenly spark, producing feelings which can never become mean or cruel. This spark once extinguished, then is the heart capable of all the deeds of darkness. His intercourse with highly-gifted and accomplished ladies had preserved him from the roughness of the camp; the happiness of the people was ever his pride, their joy his own, and their sorrows called forth his wonderful activity of might, and made him a hero. His breast was the first to be opposed to the enemy, the last to retreat. He ever took delight in the magic influence of women, and in displaying his greatness of mind.

Before the war-trumpet sounded in the land, the young King devoted himself to pleasure; he lived happily and peacefully among his devoted subjects. His favourite amusement was hunting in the immense forests of Buda and Vértes.

Once, when tired with hunting, he was returning home, he saw a pretty red-cheeked maiden in a

flowery meadow; she was running after a butterfly with all the ardour of innocence. Her attention was so entirely devoted to the object of her pursuit, that she did not observe the approach of the royal hunter. At length she caught the butterfly, and, with an expression of victory in her face, exclaimed —"I have you, naughty, naughty butterfly!" "And I have you!"—sounded close at her side, as the King seized her round white arm, saying, "And I you."

But the girl turned rapidly; her arm slipped from the King's hand, and away she ran towards a house, while she laughingly exclaimed—"But I have got away from you!"

A smile passed over the face of the King as she spoke these words, and he turned his steps towards the house.

He sounded his horn as a signal to his suite. The answer had scarcely reached his ear when the inhabitant of the house, Count Péterdy, came to meet him, and invite him into the house; the old man had lost his leg at Hœmus in fighting under the standard of John Hunyadi, the father of the King.

Matthias accepted the invitation, and scarcely was the door opened than he glanced round the room into which he was ushered. The beautiful butterfly-catcher stood at the other end. The King's smile, when her eye met his, made her blush; but when he jokingly stepped up to her, seized her hand, and said, "Now you shall not escape me!" she summoned up courage, and looked the King in the face with such a dignified manner, that he felt it was no child, but a charming maiden.

Hildegarde, Péterdy's daughter, was soon on sisterly terms with the unknown huntsman, and, before the King was aware, had placed two large cups and a jug on the table.

Péterdy soon turned the conversation to his lost leg, and the battles he had seen under John Hunyadi, whom he could not sufficiently extol. At length he filled his cup, and, rising from his seat, said, as though he was addressing a large audience: "Raise your cup, worthy guest, as long as the wine bubbles within! Drink to the health of our great King, with whose father I have run many a

danger! Why do you stand and stare as though you were afraid of its size?"—and, raising his voice, "It is the pure grape, pure as the heart of the murdered brother of my king. Raise it to the health of Matthias Hunyadi!"

He seized the bumper, raised it above his head, and replied with a loud voice: "Well, then, long live the son of Hunyadi, the hero! May he live as long as he lives for his country; but the curse of the nation light upon him as soon as he forgets it!"

The cups were emptied, a short pause reigned; during which the hoary-headed host seized the stranger's hand, and shook it roughly, saying, "A Hunyadi never forgets his country." The conversation soon became joyous and lively. The King drank to the health of Hildegarde; and, as the sound of horns announced the approach of his suite, he invited Péterdy to return the visit at Buda, where, as he said, he was living in the royal retinue. He shook hands heartily with the old man on parting, but Hildegarde stood apart melancholy and silent; the young man pressed an

ardent kiss on her lofty brow; she saw and felt nothing—her look never afterwards recovered its serenity.

The first visit of the King after his arrival was to an old instructor of his, Bretislaw, or rather to the beautiful Bella; he had a particular affection for this child, whose tranquil serenity was pleasing to him; he joked with her now in a manner he had never done before.

One evening when the King, returning victorious from the battle-field, was riding by the house of Bretislaw, he observed Bella standing at her window. He gently called her by name; she opened the window, and, yielding to his persuasions, stepped out and seated herself by him on the saddle. He pressed the confiding maiden ardently to his bosom.

The aged Bretislaw had gone to an observatory which had been built for him by the King, and was only expected to return home late; but the night becoming cloudy, he was forced to return home earlier than usual. How terrified was the anxious father when he could not find his daughter, whom he

had shut up so carefully! The open window called up fearful images to his fancy: her loss would have been his death; and when she appeared, with the same open confiding spirit she ever observed towards her father, burning tears rolled down his cheeks, he uttered no reproach. The next day Bella was lost to Buda and the loving King.

Serena, daughter of Giskra the Bohemian, had long beheld the beautiful Bella with envy; she was annoyed at the attentions the King showed her, and was much pleased at the sudden disappearance of the maiden. She zealously sought the favour of the young King, which, even though Bella was gone, required all the feminine arts she knew so well how to employ; she placed such confidence in her beauty and in her winning ways, that there was every hoping of succeeding, and gaining the high prize.

Serena had a lover, a young knight named Elemir, to whom she was favourably inclined, and whose qualities were worthy of her affection; but Elemir was but a knight, while her eye was raised higher—even to the throne. At the same time,

Elemir was not quite her equal in birth, and the proud parents of Serena would never have consented to her union with him. But these circumstances only made her plans more romantic; and one evening, when every thing seemed to be wrapped in the arms of sleep, and the cloudless moon shone into her chamber, she looked out of the window, spying right and left, and betraying the agitation of her bosom by her sighs. She drew in her head, and every thing was still as death, when light footsteps approached, and the youthful form of the knight Elemir appeared; he set a ladder at the window, and soon afterwards the sound of ardent kisses could be heard.

The same night a fire broke out in a house near them, and this misfortune disturbed Elemir's happiness. Hastily springing to the window, he wished to escape; but, in hanging down from it, he could not find the ladder, for the people running to extinguish the fire had taken the ladder with them, without troubling themselves about the reason of its being there. Elemir was therefore compelled to stay till daybreak, and, as no opportunity for escape pre-

sented itself, he remained till late the next night, in deep anxiety for himself and his beloved Serena. Her terror during this time was extreme; her high rank, the universal respect shown to her, and her plans with regard to the King, were on the point of being entirely destroyed; but Fate had pity on the poor lady, and allowed Elemir to escape without observation.

After Bella's disappearance, King Matthias, whose heart desired a reciprocation of feeling, rode to the foot of the Vértes mountains, where he had surprised the charming Hildegarde, and drunk to his own health. King Matthias found the verdant meadow, but no Hildegarde, no Péterdy—for they were dead. The neighbours related that a singular circumstance was connected with Hildegarde's death—for an unknown hunter had caught her when running after a butterfly; she escaped from him, but left her heart with the stranger: his image ever remained in her breast till she died, a victim to her love. She was soon followed by her unhappy father. The King's heart was deeply moved by this story. Alas! could he now see Hilde-

garde, how ardently would he have pressed her to his bosom!

Serena was deeply hurt that the King, instead of flying to her, was not only allured by the charms of the Countess of Sandroska—the mother of his love-child, John—but that he found other pleasures in the country; while circumstances demanded the speedy execution of her plans, upon which depended her destruction or the fulfilment of her wishes. She thought that Queen Catharine, who was worn to a shadow by illness, could not live much longer; the first place in the heart of the King would then be open to her, and, if her womanly charms were too weak to gain it by ordinary means, then she must make a bold stroke, for which plans had been laid for some time. Serena felt herself a mother.

The dwelling of the astronomer and the mountains of Vértes had no longer any charms for the King, especially as the queen was extremely ill, and he felt that she forgot her sorrows in his presence. He often found another tender nurse and confident at her bedside, in the person of Serena Giskra, who

tended her with the most angelic patience and the greatest attention. Possessing all the charms of womanly beauty, she could hardly fail to make the most favourable impression on the King. A feeling of thankfulness towards her filled his heart, for in her sisterly condolence he forgot in some degree the sufferings of his beloved wife; yet these feelings were not satisfied by mere brotherly affection. A deeper sentiment arose, which seemed calculated to fulfil the plans of Serena; she already triumphed over her approaching success.

The excursions of Matthias were now confined to a narrower circle; the neighbouring mountains of Buda afforded him sufficient amusement. He found there one day a shepherdess decking her favourite sheep with flowers. The creature stood so confidingly before his pretty guardian, and allowed his slender legs to be wrapped in flowers, that it seemed he knew how to value the maiden's affection, and to express his thanks by returning it. The maiden, followed by the sheep, sprang from flower to flower singing like a lark, that the neighbouring rocks re-echoed with her charming

voice. Matthias approached her, and burst into a hearty laugh; the modest coyness of the maiden pleased him much. He repeated his visit to this valley, and its bushy grottoes afforded many a pleasant hour to him; and when Julesa the shepherdess and her flock no longer went there, he met with Amina, daughter of a Jew named Abraham, who during her solitary walks found Matthias plunged in reverie, thinking of the absent beauty.

The Turkish, Austrian, and Bohemian arms left Matthias no leisure for pursuing his private pleasures. This state of affairs was kept up at the instigation of the Roman court, to which was added the intrigues of the Archduke of Austria, Frederick of Hapsburg. The Pope, in order the more to incite Matthias against the Turks, presented him with a field-marshal's cape, sword, and 18,000 ducats (£9000). He took the field against them, and was successful; in 1471, he was crowned King of Bohemia. Frederick, however, acting in the true Hapsburg spirit (*Deus ex machina*), settled his affairs with Matthias by means of diplomacy; but as, in similar cases, it

proved only to be a cunning way of gaining time. After several similar vexatious attempts on the part of Frederick, in 1484 Matthias entered the field in earnest against him, and on the 1st July, 1485, took the Archdukedom of Austria. Vienna, Stiria, and Carynthia fell under the sceptre of Matthias. Frederick was taken prisoner to Németh-Ujwár; but having pledged himself to pay a yearly tribute of 10,000 ducats (£5000), and return the crown of Hungary, Matthias granted him liberty.

The laurels which Matthias had gained were interwoven with weeds of mourning, as in March, 1484, the tender Catharine was carried away by death.

All the great deeds for which Matthias is famous, were carried out aided only by 30,000 *Imperial Arms*, and the laurels won were tinted by his own blood. In the battle-field he was always in the front rank; every one of his soldiers were individually known to him, and enjoyed his friendship.

All this glory did not satisfy Matthias; he had at heart the future of his son, John, who was

divided from the Magyars by the wall of morality which he endeavoured to demolish, in order to secure to him the succession of the throne. But all in vain; the oligarchy, who had no voice during Matthias's reign, fully intended to prevent the ardent wishes of his paternal heart.

After the regulation of the newly conquered dominions of the Archdukedom of Austria, he returned to Buda. Serena's heart was filled with joy when the exulting shouts of the people announced his arrival; for her position began to cause her feelings of anxiety, and required her to take immediate steps. An opportunity presented itself the next evening, when the King, tired of state affairs, was walking in the castle garden for relaxation. She felt that all womanly reserve must be laid aside, and a bold stroke made to secure her aim; she went up to the King bashfully, and with a mysterious manner said—

"My King, since that evening when my loving heart learned to confide in yours, I have borne a pledge of your affection; accept it, and save an innocent being from eternal shame." She fell upon

the King's breast, and conjured him not to give her up to insult.

Matthias gently withdrew from the arms of the lady, and, after he had recovered his calmness, he replied somewhat maliciously—

"I should feel it my duty, dear Serena, to acknowledge the child, if the ladder had been broken the night of the fire before the knight Elemir mounted." Hardly had the King ended when she uttered a loud cry. "A mean calumny!" she exclaimed; but the King was gone, and had joined some of his courtiers.

The good Matthias, however, pitied the unhappy situation of the lady, and raised Elemir to the rank of general, which dignity enabled him to sue for Serena's hand, which was granted him, and their brilliant nuptials celebrated at Wisegrad, which satisfied the boldest hopes and wishes of the young knight.

The royal widower still found attraction in the charms of the youthful Countess Sandroska, and she entertained high hopes of success, when the war-trumpet summoned the King to Italy. Reports

reached Matthias's ear of the beauty of the Princess Beatrix, daughter of the Neapolitan king, Fernand, whose fame spread even to distant lands; an opportunity, in his campaigns in Italy, of seeing her happened when he least expected it, but the first glance made him deeply enamoured of her. In the year 1486 she was made the sharer of his throne, and was crowned at Buda in the same year.

Beatrix.

The coronation of Beatrix had been celebrated with extraordinary pomp and splendour, and was calculated to touch the vanity of the Royal princesses, daughters of Frederick of Hapsburg, and Cassimir, King of Bohemia, as Matthias's claims to the hands of these princesses had been refused by their parents.

This was a terrible blow for the Countess Sandroska; she felt no way discouraged, but rather endeavoured to heighten her charms, and make Matthias feel what happiness he had thrown away.

He felt real affection for her, and showed it in the walks he took with her every evening in the gardens of Schönbrunn. His most sincere wish was to make her happy, and therefore proposed her marriage with General Dormer; she refused, saying that she would carry her love with her to the grave. The King was so struck with the melting tenderness of these words that he began to feel truly unhappy. Beatrix sought relief for her solitude without avail; the walls of Wisegrad resounded with her melancholy songs, and none sympathized with her sorrowing heart. While Matthias was walking with the Countess Sandroska in the gardens of Schönbrunn, an hussar came respectfully to him and gave him a despatch. The hussar appeared to have something to communicate, and the countess therefore stepped aside, yet so that she could hear the conversation. The King opened the letter, and read the discovery of a conspiracy against him, formed by the Transylvanian princes and Gara. The letter did not mention the names of the leaders, but the hussar mentioned them, telling him at the same time that Julesa was his informant.

"Who is Julcsa?" asked the King.

"My sweetheart; who overheard a conversation of the Swabians you have brought to Buda."

The King handed some money to the hussar, and told him to give it to Julcsa, and thank her for her care for him. The soldier disappeared, and also the Countess Sandroska, who went up to him and asked him where he was going.

"To Buda, gracious lady."

"To whom? surely not to your little Julcsa."

"Yes, certainly; but how do you know that?"

"Is your Julcsa beautiful?" asked the countess sportively.

"Yes, indeed! but she cannot compare with your ladyship."

The countess took a ring from her finger and a purse from her girdle, and handed them both to the hussar, with the words—"Give that to your little Julcsa from me; tell her it is from a grateful friend."

The hussar made a reverence, and cried out with delight, "May God reward you for the pleasure my beloved will experience!" and away he went.

The danger which threatened Matthias's life caused the countess so much sorrow, that she next day started to Buda to inquire after the shepherdess Julcsa; she succeeded not only in discovering the whole conspiracy, but also frustrated their plans. Matthias felt only too strongly how much he was indebted to the countess; he felt it the deeper because all her sacrifices arose from pure and hopeless love, and his own loving heart found no affection in that of Beatrix, for she had bestowed it on other adorers.

Ballade.

King Matthias took for his bride Helen,
A young and beauteous maiden,
Beloved Queen of Hungary.
Alas! little—but little can he rest with her.
Three nights had pass'd;
The fourth day a messenger appear'd.
"Up!" he cries; "up to the fight!
Away to the Grawe, the Danube's plains,
The border of thy Magyar land."
Then call'd he Helen, his lovely queen,
Thus spoke to her, and said—

"I must away;
My way lies o'er the meadows of the Danube strand.
The ride will be but long to thee,
And pain thy loving heart;
Count out a heap of yellow gold,
Watch well the rampart of my fort,
Wander not in the garden,
That the Turks see thee not."

He throws himself upon his steed,
And rides forth from Buda's proud castle,
Down the meads on Danube's strand,
The border of his fatherland.
His warriors now erect a tent for Matthias,
And shout aloud when he appears.
The Turk on yonder side perceives the sound.
Towards heaven flies a little bird;
An unknown songstress,
Matthias looking on in wonder,
Thrice hovers round his tent,
Perches on the golden ball,
And sings and twitters mournfully.
"Prince Matthias up;
To horse—to horse!
Are foreign affairs of such worth to thee?
Subduest thou the foreign,
And carest not for thine own land?
See! without protector is the land;

Thy queen is stolen;
A band of Turks rode up and seized thy loved
Helena!"
Prince Matthias answers thereupon,
"Why pressest thou upon my path?
Jest not, little bird,
I have a gun far reaching."
"If I, a bird, but jest with thee,
Then take my head and life."
The King springs on his horse in haste,
As a bird upon a bough,
And homewards rides without delay.
A cloud in the sky
Drives not so fast as he to Buda's castle,
Home to the arms of a darling wife.
His people throng around him,
The foremost sighing, mourning, weeping,
All lamenting with loud and wailing cry.
The King addresses them, and says:—
"Fear not, my men;
Before the third day is o'er
I bring back your queen free."

He quickly takes his caftan,
In Turkish fashion reaching to his heels,
Buckles on his sabre bright,
And on it binds a red cord;
On his coat he forms a holy cross.
Like thunder, lightning, and wind he flies;

He seeks a swift fiery steed,
And mounts his well-kept grey;
The stroke of hoofs resounds, sparks fly,
The fire drives through Magyars' Grawestrand,
Far into the Turkish land.

Far in the Turkish land stand three lindens;
At the first he halts his horse,
There they commence the ball;
At the second they promise the dance;
At the third they turn in circuit.
The King steps up to the greensward,
Thus speaking, says: "Excuse my asking—
How dear do you sell the dances?"
The Turkish Pasha
Thus gladly spoke, addressing him friendly:—
"For yellow gold it is your own,
For silver, *too*;
Yet to a hero will it be given free."
The King from purse with pleasure takes
His ruddy gold, and on the table pours it,
Thence it thrice rebounds.
Before the Turkish Pasha it lies;
The Pasha says, "'Tis known to me this stamp;
'Tis of King Matthias."

Thereto King Matthias in reply:
"I say to thee, do not lie;
I slew King Matthias, and bore away his gold."

He seeks a partner, bids the fiddlers begin;
He chose Helen, his beauteous queen,
And, hand in hand entwined,
In the dance they turn.
He hands to her his ring of gold; she whispers,
"Beloved hero, full soon I look'd for thee;
The scoundrels plagued me!"

"Ye band now round me,
O wipe but now your beards!"
The King then said:
"Now is my heart rejoiced again!
When in the second dance we turn,
Then draw we near my steed;
I'll throw thee then behind me upon my fleet grey:
If towards my right I strike,
Then gently bend thee to the left;" they turn
In the second dance,
And nimbly mount the swift grey horse,
And hie them toward Savestrand.
The Turks amazed, look on,
And follow in a band;
The Pasha strokes his beard, and laughing,
Says, "I was his prisoner long ago;
Bring me his head this day;
Bring Helen, too, whom I so love!"
Matthias strikes on either side,
Towards either side she gently bends.
Like lightning swings his sabre;

The corn is mown in swathes,
The hay falls down behind the mowers;
Behind are the Turks in rows.

The grey speeds on until she comes
Unto the smith, all soot-begrimed.
To him Matthias says: "What recompense!
I know thou art a Turkish smith;
Shoe afresh my horse, and backwards turn his shoes."
The smith then shoes the horse reversed,
The prince's left hand gives him gold,
His right strikes off his head;
His horse then bears them towards the Save.

The horse speeds on, and neighs aloud,
Well knowing the burden entrusted to him,
Knows well he bears two loved ones—
Matthias, the king, high and free,
And his chosen royal bride, Helen, lovely and true;
Through the broad stream he swims rapidly,
Towards his ancient home, the Magyar land.

Matthias's morning star, which had been so long in the ascendency, was now nearing a speedy downfall. He whose heroism and valour had broken the ambition of the enemies of Hungary,

now found death, single-handed, too formidable an enemy to overcome. Before he succumbed, at Vienna, on the 6th of February, 1490, aged seventy-four years, he confided to the nation his son John.

Like the latest rays of the autumn sun, followed by the nipping frosts of winter, which destroy the verdure of the falling year, so the effect of his death on Hungary's future.

This short epitaph represents what he was:—

Matthias iacco Rex hac sub mole sepultus,
Testatur vires Austria victa meas,
Terror eram mundo, metuit me Cæsar uterque
Mors potuit tantum sola nocere mihi.

The claimants for the crown were Beatrix, John Corvinus, the Archduke Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick, Wladislaus, King of Bohemia, and Albert, King of Poland.

Beatrix was much afflicted by the death of her husband. It was not so much a personal loss, and still less was she troubled at living in a world quite strange to her, amid foreign usages and manners;

but what most agitated her breast was the circumstance, that by the death of her husband she would lose her authority and crown. The preparations of the people for the election of a new king, clearly showed her that she had but little hope of obtaining the sceptre; she had indeed spared no effort, but all endeavours to create an influential party were stifled in their very beginning. The voice of the people appeared to decide for Ladislaus, King of Bohemia, who had acquired some popularity by his numerous visits to Hungary. But the motive of these visits was an apparent love for the charming wife of King Matthias, who, during the life of her husband, had yielded to the boldest and most passionate longings of his heart. Beatrix relied entirely on this circumstance, and gave King Ladislaus to understand that there was no obstacle to the union of her Italian and his Bohemian blood; but to her great chagrin Ladislaus's love to her diminished as his hopes of obtaining the Hungarian crown increased. Meanwhile he gained his object under the veil of love for Beatrix. Beatrix was not so easily got rid of,

since she was now convinced that his apparent affection was but a bait, in order artfully to withhold the throne from her, and secure it the better for himself.

Her heartfelt passion for Ladislaus was by his neglect changed into the bitterest contempt, and she determined on forcing him to marry her. She went without delay to the papal court, explained to the holy father that she was already betrothed to Ladislaus before Heaven and by the bond of love, urged upon him her restoration to the world's esteem, by forcing him to give her his hand by means of his ecclesiastical power, and bound herself at the same time by many religious vows. But all her efforts were in vain. When all hope was gone of her being ever restored to the crown, she retreated to the Italian island Ænaria, and never returned to Hungary; she died there in the year 1508.

The breast of Matthias, inflamed by love to his country, and whose aspirations were entirely for the welfare of the people from which he was descended, established many useful and scientific institutions,

existing to this day, particularly a library consisting of 70,000 manuscripts of famous works, which was given up for the use of the University, but afterwards destroyed by the Tartars. The violent commotions during his government, which were calculated to cause him much anxiety, could not prevent him from adding to the glory which crowned all his martial achievements—that of having done all for the prosperity and education of his people, which could have been expected from the wisest rulers during a time of peace. The Hungarian nation holds him in grateful remembrance, and takes pride in him up to the present day, and in such a degree that we even now hear it said by the people, "Matthias is gone! justice is gone!" He was the greatest King of Hungary.

It is much to be lamented that the annals of history cannot show the origin of this excellent family, Hunyadi; some writers maintain that they are of Wallachian origin, of the family Buti; according to Bonifacius, it is descended from the Roman family Corvino. Amongst the various parties in the election, the high clergy, by employ-

ing priestly intrigues, overpowered the Magyars, and chose, in 1491, the King of Bohemia,

Ladislaus VII.

After his accession to the throne, Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, immediately took up arms, and without much opposition retook the provinces of Austria, Stiria, and Carynthia, which had been conquered by Matthias. The Turks also thought that they must profit by the lukewarmness of this monarch, laid claim to Transylvania, and invaded the land for the purpose of supporting their demand, but they were humbled by the immortal hero,

Paul Kinizsi.

Dark and gloomy was Kinizsi's look, true scion of the Magyar; his mouth told not what he could do, but his arm soon made it known.

Sacred to him was the land of his fathers; he sternly hated every traitor, but to no one told what he showed by his glorious deeds.

On the diet day he was silent, without ill-will,

till the tumult of the storm was over; stood still with sabre drawn, then said what would, and why.

'Twas no hardy speech, but full of weight and dignity; he spoke, proposed, gave gold, made war, and was the first to lead to victory.

A Turkish giant, inflamed with pride, had challenged him to a bloody duel; had not Kinizsi accepted, who would then have accepted the contest?

The opponents took each other's hand and pressed forcibly; at the pressure of the Hungarian's hand the Turk's blood trickled on the sand.

Yet more glorious what he, so bold and brave, did, on the bloody field of Rákos; the heat of the battle raged furiously, thousands fell amid their blood.

Strengthened by so many triumphs, Kinizsi's invincible arm forced the Sultan Selim to close a seven years' truce.

Ladislaus, happily for the country, died in the year 1516. Under his government the land declined from the greatness to which the genius of

Matthias had raised it, and fell again into insignificance. Because to all that occurred in the land, even if it threatened its destruction, and to events which demanded the greatest energy in the ruler, he said "Dobzse" (good), and allowed himself to be led into the committal of gross injustice—history to this day calls him Ladislaus Dobzse. After his decease the nation chose his son,

Lewis II.,

as their king, a young man full of promise, who during his minority ruled the land through his guardians.

The young king now governed through a Regency an enervated land, and people without mental or physical strength, like an autumn sun in exhausted Nature; its rays are too faint to rouse the life of nature, destroyed by the chills of autumn. Lewis could not succeed in infusing life into a land sunk in its last agony by political, religious, and now by party strife. But then rose suddenly the bright sun, whose rays

renovated its dying strength as with an electric stroke, and every thing returned to a flourishing condition. Over wastes and meadows, mountains and valleys, sounded the echo of joyous songs, when Matthias rose from the midst of his people, awoke once more their sinking powers, and the Magyars became as powerful as before. But the poisoned cup which the Romish church gave to the world, was now filled to overflowing. Luther arose, and with his doctrines and by his truths kindled the torch which threw a light on the darkness of the Romish church; the consequences of this displayed themselves in Hungary by a party quarrel, which ended in the separation of Bosnia and Servia from Hungary (1520).

During these events Selim died, and his son Suliman ascended the Ottoman throne. Immediately upon his accession, he sent one Bercham Pasha to Buda as ambassador to the court of Lewis, to give assurances of good-will on his side, and in the name of his emperor to express a wish to renew the standing treaty of peace between Turkey and Hungary; the Turks were the more inclined to

friendly relations with Hungary, as it was known to them that the latter were never induced to take hostile measures of their own accord, but that fire was kindled by foreign and malicious hands.

No regard was paid to the good-will of the Turks, as the harvest of Cadmus was now ripe.

Count Brandenburg, in the name of Austria, urged on the mischief as well from political as religious views. To this was added the extension of Lutheran doctrines, a suitable material to the authors of the evil. The professors of this faith were exposed to the meanest persecutions, and ill-treatment of every kind; not only was no heed given to their just complaints, but to them was ascribed every conceivable wickedness, that they might be justified in the eyes of the world for ill-using them. Lewis's courtiers busied themselves with these intrigues, so that Suliman's ambassador remained an entire year in Buda without obtaining an answer. This neglect vexed and disgusted Suliman to such a degree, that, in order to draw Lewis's attention to him, and incline him to accept the treaty of alliance,

he marched towards the Hungarian borders with a large army. The offers of friendship through the envoy on the one hand, and the advance of the troops on the other, urged the court to criminal artifices; the King grew angry, and, advised by a worthless member of his retinue, caused the ambassador to be put to death. Suliman saw himself forced to take satisfaction for this conduct, and advanced against Lewis, thus opening alluring prospects to the Hapsburgs—no longer as a friend, but as a declared enemy, about to make him feel the weight of his just anger.

The most artfully fomented political and religious disputes threw the land into still greater confusion, and it appeared as if God himself aided the justice of the cause, for the purpose of chastising the wicked.

Suliman's arms were every where victorious, and on the 29th August, 1521, Belgrade, Servia, and Bosnia, were already in his hands; but disturbances in Egypt suddenly broke out, which compelled him to turn his chastisement from the Hungarians to his own dominions.

While they began to forget the wounds which Suliman's arms had inflicted, inward tumults broke out more and more. With reference to the Turks every one's alarms were quieted; but *inter duos litigantes tertius gaudet* was still the case in the west, and the spring of the year 1526 was joyfully greeted, in which the clang of Suliman's arms sounded from the Carpathians. He advanced against Hungary at the head of 200,000 Mussulmans, inspired by victory.

The nobles, weakened by their duels, buckled on their ancestral swords, still dripping with blood; the priest of high rank, whose only effort had hitherto been the false interpretation of the gospel, with which he persecuted the followers of Luther, made speeches encouraging to battle, and, instead of the censer, wielded his rusty old sword. The blue waves of the Danube foreboding evil, flowed by the moss-grown walls of Buda, towards the wide plains of Hungary.

Mohacs.

THE last mild rays of the summer sun still shone on the green banks of the Danube, when there sounded as it were the trumpet of the archangel, whose call will at the last day summon the dead from the kingdom of shadows, and all flowed on in invading stream to give the parting Flora to destruction. Every one must now repent of his sins.

King Lewis now collected an army which amounted to 3000 warriors, and on the 24th July set out from Buda for the plains of Mohács. On his way 4000 men joined his little band, who had been sent by the Pope to his aid; so that the whole united force of the Hungarians did not reckon more than 26,000 men, which was ranged under the bishops, archbishops, and other dignitaries of the

land. Count John Zápolya, or Szápolyay, waivoda of Transylvania, with his army of 40,000 men, had not joined them because of the counter orders he received; other troops, too, had not appeared, with the support of which King Lewis's army would have exceeded that of the Turks. The Hungarian army of 26,000 men, appeared on the 14th August before 200,000 Turks. At the sight of the terrible force of Suliman, the question was mooted in Lewis's council of war, whether they should retreat or fight; but there were some who had fought by the side of Matthias in many a deadly combat, and had been inured to victory in Matthias's famous "Black band;" therefore the word must be given for the battle.

God guides the fate of nations, and leads them singly to the altar of their deserts.

The 29th of August, the last summer day of Hungary, shone with feeble rays over the plains of Mohács. The sun had nearly run his course when, from both sides, the battle-cry came like a light but pestilential breeze.

The mailed and youthful king sat on his horse;

his fair cheeks glowed beneath his visor thrown back, as a rosebud peeps from beneath its thorny covering.

Count John Dragfy, the chief justice, threw off his spurs, that, as he said, in the most desperate situation he might not urge his horse to flight; he would conquer or die with the setting sun.

Count Francis Batthyány, Ban of Croatia, and Baron Peter Perényi, rushed onwards over the bodies of the Mussulmans, and with equal courage all the nobles and bishops rushed on until the twilight set in. But few returned; the king's hour too sounded, as, seeking his safety in flight through the twilight, he fell into the marsh near Czilli, and there sank, and was choked with his horse. Thus ended this destructive battle of Mohács; it cost 38,000 men their lives, and with it a grave was opened for the Hungarian nation, but into which it was thrown only in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Hungary sufficiently proves the great doctrine of nature, that nations only rise to a high pitch of intellectual refinement and national vigour through

the efforts of individuals of extraordinary merit, and, after the close of their career of activity, return to their former state of weakness.

Voros Marty.

"What luxuriant plains are those on the ancient banks of the Danube?

"What that garb of mourning o'er all the meadows?

"From the bosom of the earth there sounds a hollow voice:

"Mohács—burial-place of the Magyars' ancient fame, and my name is a curse to them."

When misfortune is greatest, God's help is nearest; this proverb was confirmed at Mohács. Suliman's arms had humbled the Magyars, but he did not avail himself of the advantages his fresh victory offered, showing, on the contrary, that he had good intentions towards Hungary. He entered into a direct connection with those who had contended

against him as the misled tools of intriguers. The exhausted land, divided by party intriguers, was yet more divided by the election of a king, and this circumstance appeared favourable to the plans and views of the Hapsburgs; they thought now or never to make sure of their long-wished for booty. Ferdinand of Hapsburg had for this reason married the sister of Lewis. He now made every effort to gain the throne; and even the election of

Zapolya,

and his coronation at Stullweisenburg, Nov. 11, 1526, did not make him desist. He had succeeded in gaining over the Count-palatine, Stephen Báthory, who, on the 25th of Nov. 1526, convoked a diet at Presburg, near Vienna, at the farthest border of the country; was chosen king by a small revolutionary band of hirelings, and a party of his own, present at this diet.

In consequence of this untoward event, King Zápolya again summoned a diet at Buda, at which he declared that, if the country acknowledged Ferdinand as King of Hungary, in order

to put an end to all dispute, he was ready to renounce the royal dignity, and yield him his place.

All the nobles of the land were present at this diet; the mischievous designs of Ferdinand were exposed, and a resolution was unanimously passed against the election of Ferdinand.

Count Francis Batthyány made the following declaration at this diet. No accident, no change of fortune, will turn me from the path of justice, sincerity, and devotion to my country. Count Stephen Werböczy gave most convincing proofs, that under foreign kings Hungary had always had melancholy times, and that the most mournful days for Hungary were created by the one-sided interests of foreign rulers. Hungary would ever be blessed by Heaven if they chose kings of their own race. The oppressions suffered hitherto, sufficiently prove that the Hungarians sinned against their forefathers. Already in the year 1505, in the diet held on the field of Rákos, the same principles were laid down; foreign kings administer a slow poison to the nation, which sooner or later will bring it to its grave.

Ferdinand paid no heed to these proceedings of Zápolyay, but forced his way to Hungary, and seized the sceptre with hands yet dripping with the blood of the citizens; he marched through the land, exhausted by the defeat at Mohács and its internal dissensions, and took possession of it by force of arms. Zápolyay, though the legitimate king, hard pressed, and without protection against the usurper, went to Poland, and stayed with the powerful Count Tarnowi. The conqueror, Ferdinand, raged fearfully in the land, through his hired soldiery. The estates of those nobles disaffected towards him were plundered, destroyed, and burnt, until he strewed his way to Stullweisenburg, the place of coronation, with the bodies of their brethren. After the faithless keeper of the diadem, Baron Perényi, gave it into his blood-stained hands, he was crowned by the Bishop of Neutra, Stephen Baron Podmániczky.

In order to dazzle the people, and make them forget these pictures of horror, Ferdinand published a proclamation upon his coronation, in which he said that he would reign with kindness

and Christian love, and with esteem for the nation and their sacred ancestral privileges. The oath which he sware at his coronation was to the following purport:—

> "We, Ferdinand I., by God's grace King of Hungary, swear by the living God, by the most holy Virgin Mary, and by all the saints, that we grant to the churches, prelates, barons, nobles, free towns, and all the inhabitants of this realm, their immunities, freedoms, rights, privileges, and their ancient and confirmed customs, as well as the purport and usage of the same, and with royal and common consent, maintain, protect, and grant justice to every one, pay regard to the decree of his most excellent majesty King Andrew II., Bulla Aurea, the boundaries of the kingdom of Hungary, and whatever thereto belongs, under whatever right and title soever, not to alienate nor diminish it, but increase and extend it as far as lies in our power, &c. &c. May God and all the saints aid us!"

And now Ferdinand deemed himself sole ruler of a land that he had seized by means of a bloody perjury, and a revolution called into existence by himself, and the only way to it lay through a traitor

wholly devoted to him, Count Ádám Batthyányi, who was afterwards poisoned by the patriotic Cardinal Mártinuzy.

The base adherents of Hapsburg were not unknown to the uncorrupted Turk; he had an old grudge against them, for they had brought many misfortunes upon him, and occasioned the rupture of the friendly understanding between himself and Hungary. Added to this, Zápolyay sent to him one Laszei Jeronimus, palatine of Sirad, and he sought him to support his rights. The rights of King Zápolyay were also acknowledged and upheld by the foreign embassies at the Ottoman Porte;—the Venetian ambassador, Lewis Gritti, a son of the Doge, zealously took up Zápolyay's cause. It was of much importance to Suliman that a native should obtain the Hungarian throne.

Ferdinand, who must now secure his rights so surreptitiously acquired, sent Joseph Hobordanski as ambassador to Suliman's court, to close a peace between them. But this envoy was at first not well received there, and then, instead of a treaty, he had the following answer from the

Sultan:—"Tell your King that I have already a force, with which, and with the keys of the fortresses of Hungary, I will appear at Mohács. If he conquer me there, he may have them. But should we not meet at Mohács, I will go to Buda; and in case I do not find him there, I will seek him at Vienna." Hobordanski brought this disagreeable message to Ferdinand, and soon afterwards 300,000 Turks were on their march to confirm it.

Suliman advanced without any opposition before Buda, which was defended by a German garrison under the command of Count Thomas Nádosdy; but this garrison was so ill inclined to fight with the Turks, that they bound their leader and brought him to the Sultan, who, contrary to expectation, commended him for his brave conduct, and bestowed presents on him, but caused the rest of the garrison to be put to the sword.

This circumstance sufficiently shows how Suliman was an enemy of every breach of faith, of every crafty artifice, and also the enemy of the Germans, whom he held to be synonymous with these vices. About this time the partisan of Fer-

dinand, the Palatine Batthyányi, embraced the side of the nation. Baron Perényi, the same who traitorously delivered up the crown to Ferdinand, was taken prisoner; but the noble Suliman interceded for him with Zápolyay, and he was pardoned.

Suliman gave up Buda to Zápolyay, which had been surrendered to him by his faithless German garrison, left a Turkish garrison in it, and marched according to promise upon Vienna, in order to seek Ferdinand there; but at Vienna he was beaten.

Ferdinand was now entirely driven from the country, but nevertheless intrigued with such zeal, that Zápolyay was tired of quieting the disputes ever springing up around him, and Ferdinand at length offered him an agreement, for the conclusion of which he sent his commissaries to Groszwardein, A.D. 1538. But this agreement was broken off, when he found the conditions offered by Ferdinand proposed the cession of half his kingdom. Another unacceptable condition was, that Zápolyay's posterity should be lords of Gips, under the title of vizier.

The same year, Zápolyay married Isabella, the

daughter of Sigismund, King of Poland, who presented him with a son, whom he also named Sigismund; but, twenty days after his birth, Zápolyay died (1540), placing the boy under the guardianship of the Bishops Pétrovics and Török, and of Cardinal Martinuzy. These guardians proclaimed the child king, and placed him under the protection of Suliman.

After the death of Zápolyay, Ferdinand hastened to seize the whole country. This again called Suliman's army into the field, which defeated him several times, siding with Sigismund, whose mother, Isabella, resided at Weissenburg, in Transylvania, where she also died 1560. After her death he governed Transylvania and Hungary under the royal title. As sovereign of the first-named country he bore the title of Prince.

From henceforward, the Hungarian historians from duty, and foreign writers from self-interest,

bitterly lament the protection of their Turkish neighbour, which lasted 145 years—that is, until the appearance of Rákóczy; and declare that the Eastern barbarian, the sworn enemy of Christianity, raged on the plains of Hungary; that Christians were mercilessly slain, and thousands led away in the bonds of slavery. But the Turk was the true companion in arms of Hungary, a protector of the Magyars against all usurpations to their prejudice. He protected them in their rights against the revolutionary plans of the perjured Hapsburgs; he shielded them against the snares which the latter laid, from ruler to ruler, for the destruction of their privileges and constitution, and which made religion and a deceitful policy the cloak of their designs.

Before we commence the narration of the history of the Magyars under the rule of the Hapsburgs, we should do better, for the explanation of events, to follow the crown of St. Stephen in descriptive and faithful words. It was often the

origin of great events;—already streams of innocent blood had flowed for its sake, and this on account of the holy power ascribed to it, and the symbolical powers it really possessed; while, according to ancient usage and consecrated national rights, only he was considered as king or first Magyar whose head this crown adorned—only to such a one were the Magyars devoted—only for such a one were they ready to sacrifice life and property.

Crown of St. Stephen.

TROY had her Palladium, which, fallen from heaven, afforded protection and safety to the city, and rendered her invincible against foreign foes. Rome also preserved a celestial gift in the temple of Vesta, and most of the cities of Greece boasted of a favour from the gods, represented by a visible pledge, which attached the people to the place of their birth, and inspired them with courage for its defence.

The Palladium was carefully preserved in its temple; the priests alone were allowed to approach it. Its possession ensured the blessings of nature and of fortune, while its loss was a sign of misery and destruction. Willingly would every patriotic

citizen have laid down his life for this national symbol; the precincts within the walls which enclosed it were deemed sacred, and the ancient Greek or Roman never spoke without veneration of the treasure, to which he clung with love and hope. Perhaps he had only seen it once or twice in the course of a long life, and then only at a distance; perhaps he had never seen it at all—for it was only on great occasions, when the destiny of the whole nation was at stake, that it was unveiled to mortal eyes. Religion and policy combined to produce a symbol by which the super-sensual feeling of patriotic inspiration might be awakened even in the rudest breast, which could not be reached except by an appeal to the senses.

Hungary had her symbol corresponding to the Palladium of the ancients—the crown of her kingdom; which, through the perfidy of the Hapsburgs, has often been bathed in Magyar blood, and is now laden with a curse.

The crown of Hungary has long been a subject of antiquarian discussion; the main question being whether it is the genuine diadem sent from Rome

to King Stephen, or one subsequently sent to Geisa I. from Greece. On this subject all sorts of argument have been raised, rather with the purpose of furthering the political views of the disputants, than with that of eliciting the actual truth. Avoiding this discussion, we come to a description of the crown itself.

The crown is entirely of gold. It is inlaid with pearls and precious stones, and adorned with figures in beautifully coloured enamel. Not only from the inscription, but from the colour of the gold and the workmanship, it can be plainly seen that two parts, originally distinct, have been combined into one whole. The circle of the crown is of a pale yellow, and the edges are adorned with nearly three hundred Orient pearls of considerable size. At each of the four principal points in the circle is placed a sapphire of great weight. Only one of these sapphires is polished. The one in front—which is the largest—has a small oval stone on each side, the colour of which is too dark to be discerned in an unpolished state. The sapphire on the opposite side is surrounded by four dark-green

stones, which have been cut in an oblong form. In the front of the circle there is also placed an oval medallion two inches and a half high, on the topmost edge of which is a large amethyst in the form of a heart. On each side of the medallion is a triangular peak, upon the highest point of which stands a pear-shaped sapphire. There is also a series of peaks adorned with pearls. In the deed which was signed when Queen Elizabeth pawned the crown to Frederick IV., and which was dated the 3rd August, 1440, are enumerated fifty-three sapphires, fifty rubies, one emerald, and three hundred and twenty pearls.

The enamel paintings on the crown, which are in brilliant colours, possess more historical interest than the gems. They are explained by Greek inscriptions written in red and black. The largest of these is a medallion, which is placed in front, and represents the Redeemer with long dishevelled hair, and a book in his left hand, while two fingers of his right hand are raised as if to confer a benediction. Close to the head are the letters, I.C.X.C. Next to this, on the circle, is a figure of

the archangel Michael, followed by others of Gabriel, St. George, and St. Demetrius. On the second medallion, which is placed somewhat lower, appears an emperor with a crown upon his head, a cloak about his shoulders, a sceptre in his right hand, and a sword pointed downwards in his left. According to the Greek inscription, which is red, this is "The Christian Emperor of Rome, Ducas." The next painting bears a strong resemblance to the one preceding, for it also represents a crowned ruler. The crown, however, is of a different shape, and, instead of the sword, there is a short thick staff with the inscription, "Constantino Porphyro Genitus, Roman Emperor." Most remarkable of all is the next painting, representing a man with a peaked crown on his head, a long double or patriarchal cross in his right hand, and a sword pointed downwards in his left. The surrounding inscription designates this man, Geobitzas (*i. e.*, Geisa), King of the Turks. It is worthy of observation, that Geisa here appears with a crown and is called king, though at the time when the Emperor Michael Ducas presented him with the

crown, that is, in the year 1072, he was only a duke. Representations of St. Kosmos and St. Damian, who may be known by their inscriptions, complete the circle of Greek paintings.

From the lower rim of the circle hang nine golden chains six inches long, each ending in a trefoil of diamonds, and so arranged that the face of the wearer is left open.

Above the circle rise four flat arches, crossing each other at right angles. At their point of junction is a flat surface, on which is painted a figure of the Redeemer, closely resembling the one already described, though with this difference, that instead of an inscription there are representations of the sun and moon. In the middle of this a small round cross is fixed. The paintings on the arches represent the apostles John, Peter, James, Bartholomew, Andrew, Philip, and Thomas.

All the artfully arranged arguments for the Romish-Byzantine origin of the crown may, after the above description, be regarded as mere disputes of historical writers, which have no foundation, since the crown itself incontestably shows its

historical origin, and proves as false all that has been said to the contrary. This crown, to which were attached so many political privileges, passed through many adventures, when Queen Elizabeth, widow of the Emperor Albert, and mother of Ladislav V., King of Hungary, pledged the crown of King Stephen to the Emperor Frederick IV. of Hapsburg, whom she appointed guardian of her son.

On the death of Wladislav in the battle of Varna, a deputation waited upon Frederick IV., at whose court young Ladislav resided, to request that he would now restore to them their lawful king, that he might be educated in Hungary. They also asked for the crown of King Stephen, that it might be used for the ceremony of the coronation. Throughout the whole early history of Hungary, we find so much importance attached to this particular diadem, that while a legitimate monarch was scarcely complete without it, its possession gave a kind of claim even to an intruding pretender. Thus, during the contest for the throne which followed the extinction of the male

Arpad line, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, the weak claimant, Otto of Bavaria, derived some accession of strength by obtaining the crown of St. Stephen from the King of Bohemia, whose father had carried it off. To secure its possession he carried it with him in a small box, when he entered Hungary in the disguise of a travelling merchant, to elude the vigilance of his enemies. Its temporary loss, through the breaking of a thong which attached it to a saddle, occasioned the greatest alarm to the pretender, who, however, found it shortly afterwards, and was crowned in due form. Through the imprisonment of this same Otto by the waiwode of Transylvania, the crown of St. Stephen fell into new hands; and though Charles Robert the First, Angevine King of Hungary, had been already crowned with another diadem at Buda, he did not deem his position thoroughly secure till he was again crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, which he recovered from the waiwode.

To return to Ladislav. The conduct of the Emperor Frederick was at least equivocal, and,

while he feigned to protect the rights of his ward, it seemed pretty evident to the Hungarians that he wished to keep him as a sort of state prisoner, in order to forward his own ambitious views. Thus he refused to restore the crown, even when an august deputation, headed by the waiwode Niklas Ujlaky, who was so proud, that, contrary to the custom of the time, he kept on horseback in the Emperor's presence, came to claim its restitution. He pretended that he did not see the use of a coronation, considering that Ladislav had already been crowned in infancy; and, though he at last unwillingly consented to the ceremony, he made certain conditions, as, for instance, that the city of Presburg should be ceded to him, and that the crown should be kept there under his guardianship. Nay, in the event of Ladislav's death, Presburg and the crown were to remain inseparable from the Empire. These conditions were rejected by the Hungarians.

Though, after a long resistance, Frederick restored

Ladislav to his subjects, he still retained possession of the crown, and it did not return to Hungary during the whole of Ladislav's reign, another diadem being used for the ceremony of coronation.

That so truly national a king as Matthias, who, it will be remembered, was the only true Magyar who had sat on the throne since the death of Andrew III., in 1301, should especially desire to be crowned with the national symbol of royalty, was natural enough; and it was because he was not in possession of the diadem of King Stephen, that his coronation was deferred till 1464, when he had already gained some important victories. At last, when peace was concluded between Matthias and Frederick, the restoration of the crown, on payment of 60,000 ducats, was made one of the stipulations. Even when the parties met at Neustadt to complete the contract, difficulties stood in the way; the Hungarian deputies not wishing to part with their money till they had got

possession of the crown, and the Emperor being unwilling to give up the crown until he had got possession of the money. The views of both parties were met by an exchange at the very gate of the city. But even here the spirit of distrust did not vanish; for John Vitéz, the Bishop of Groswardien, having heard that Frederick had caused a false crown to be manufactured, summoned a competent judge to ascertain that the right article had been delivered up. The Hapsburg, it seems, was in this instance wrongly suspected, and the real crown of Stephen arrived safely in Hungary.

At the old royal city of Stullweisenburg—the Westminster of Hungary—Matthias was crowned with the greatest magnificence, the ceremony being performed by the venerable Cardinal-Archbishop of Gran, Denis Széchy, who had already crowned three kings of Hungary; viz., Albert, Wladislav, and Ladislav V. The joy of the kingdom on this occasion was increased by a royal decree, confirm-

ing the golden bull of Andrew II., but received a check through the death of Matthias's young and beloved wife, Catharine. She was buried at the Bohemian church in Buda; and it is worth recording, that some years ago a body was found on the site of this church, which was supposed by an Hungarian savant to be the first wife of King Matthias.

After having thus accurately described the crown, we cannot omit describing the symbols of the arms of the country.

Like the adoption of private coats-of-arms, the arms of the countries possess a certain symbolical interpretation. Until the time of Lewis I. the crown was the only arms of Hungary. When this great monarch, in the middle of the 14th century, had humbled the Venetian republic, he conceived the idea of making a symbolical delineation of his powerful kingdom, and formed the present coat-of-arms.

The Arms.

In an oval, which is divided in the middle, we see on the left side four equal white stripes in a red field, which represent the four principal rivers of Hungary, namely, the Danube, Theiss, Drave, and Save. To the right are three green mountains in a red field, named Tátra, Fátra, Mátra, three offshoots of the Carpathians, placed by God to the north of the land as protectors of the fertile plains against the rough hordes of the north, with whose blood Hungary's red, white, and green tricolor has so often been stained. The middle one of these three mountains bears a double white

cross on its top, a reference to the dignity of

The Apostolic King of Hungary;

it points towards heaven, and seems to say:—

"Father! the Magyars, who dwell in the plains at the foot of these mountains, beseech thee for thy protection!"

CHAPTER IV.

Crescent—Cross—and Liberty.

THIRD PERIOD.

1540 TO 1848.

Asiatic Chiefs.

Vapsburg.

VIOLENT have been the storms that have swept over the land of the Magyars since the time of its first foundation; numberless the gloomy days through which this people have lived, since, for the third time, they exchanged their native Asiatic home for the wide European, God-blessed, fertile plains of Pannonia. Whilst they bravely defended, and powerfully protected their country, the hereditary national rights, so far from being curtailed, continued to be extended and established during a period of 656 years—*i. e.*, twenty-three kings of the dynasty of ARPAD, and fourteen of various houses. At the death, however, of King John "ZAPOLYA," their thirty-seventh king, these national rights accompanied him to eternal peace.

Thus the din of arms of the Magyars was incessant and continuous under the sovereigns of the House of Hapsburg. It would seem as if the Hungarian nation had been selected, not for terrestrial happiness, but in order to carry on a perpetual combat. Hitherto, however, the contest had been maintained against foreign invaders, but henceforward it was to be carried on against the sovereigns themselves, inasmuch as they threatened the integrity of the national council as well as religious and political liberty; and it would seem as if evil spirits had taken possession of both king and people, who strove to dissever themselves, in order to present fresh sacrifices.

Ferdinand I.

The jealousy and ill-feeling evoked throughout the nation by the adherents of Ferdinand I., and by the parties to which they gave rise, was not mitigated by the death of Zápolya; but the curse of internal discord made the wounds inflicted upon the country the more severely felt.

The kingdom was exhausted by the incessant havoc and turmoil of war; and the party-king Ferdinand, who maintained his surreptitiously acquired rights, took advantage of this circumstance in order to consolidate his power, whilst, contrary to his oath, he removed the Hungarian governors from the frontiers, and from the national fortresses, and inundated the entire territory with his riotous and arbitrary German followers.

In consequence of this act of perjury, and of the violation of their rights, the people revolted against this anti-national King; the rather so that he now abolished the palatinal office, which had hitherto been erected as a barrier between the King and themselves, and which placed bounds upon the encroachments of the sovereign. The serious consequences which resulted hereupon, compelled him to summon a diet at Tyrnau. At this diet every unconstitutional and arbitrary measure of the government was declared null and void. Accordingly, Ferdinand slackened the despotic reins which he held in his hands, chiefly

with a view to conciliate and win back the alienated affections of the people; for the claims of Zápolya's son, Sigismund, caused him to tremble. He believed he should more especially attain his object by such means; and it was declared on this occasion, that the fortresses of the kingdom, according to the most ancient customs and ordinances, should be confided to none but Hungarian governors; and, in order to put an end to all dissensions, that the King should henceforward reside in the country. Ferdinand sanctioned this law; but he observed it only as his successors have since done, in no wise and at no time.

As the name of HAPSBURG will continually be mentioned in the course of this narrative, it may here be proper to make our readers acquainted with the etymology of the word. In the year 1020, Radbot, the grandson of Guntram, an Alsatian nobleman, built a castle upon the Wülpels mountain, on the right bank of the Aar,

in Switzerland (in the present canton of Argau), and as this mountain was, more than any other, the resort of hawks, the builder called his castle Habichtsburg,*—*i. e.*, Hawksburg—which in the course of time became shortened into Hapsburg. The ruins of this castle are still standing. According to the *Actis Murensilus*, Guntram is the oldest branch of this family. Eight centuries have since then passed away, and all those who have issued from this nest have retained, from generation to generation, the instinctive propensities of this bird, as well as its love of plunder.

When Ferdinand felt his incidental and agitated life drawing near its close, he called together, in the year 1561, under the pretext of arranging the affairs of the empire, a few Hungarians at Vienna, in order, before his death, to secure the crown to his son Maximilian, in opposition to Sigismund. He accordingly caused him to be crowned king,

* The German for "hawk" being *habicht*.

by which he robbed Sigismund of his rightful claims, and died 1564, and

Maximilian I.

seized the helm of government. Suliman opposed him with arms for the maintenance of Sigismund's rights to the throne of Hungary, and came forward, not as the enemy of the Christian, nor as an invader, but as an ally, to defend the national and elective rights of Hungary, which had been violated by the House of Hapsburg.

The Crescent.

UPON the broad and silent plains of Hungary we meet, almost at every step, some hallowed spot which tells of deeds of heroism. Inspired by the scene before him, the poet seizes his pen, and describes in glowing words what those silent plains have suggested to his imagination. While the wanderer takes his way across those flowery regions, he becomes charmed as though by a magic spell, and feelings of inexpressible delight take possession of his soul. Yet he knows not that the rich vegetation and verdure which surround him, have sprung from the blood of Hungarian heroes,—nor is he conscious that, in the balmy air which he breathes, are hovering the spirits of the departed warriors.

At the time when Greece was a prey to civil

wars, there extended along the southern side of those plains a large and stagnant pool, which served as the abode of water-fowl. In the centre of this pool was a small island, in which the defeated party in Greece found refuge when compelled to take flight, and which belonged to Athenicus, who caused a fortress to be built there.

It was accordingly on the frontiers of the free Hungarian territory that the fugitive Greeks found an asylum when put to rout by their own countrymen. This continued till about the middle of the fifteenth century, when the island came into the possession of the Török family, and soon after became the theatre of great events. Through the sanguinary onslaughts of the Hapsburg party, thousands upon thousands found their grave, whose blood still cries to Heaven for vengeance. One sacrifice followed another, until all became victims of the most infamous perfidy. To the Hapsburg race it would seem as if falsehood and perfidy had become a second nature; for they scorn no means, however base, by which their ends may be accomplished. A striking instance

of this is afforded by Sziget, and its defence by Zrinyi.

Zrinyi had sprung from an Italian family named Subich, which reckons many heroes amongst its members. Under the name of Beber, they were raised to the dignity of Hungarian counts in the thirteenth century. At a later period Beber received the castle of Zrinyi in Croatia, and from that time has borne the name of Zrinyi. At the time of the Turkish wars, Nicolaus Zrinyi was appointed governor of the fortress of Sziget.

Proudly did Sziget lift its head above the broad plains, and look forth upon the approaching Osmannli—bolder still was the general and soldier. It was only Eva, Countess of Rosenberg, the wife of Zrinyi, and his tender and affectionate daughter, Helena, who felt in their breasts any forebodings of ill or of danger. The days were growing darker, and were gloomy. The war-cry of the Turks resounded through the plains; their crescent rose proudly before the sun; they besought Allah for victory; whilst the Christian

soldiers of the fortress prayed to the Almighty for his aid and blessing.

Helena, with the affectionate and sensitive feelings of youth, looked with sorrowful eyes upon the red banners of the Turks, before which the fortress might be destined to yield.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "how great is the danger! Smoke and dust are ascending to the skies, and obscure the sun. The Turks are approaching with dark arms. Juranich is gone; I saw how he sprang upon the prancing steed, and hastened swift as lightning across the plains: I greatly fear danger and misfortune!"

"I know well that you love Juranich," replied the mother, "and that you are anxious about him. I bless the love which you bear each other; for it forcibly reminds me of the happiness of my own youth."

Her eyes filled with tears; Helena embraced her mother.

"Oh!" she cried—"how painful—how bitterly painful to me was the moment when he waved his sword to me, as a farewell token!"

And whilst the mother and daughter were thus speaking, Juranich rode away. His soul was filled with gloom—dark as the murky storm-cloud: for he saw no other prospect before him but death. An ominous foreboding rushed through his mind; he thought of the storming of the stronghold, and how his beloved Helena should fall into the ravishing hands of the Osmannli.

The sun went down, and Helena was still standing upon the parapets of the fortress, and looking across the distant plains, to see if she could perceive her betrothed approaching. But in vain! Night at length came on, and Eva with anxious care led her daughter away back to her chamber.

It was not before midnight that Juranich returned—Zrinyi awaited him with impatience—Helena with ardent longing.

Juranich related how he had to maintain a fearful contest against a superior Turkish force, and that only himself and a few others had succeeded in making their escape.

Zrinyi pressed the hand of the brave youth, and

Helena bestowed upon him a glance of love, which was filled with tender reproach.

But the storm of war soon began to approach the fortress. Fluttering before the breeze the Osmannlian banners came nearer and nearer, and the contest was growing more fierce and bloody.

One day, as Helena was standing upon the castle turret, and looking with terrified gaze upon the Turkish forces which were advancing, Juranich hastened to her side—

"What a dreadful fate seems to await us!" said the trembling maiden. "Oh, Juranich! our enemies are approaching in countless numbers, and if we should be conquered what is to become of me?"

Juranich pointed to heaven, and replied—

"I promise—nay, I swear to thee—my beloved one, that I will die for thee, and only with thee; fear not, therefore, the rage or fury of our foes, my sword will protect thee from harm or insult."

The month of August, of the year 1566, was fast approaching; but the only flowers which it brought with it in its train, were crimson roses

upon the hearts of the warriors. To many thousands this month was the advent of their doom; and already, on the 19th of this fatal month, had the Turks invested the town.

But the citadel remained unshaken, and more unyielding still was Zrinyi, its brave defender, for his Hapsburg sovereign.

Suliman, the Turkish sultan, tried in vain to urge Zrinyi to surrender; the latter was bound by the thraldom of monarchical predilections, and he held out faithfully for the unjust cause in which his Hapsburg master was engaged. On the 10th of August the entire garrison had taken the oath of fidelity to the Emperor, in the presence of the Jesuit, Jonathan, who had been sent from Vienna for that purpose.

Burning with rage, Suliman vowed with an oath that he would rather sacrifice a hundred thousand men than give up the siege. The Hungarians, accordingly, under the leadership of the Counts Nádasdy and Szerédy, united with the Turks in storming the fortress.

Alli, a Portuguese, who had gone over to the

faith of Islam, was the negotiator between Zrinyi and Suliman. Two years before this he had been sent to Hungary to mediate for a truce, and it was then that he became acquainted with the beautiful Helena, and from that time his heart had been the captive of love. He had passed a few minutes in her company, and on his way back to Constantinople she had given him her hand at taking leave.

He knew that Helena was at Sziget, and he was animated with the hope of gaining her when the fortress should be taken. He, therefore, did all that was in his power to persuade Zrinyi to surrender; but the force of his eloquence could not move the unwavering and iron resolution of the Hungarian.

Upon his return from his unsuccessful mission, he entered the presence of Suliman.

"My liege, may fidelity fulfil thy commands?"

"What message bringest thou from Zrinyi?"

"He remained unmoved—he has rejected thy generous offer."

"Slave! hast thou told him that I will forgive

him all his sins if he will surrender the fort and give himself up?"

"I have."

"And he refuses?"

"He will accept no favour or mercy from the Crescent, and resolves to obey the commands of his Emperor."

"A curse upon him!" exclaimed Suliman; "he remains faithful to his Emperor, but he is a faithless son to his own land, and he shall therefore receive his reward under the ashes of his fortress."

Alli made a low bow, kissed the hem of his caftan, and, in melancholy mood, entered his tent.

From day to day the contest was growing more fierce and deadly, and the fortress' moat was filled with heaps of slain. Within the citadel reigned sickness, hunger, and want; the springs of water were exhausted, and all the provisions consumed; they had even been reduced to the extremity of eating their horses to satisfy the cravings of nature. The garrison had nearly all become a prey to the scourge of sickness and war, so that only 300 men still remained capable of bearing arms.

Helena and her mother passed the greater part of the day upon their knees, praying to Heaven for aid and deliverance; they retired to the chapel of the fortress for safety, but even here they were not secure from danger, for a cannon-ball one day shattered to pieces the crucifix before which they were engaged in prayer.

The tenth of September was a beautiful autumnal day, but it brought with it a bloody and decisive engagement.

Already at sunrise the warlike hordes were assembled upon the field. The sun shone brightly upon their arms. Helena stood upon the castle walls, and looked forth upon the serried ranks of the Turkish soldiery.

In his gorgeous tent Suliman was lying ill of a fatal malady.

About eight o'clock in the morning began the deadly contest. Brightly gleamed the crescent—the banners waved aloft—the trumpets pealed an ominous blast, and the drums rolled with a hollow and doom-boding sound.

Zrinyi stood unmoved—Alli felt rejoiced—

Juranich's heart was filled with deep gloom—and Helena and Eva were praying in the chapel.

The sky was clear and serene, but, instead of the nightingale's song, the clash of sabres and the thunder of the artillery resounded through the air. The earth seemed to tremble, and the demon of destruction was waving his deadly pinions over the field of battle.

About midday the Osmannli commenced the work of storm. They hasten forward over the bodies of their fellow combatants who have fallen. The pool became a sea of blood—the fortress is on fire, and shouts of Allah rend the skies.

Suliman, though suffering from illness, foamed with passion when he saw his bravest warriors falling. He was, therefore, anxious once more to make proposals of peace, and gave orders to cease from the contest. Alli's hopes were now once more revived.

But again the efforts of Suliman were fruitless. Zrinyi remained obstinate and unyielding.

Preparations are going forward in the fortress. The men are longing for death—the women are engaged in prayer.

Zrinyi is arrayed in his wedding attire, with martial plumes waving from his helmet; and, taking with him a small sum of gold, declares that "whoever kills Zrinyi shall have a booty for his reward."

The two hundred warriors were marshalled in the court-yard of the fortress:—beside them stood the women ready for death.

Zrinyi bade farewell to his affectionate and faithful wife. By the side of Juranich stood Helena: she was dressed in male attire, and resolved to die with her betrothed. He pressed her to his breast, and imprinted the last kiss upon her brow.

"Oh, kill me!" she exclaimed, with agonizing sobs, "and catch the last breath of my spirit upon thy lips. Let us away, Juranich, to the battle, that the angel of death may speedily overshadow us with his wings. Here, upon this earth, there is left us no more happiness or hope; beyond the grave we shall receive the reward of our love."

Juranich sprang into the court-yard, and set in order the ranks of those who were resolved to die.

Already, too, had Zrinyi taken leave of Eva.

"Wherefore," asked his wife, "those costly garments in which you appear to-day?"

"This is my wedding robe," replied Zrinyi; "to-day, for the second time, we celebrate our nuptials. Never shall the savage Turk lay his polluting hand upon thee—thou comest with me to death!"

With a murmur of thanks she fell into his arms; and, when he had left her, she sank as if lifeless to the ground.

The sun was obscured by clouds, and the light zephyr swept moaningly across the blood-sodden plain.

Zrinyi rushed forward like a lion to the scene of action, brandished his sword above his head, whilst in his left hand he waved the Austrian standard. Then with a voice of thunder he cried—

"On to the conflict—shrink not now, ye brave!
We soon shall meet in realms beyond the grave.
Pray Him on high our sins be all forgiven,
And brief the pang that wings our souls for heaven:
Whoe'er survives shall tell posterity,
Through fire the phœnix seeks eternity."

He gave the signal; the cannons thunder; the

Hungarians rush forth, and at the same moment the fortress is rent asunder with a fearful crash. Eva has fired the powder magazine, and blown herself and all the women in the fortress into the air.

Meanwhile the contest is raging fiercely; amongst the foremost is Zrinyi. Alli sought to enter the fortress, but Juranich's sword cut him down, and he fell over the battlements of the bridge. Pierced by three balls, Zrinyi fell lifeless to the ground. Juranich now fought bravely on, and the Turks were made to fall in numbers by his sword. But the superior hostile force was too great, and the little band of Magyars at length lay prostrate on the battle-field.

It was the 10th of September. This day is noted in the page of history, and will never be forgotten by the Magyar race.

As soon as intelligence of this bloody battle was brought to Suliman, he expired. He was the last of the famous dynasty of Usman, which for 262 years ruled the Turkish empire.

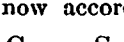
The body of Zrinyi was buried with due

honours; and where Suliman died was erected a mosque.

The fortress of Sziget still exists, and near it stands a small chapel as a memento of those events.

On the 10th of September of each year the bells ring a funeral peal, and a solemn religious service is celebrated.

"Father, forgive them; for they knew not what they did!"



Maximilian was now accordingly induced by the powerful Count Gaspar Szerédy to enter into a peace with Sigismund. Maximilian proposed to him to take one of his two grand-daughters in marriage, in order, as it was intended, to reconcile Sigismund by means of this union, and the more completely to secure Hungary to the House of Hapsburg. This artful scheme, however, was still more effectually carried out for the interests of the Hapsburg throne, by the death of Sigismund in

the year 1571—as with Sigismund the last branch of the Zápolya was borne to the grave.

Thus Maximilian remained without a rival; but, instead of appeasing the discontent created by his father, he continued to govern Hungary in the same manner that his predecessors had done, and repeatedly violated the established law of the country. Discord, too, was sown by the Jesuits amongst the several religious sects, and the Protestants were subjected to persecution as general as that of the Catholics of the time in England. Count George Prince Botskay accordingly took up the cause of his persecuted co-religionists. Maximilian's endeavours to crush the free institutions of Hungary, were by no means calculated to appease the popular discontent; the rather so, that he attempted at the same time to levy imposts in the usual illegal manner; but, not being able to attain his object, he summoned a diet to Presburg, under the pretext of providing a remedy for the grievances of the kingdom. The letter of citation, however, which was sent to the authorities, was itself regarded as a grievance, and

gave rise to universal dissatisfaction, inasmuch as the King did not personally appear at the diet.

The assembly resolved not to make the supplies demanded by the King the subject of its deliberations until the numerous grievances from which the nation suffered should first be removed,—namely, that the Hungarian diet should be summoned in future only by royal writs issued in the Hungarian language—that Hungarian offices should be filled only by Hungarian functionaries—that toleration be freely granted to all religious creeds—and that the custody of Hungarian fortresses should be committed to none but Hungarian commanders. But, before the granting of these urgent demands, Maximilian died in the year 1576, and his son,

Rudolph,

was elected as his successor; not by the popular echo of the Magyar heart, but in consequence of Hapsburgian machinations.

Rudolph, upon his accession to the throne,

could not immediately introduce the intrigues which pave the way to arbitrary rule;—as in the same year Prince Stephen Báthori, waiwode of Transylvania, was elected King of Poland. The reign of Báthori is mentioned with pride by every Pole, whose ancestors it crowned with so many laurels and victories, whilst Russian despotism was set at defiance. Under his reign, too, Poland became a great and powerful nation, as did Hungary under the Polish king, Lewis I. (the Great).

But, after the death of Báthori, Rudolph also flung down the gauntlet of the Magyars before his feet, and regarded the laws of the kingdom as a dead letter. Gold and silver specie was carried out of the country, German foreigners were installed in the Hungarian offices of state, and mercenary troops, which harassed and oppressed the nation, were established throughout the kingdom. These arbitrary violations of the law excited universal complaints, whereby the King was compelled, in the second year of his reign, to summon the diet. Here he promised, in the

person of his brother who represented him, again to remedy the grievances which had sprung up under his own and his father's rule.

When this wily King found himself in pecuniary embarrassments in the year 1583, he again assembled the diet, which he opened in person. The diet, however, would not consent to grant the supplies proposed by the King until the existing grievances should first be removed; and it demanded speedy and complete measures. The King admitted the grievances brought before him, and promised redress; but, by the machinations of his favourites, he succeeded in obtaining from the diet their consent to the levy of the taxes which he had imposed, before the promised removal of the grievances was accomplished.

The King now, not only did not keep his promise, but exasperated the people by the barbarous hordes of his German hirelings and functionaries to the highest degree. He was repeatedly besought to reside in the country, that he might witness with his own eyes the enormities committed upon the Protestants by the faithful Austrian execu-

tioner, Basta. But all complaints were unavailing. Accordingly, with a view of placing limits upon the arbitrary power of their Hapsburg ruler, the nobles of the land resolved, by force of arms, to constrain this faithless and perjured King to acknowledge their rights.

Prince Botskay, waiwode of Transylvania, a faithful patriot and a brave general, made war against the King, with the assistance of the Sultan Amurath III., and expelled Rudolph, together with his German mercenaries, from the kingdom, which hereupon did homage to the prince as the protector of their rights. At the diet, which was summoned to Ofen by Botskay's generals, the crown was offered to him,—but he declined it, saying, "In opposition to the legitimate sovereign, the crown becomes me not; nor was it with such a view that I took up arms. My only purpose was to compel a king who violated all justice, to respect our political and religious laws."

The King, having thus lost his crown, renewed once more his sanction of the national rights, as determined by the following decrees;—

That the crown of Hungary shall be preserved only within the country;

That Hungarian offices shall be filled by Hungarians exclusively;

That Hungarian commanders only shall be appointed throughout the kingdom, as well as in the fortresses and garrisons;

And that full and perfect toleration shall be granted to the Protestant faith.

Prince Botskay now laid aside the arms with which he had protected the national rights, and peace was once more restored in the country.

As, however, the vanquished Rudolph did not, by reason of his promises, venture to come to Hungary, the stipulations for establishing peace were concluded and sanctioned at Vienna: hence the name of BOTSKAY'S VIENNA PACIFICATION. Partly on account of the dissensions created on this occasion, but chiefly in order that the crown might fall without election to his successor Matthias, Rudolph abdicated the government in the year 1608.

Matthias II.

The writ by which Matthias summoned the diet, was drawn up in such terms as would make it appear that Rudolph had abdicated the throne on condition that Matthias should be recognized King of Hungary without election, and as such should be crowned; for every election was formidable to the Hapsburg party, inasmuch as they could never secure the crown of Hungary by rightful claims, but only by means of intrigue and deception. The diet, however, made the election of Matthias to be contingent upon the removal of all grievances, and demanded, as a preliminary measure, the election of a NADOR—*i. e.*, a Palatin or Viceroy. Matthias, in order to facilitate his election, promised to carry out the wishes of all.

In the laws which were decreed on this occasion, it was determined that, for the future, the King should be bound, immediately upon the death of the Nádor, to summon the diet; and that, in the event of his omitting to do so, the judges of the

land should have that power; that the public Treasury and Exchequer of Hungary should be separated from that of Austria, and should itself be made responsible to the nation; that, during the sittings of the diet, Hungarian troops should be substituted for Austrian soldiers in all the garrisons and fortresses throughout the kingdom.

Matthias had no children, and he accordingly endeavoured to secure the crown to Ferdinand von Stiria, which cost him no little pains. He only succeeded, however, because he appeared to remedy by degrees the public grievances and because he knew how to entrap the over-credulous people by artfully contrived snares. He died in the year 1619.

Ferdinand II.

The attempt to reduce a powerful and independent constitutional kingdom to the condition of a province of a much smaller absolute state, was the plan which had already been adopted by Ferdinand I. Unceasingly to offer violence to the constitution, the language, and the manners of

the country—nay, even to threaten the integrity and the very existence of the Hungarian nation as such; and by destroying all those precious rights of a people, and entombing them in the arid sands of absolutism, to convert a free country into a patrimonial fief, was the reckless scheme which Ferdinand had proposed to himself, and evinces the perverse daring and depravity of its projector.

These plans were adroitly contrived with a view to secure to himself a party from amongst the people which should attract adherents, that so the work might be commenced with a greater show of plausibility. Moreover, the co-operation of religion was constantly sought as the most ordinary and the surest instrument for the attainment of these ends; and, under the mask of religion, this infernal furnace was kept glowing with fuel by the Roman pontiff's persecution of the Protestants and Mussulmans. In conformity, therefore, with the ruinous and arbitrary principles of despotism, Ferdinand II. made a vow at Lorrain in 1621, and at Maria-Zell in 1629, that he would not cease from his labours before he had re-established the

Roman Catholic faith in all its former splendour upon the ruins of the Protestant religion.—(*See* SPORNER.)

This vow was to be fulfilled forthwith. The execution of this scheme seemed all the more practicable and secure, in as much as the reformation in Hungary reckoned amongst its adherents only a few of the more distinguished families in Transylvania. The Protestants were accordingly declared outlawed. Their churches, by the purchased agency of the Jesuits, were destroyed, plundered, or taken from them, and the exercise of their religion denied them, although the constitution guaranteed to them all the rights and privileges of the state. These proceedings accordingly gave rise to a general insurrection throughout the land.

Prince Gabriel Bethlen, waiwode of Transylvania, hereupon prepared, sword in hand, to defend the violated rights of his faith, and to prevent the undermining of the constitution. Without distinction of creed the people flocked from all sides to his standard, and Ferdinand's

creatures and the instruments of his tyranny were speedily driven from the kingdom.

Transylvania and Hungary alike wished to make the prince their king, and even already honoured him as their sovereign. The coin which was at this time struck bore his regal inscription and title, notwithstanding that, after the promises of the king, he had entered into a peace with the latter, which was concluded at Nicolsburg on the 25th of August, 1620. This peace, however, was intended as a mere pretext for appeasing the prince, and the former plans were again brought forward, instead of healing the wounds which had been inflicted upon the country.

Gabriel Bethlen was accordingly summoned once more; and on this occasion he sought the assistance of the Turks, and despatched his envoy, Thurny Mathé, to Constantinople for that purpose. Soffi Mehmed Pasa was sent to his aid with a powerful force, in order, by means of the Turkish sword, to protect the religious freedom and political rights of Christians against Christian barbarians.

Whilst the liberties of the country were being defended by arms, the deceitful maxims of the House of Hapsburg, and its absolute tendencies—with a view to the subjugation of Hungary—were, by a formal act, determined at Vienna in a secret council of state. This document is extracted from the *Anemonen* of Hormayer, who was a privy councillor at the Austrian court, and who, from his position, becoming acquainted with the intrigues of the Hapsburg party, disclosed them to the world through the medium of his work.

From this work we here give the following passage:—

"Respecting the general question of peace, namely, as to how—during the incessant commotions in Germany—Transylvania and Hungary should be restored to tranquillity, and brought under perfect subjection, several members of the council observed, 'That it might be by no means so easy as it was imagined to effect the subjugation of this great kingdom; that the Hungarian people were amongst the bravest in the world, the most expert in light arms, and the most skil-

ful in the science of petty warfare. How fearful it was to think that they had already been several times almost driven to the extremity of throwing themselves into the arms of the Turks, and of looking to the hereditary enemies of Christianity for the maintenance of their rights, and the preservation of their national integrity; and that, after all, the Hungarians had not been guilty of any enormous crimes, in as much as they only required that their ancient manners, customs, and privileges should be maintained intact.' Hereupon the Spanish ambassador replied, 'That the only wise plan was to buy over the Turks at whatever cost, and to alienate them from Bethlen and Hungary. We must,' he continued, 'unceasingly exasperate the Hungarians—make the Turks suspicious of them, and endeavour, if possible, to establish a permanent peace between Turkey and Austria.

"'The best model was that of the Spanish monarchy, which, from having at one time been restricted in many points, at length attained unlimited and arbitrary power. These Hungarian

barbarians should be placed under the authority of foreign governors, who should impose upon them entirely new laws at their pleasure, without leaving them any of those legal aids, which would prove extremely inconvenient, so that they might be able to find no remedy available. Should, however, the Hungarians be hereupon induced to appeal to Vienna, it must be said that *his Majesty knows nothing whatever of such proceedings, and that those measures are extremely opposed to his wishes.* Thus these brutes, who could not see beyond their nose, would attach no blame to the Emperor, and all their hatred would be directed only against the Emperor's representatives.

"'These representatives, however, despite all complaints and dangers, should not give way a single hair's-breadth, but constantly keep in view the important goal. They must use every conceivable means to drive the Hungarians, by the most skilful devices, to desperation and frenzy, and contrive the severest punishments for the malcontents. Then would the freedom-proud Hungarian nation, unable to support such a yoke, rise

up against its vigorous governors. This would afford the latter the wished for opportunity for visiting the guilty traitors with the severest punishments that could be inflicted, without any recourse to forms of law and justice. Thus the Hungarians, driven to despair, would summon the aid of their co-religionists and neighbours, and then would high treason have reached its full-blown maturity; and then must the heads of the best and greatest fall first, as having hitherto stood in the way of unlimited rule. But should this project, which was the only salutary one for the monarchical principle, meet with impediments, then Spain would willingly send 10,000 men to assist the promised 40,000.' "

This declaration was adopted by the Emperor Ferdinand as the basis and principle of the Hapsburg system of despotic rule,, and received the assent of the Papal nuncio, the family ambassadors' of Madrid and Florence, the governor of Moravia, Cardinal Francis Dietrichstein, Field-marshal Albert von Wallenstein, and his friends Eggenberg and Harrach. The course of action thus laid

down was followed up, as we shall see, from century to century, until it reached its climax at length in the year 1849.

Accordingly, when, by the aid of the Turkish power, Prince Bethlen had compelled the King to enter upon the ways of justice, he again concluded a peace in the year 1626. The noble prince, however, died soon after. His brother Stephen was chosen as his successor; to him succeeded Prince George Rákóczy the first; and in the year 1637, Ferdinand being dead, his son,

Ferdinand III.,

was invested with the crown of Hungary.

The fundamental principles of his predecessors were followed out and put in practice by him, in the same manner and by the same means that they had adopted. He had begun with sinister and ruinous hand the destruction of the already shattered religious and political institutions of the country, which he had sworn by the most

sacred oaths, as his predecessors had formerly done, to protect and uphold. Accordingly the unhappy and oppressed people, who had already enjoyed but little repose from the din of arms, were once more compelled to grasp the sword of their forefathers against this faithless and perjured monarch.

Prince Rákóczy now called both nations to arms in order to save their cherished rights from destruction. Every thing was favourable to the patriotic cause. The King was consequently reduced to extremities, and would speedily have been driven from the throne, if he had not craftily enough proposed the most dazzling projects for peace at Lintz. Hereupon the diet was summoned to Presburg in 1646, and the famous peace resolutions of Lintz were entered upon the statute-book, according to which, amongst others, were the following points:—

a. That the palatinal office, which had been arbitrarily set aside by the king, should no more be supplied by that of governor.

b. That for the future none but Hungarian

troops should occupy the garrisons and fortresses, or be any where established throughout the land.

c. That none but persons of property should be eligible for election to palatinal authority over provinces; "for that heretofore these offices had been administered by penniless adventurers in the pay of the king."

d. That all creeds and religions be freely tolerated, and that no man be bound to pay or maintain the ministers of a faith not his own.

e. Ninety churches were to be given back to the Protestants, and the Jesuits to be expelled from the country. By these and other measures peace was once more restored.

Rákóczy died in the year 1648. To him succeeded his son, George II. Ferdinand's life was soon after brought to a close in 1657. The government of Hungary now fell to his son, who had already been crowned during his father's life-time,

Leopold I.

He was scarcely twelve years old when he ascended the throne, and was still receiving his

gloomy education at the hands of the Jesuits. The most fateful period in the history of Hungary commenced with the reign of this king. The people were once more disturbed from the repose which they had obtained with so much difficulty, after they had heretofore fought so bravely for their religious and political freedom, and had outlived many sanguinary days of turmoil and of terror, whilst the blood-marks of their fathers were still fresh upon the soil. The past was but an omen of the future, a portent of the most fearful and revolting tyranny that now stalked over the free plains of Hungary, which to the present day have been desecrated by the unhallowed oaths of all the Kings of the House of Hapsburg.

Loud and bitter were now the complaints of the people. "*For a hundred and eighteen years*," they exclaimed, "*has the race of Hapsburg sworn to defend our liberties, and has not Leopold likewise done so? Who shall now defend the rights of the nation and of the people? What guarantee can we now have, when our Kings have so repeatedly violated their promises and their oaths?*"

These just complaints of the country, however, did not penetrate the gloomy council-chamber of Hapsburg despotism; but, despite the universal murmurs of the people, the old system was followed up with the most infernal pertinency. For the attainment of their object, all the fortresses of the country—nay, the country itself—was filled with German mercenaries, the faithful servants of tyranny and of absolute rule. The houses of the nobles were beset by guards and informers, the land inundated with spies, and that spy-system was then introduced which has ever been the support and dependence of the Hapsburg sovereigns. Setting the constitution completely aside, Hungary was treated as an Austrian province. All the customary imposts upon articles of consumption, stamp duties, and tobacco monopoly in Austria, were also extended to Hungary. The German soldiery committed such excesses throughout the land, that the people were compelled to resort to bloody reprisals. But, however notorious were the complaints of the people, yet they were unheeded and unheard.

Although still young, the patriotic fire of his ancestors and of duty, which burned in Rákóczy's breast, urged him to the chastisement of the perjured king. In consequence, however, of the measures which had been taken by the Hapsburg party, he could no longer reckon upon the assistance of his former allies, the Turks, inasmuch as discord had sprung up between them. The arms of Rákóczy were unsuccessful; for he himself was mortally wounded at the battle of Groswardien, and four days after he breathed his last. In this manner Leopold was victorious, and marched forward, with iron hand, towards the great goal of his ambitious projects. Rákóczy left behind him a son, Francis, who was still young.

After his death, dissensions arose in Transylvania on account of the election of the waiwode. In a short time Count Barcsay, Baron Kemény, and Count Michael Appaffy, were successively chosen.

Whilst the wretched inhabitants of the country were robbed of almost all their rights and freedom, the Protestants were subjected to the

most severe persecutions, and to the fiercest onslaughts of tyranny. In order to oppose these evils, the nobles of the land aroused themselves (with the concurrence and co-operation of Prince Appaffy, waiwode of Transylvania, and amongst others, Counts Wesclényi, the palatine of the country, the Counts Zrinyi, Frangepan, Rákóczy, Nádasdy, Tottenbach, and Tököly, first at the baths of Trencsén, and afterwards in the fortress of Murány, in the year 1667), and deliberated together as to what measures should be adopted, in order to check the absolute tendencies of the King, and restore the religious and political freedom of the country. Arbitrary deeds of violence were again perpetrated, which excited renewed complaints, and gave birth to increased animosity. The people were ready, arms in hand, to procure justice for themselves; yet in the midst of their preparations, the assembled patriots, by the skilfully laid snares of a German councillor named *Beer*, were taken prisoners, dragged over the frontiers of the country, and condemned to death. In order to save the lives of these

men, and prevent this club-law murder, Pope Clement X., himself, begged in vain for mercy: their patriotic spirits must needs be given up under the reeking axe of their Hapsburg ruler, Prince Lopkovitz. Minister "Berne" was the executioner's most trusty colleague, and the chosen servant of despotism.

This odious and execrable system of perfidy was inaugurated by the execution of these patriotic leaders. The work of blood was accomplished at Wienerneustadt in 1671, when, after losing both hands, they fell by the axe of the headsman. Nádasdy's fourteen innocent and helpless children were deprived of their paternal name and extensive possessions, and banished from the land. Thousands, too, were loaded with chains; the reign of terror had commenced, and tyranny was reaping a fruitful harvest.

The Power of Love.

HOW great is the magic power of love, cannot so readily be discovered from the quiet and secluded lives of those who dwell in modest retirement, as from the public deeds of individuals who have acted a conspicuous part upon the great theatre of the world. We learn accordingly, from history, numberless examples of the wondrous achievements which love has wrought; how it has founded cities and empires, and again destroyed them; how, by its means, new territories have been discovered, and useful inventions brought to light, for the advantage of the human race; and finally, how it has promoted the development of the hidden powers of genius, which, without its aspiration, would have remained for ever dormant.

The history of the Magyars, rich in deeds of

valour, has likewise produced such examples of the wonderful effects of love; for it recounts to us the story of two persons of opposite political opinions—nay, who even took up arms against each other, but who at length, from open enemies, became the most sincere and affectionate friends.

Mary, who in the bloom of life became the mourning widow of Count Széchy, withdrew, together with her elder sister Anna, to the almost impregnable fortress of Murány, in order to offer resistance to the Hapsburg mercenaries, who had come to forge chains of slavery for the unhappy land of Hungary. The feeble but courageous hand of this noble woman seized at once the sword for the defence of her threatened fatherland.

Weselényi, the brave palatine of Hungary, encamped with a powerful host, in the name of the Emperor Leopold of Austria, before the rock-built and siege-defying walls of Murány, where Mary was tarrying. The force of arms offered him but little hope; for the thunder of the artillery and the awe-inspiring echo of the rocks did not much terrify the defenders of the fortress. They looked

out with derision upon Weselényi's efforts, which appeared to them like childish games. Weselényi's courage seemed at length to give way, and his warlike ardour to have abated; for night and day was present to his imagination the attractive image of Mary, in all its beauty and seductive charms. An old Magyar poet of those days gives expression to his feelings in the following strain—

Murany.

I.

When on Murány's battlements I gaze,
My heart's o'ershadow'd by a tender gloom;
For mem'ry then recalls those early days,
When, nurtured by its lady's smiles, did bloom
My budding hopes to love. Alas! to doom
Those lofty towers to dust I hither came,
And turn that fortress into one wide tomb
Of those who nobly fight in freedom's name,
And dare the wrath of kings, to guard their country's fame!

II.

But, see!—the form of her I love doth rise,
And with fond spells doth seek to stay my hand:—
Again she stands before my enraptured eyes,
As when of yore, amidst a hero-band

Of youthful knights, the noblest of the land,
I saw her tread the dance's maze:—I turn'd
From out that hall; and, as I grasp'd my brand,
My throbbing heart with warlike ardour burn'd,
And for undying fame and glory then I yearn'd.

III.

But now I come—my brow with laurels crown'd—
And stand before Murány's lofty walls,
To raze its proud towers, and, as captives bound,
To lead its brave defenders from the halls
Where now they strive to break their country's thralls:—
In chains to bind her whom in youth I loved,
If that before my power the fortress falls,
And I forget truth's holy cause, unmoved,
For that of kings, whose word hath ever treacherous proved.

IV.

Where comes this inward conflict of the heart?
—'Tis duty struggling with love's fatal power—
The war unequal; for with cunning art
Love breathes a name, whose music to this hour
Hath linger'd in my soul—fond mem'ry's dower—
And wakes the tenderest feelings yet with sadness;
For mischief-boding clouds above me lower:—
Love's triumph to my spirit brings no gladness;—
Forsworn duty points to blank despair and madness!

Suddenly Weselényi orders the cannons to cease, calls his servant, writes quickly a few lines, and gives them to the messenger for speedy delivery.

At the same hour Mary was sitting upon the high walls of her castle, plunged in silent grief, and exclaimed, with painful emotion, whilst the warm tears bedewed her roseate cheeks:—

"All-powerful God! what crime can the Magyar have committed against thee, that thy curse weighs unceasingly upon his fatherland? Thou broughtest him into this beautiful country, for which may thy name be blessed, albeit thou hast suffered it to be harassed by envious oppressors; and new enemies, nay, even former friends, rise up with violence to seize it as their own inheritance. Thou hast allowed the bloodthirsty Turk to devastate and overrun my unhappy native land, and to impose upon it the yoke of slavery. To what despair have not those barbarous Osmanlis driven the noblest spirits of our country? The loving spouse conceived with but little delight, and felt but little joy in rearing the dear offspring of her

body; suddenly the father, the husband, the support of the family, was hurried to prison, to the distant and desolate wastes of Turkey, in order to extirpate the race of its own people, and give up the country to the enemy. Wherefore it is that I have now put on a coat-of-mail, placed the warrior's helmet and waving plume upon my brow, and have girded on my side the sword of my ancestors, in order that I may lead on to war and victory the brave men who glow with inspiration and ardour for their freedom and their rights. Yet do thou, O proud warrior chief! desist from thy mighty wrath, and turn not thy rage for battle against thy country and thy kindred!

"But what injury," she added, with gentle voice, whilst she laid her trembling hand upon her throbbing breast—"what injury has Mary, a peaceful woman, ever done thee? Return thy keen-edged blade to its scabbard while it is yet time, and be no longer a willing servant of sanguinary despots—a dishonourable instrument of the treacherous and artful schemes of Hapsburg."

At this moment a stranger entered the apart-

ment of the lamenting, patient lady, and said, whilst he handed her a letter—"My lord-commander, the Palatine Weselényi, presents to you his most friendly greetings, noble lady, and sends you this letter from his camp with the observation, that you may safely confide to me whatever you may wish to say to him in answer."

Mary hastily opened the letter, and read:—

"To Szechy Mary, the High and Honourable Commander of Murany.

"Most noble and most excellent of women!

"Do not imagine that it is my purpose to send you a warlike and haughty challenge, to compare the forces at my command with your own formidable means of defence, or even to exaggerate its power so as to strike you with terror. You know full well that the courageous warrior scorns to use mere high-sounding words, and loves to evince by deeds what his hand can accomplish. Thy fame too, most noble lady, stands high in our esteem; and we know that, although thy tender sex is not called to the rugged profession of arms, yet that, from thy towering and beautiful fortress of Murány, thou lookest down upon my thundering artillery as the cloud-cleaving eagle regards the jaded hunter—with mockery and contempt. Moreover, from the battlements of thy fortress thou canst perceive the

magnitude and extent of my army encamped in this beautiful valley, where my fancy oft beholds thy charming form hovering around me. My soldiers are eager for an engagement, and are ready at all hazards to undertake the battle with me, to conquer or to die. But, alas! my hand is no longer nerved by the god of battles; a milder spirit, with the gentle fluttering of his wings, has wrested the weapon of destruction from my grasp.

"I speak plainly, Mary, and avoid the dazzling ornaments of speech; for I am an Hungarian—a soldier. Reject not my homage; but let the utterance of a plain yet faithful heart find an harmonious echo in thy gentle bosom.

"Remember the happy hours of former days, when thou wert the idol of my heart. Since then this love has almost driven me to despair, and it is now in thy magic power to recall that early vanished happiness, and make me the most enviable of men.

"Fate has mysteriously brought me into thy vicinity; destroy therefore this clue, and restore to me my former peace of mind—my once enjoyed felicity. Urgent duties, and love for my native land, destined me to lead an army against thy citadel, in order that I might destroy it, and carry thee off a prisoner—thou pearl of thy sex! I raised my hand, and, behold, the weapon dropped from the camp-tried soldier, and left me blushing and trembling like a boy.

"My project is now dissipated like a fleeting cloud,

and vanished like a dream-born vision; and my sword, which at first I drew by a war-inspired impulse, sank with a jingling murmur into its scabbard.

"But what is to be the result of this? Shall I bring upon myself the disgrace of cowardice as a warrior, or the still greater ignominy of faithlessness in my duties as the representative of my sovereign? Shall I obey the behests of my fated and fatal office, or offer my fealty to the sweetly infatuating god of love?

"Heavens! into what an inextricable labyrinth have I fallen—into what a terrible schism has my poor heart been driven!

"And is there then no Ariadnean thread by which I may hope to escape? Such a thread indeed there is, and it is from your dear hand, O Mary! that I could receive it.

"Yes! I will pronounce the magic word which at a single stroke could remove the heavy ban that weighs upon me; and with thee it rests, beloved one, to appease the raging tempest of my soul. Be mine, Mary—be mine for ever; and from a fair and warlike patriot become my bride—my loving spouse!

"I will not wean thy heart from the holy cause for which thou art glowing with noble enthusiasm—I will not even determine thee by the assurance that my sovereign, the Emperor, will grant us all the rights and privileges we might wish for, so soon as Rákóczy and his party shall have laid down their arms; but I

ask thee to bury in oblivion the political animosity which divides us, and only give ear to the gentle voice of thy heart. Be mine, Mary—be mine for ever!

"But, shouldest thou not be mistress of thy heart, means may easily be found; for to the unyielding will of love no obstacle is insurmountable.

"I submit to thee, dearest one, a single condition only, and it is this—the giving up of Murány. I know full well that this cannot so easily be accomplished; we must, therefore, appoint a personal interview in order to determine the necessary means together. I leave it to thee to fix the time and place. Thou mayest confide all to the old servant; he is faithful and devoted—a true son of the Magyar race.

"But hasten with thy resolution, most noble lady, for my soldiers and my duties urge me to the attack; yet can I not wage war against the soul of my existence. Were I not restrained by my duties, I would speedily grasp the proud banner that floats so gaily on the lofty battlements of Murány. But I cannot, and dare not! I am bound by the oath of my office, and therefore I say to thee once more—Be mine, Mary—be mine for ever; and from a fair and warlike patriot become a loving spouse.

"With faithful and friendly greetings, ever yours,

"WESELENYI."

When Mary had finished the letter she became violently agitated. She had risen from

her ottoman, and was pacing her chamber with long and hasty strides. Delightful visions of the past were suddenly presented with lively force and freshness to her imagination. The blooming form of the youthful Wesselényi stood dazzlingly before her eyes.—"Now that he is matured to manhood," she thought, "how noble must his mien and bearing be at present!"

Suddenly she stood still before the old servant, whose presence she had already forgotten; the strange form caused her to start back in terror, and with anger-glowing eyes she exclaimed—"Wretch, thou art a spy! thou comest to reconnoitre my fortress, and thou shalt heavily atone for it, as the usage of war directs. Yes, and the letter itself," she passionately continued, "is only a miserable artifice! He seeks to obtain my hand, because he wishes to gain possession of my fortress! And yet his words bear upon them the unmistakeable stamp of truth, and I know full well how Ferencz once loved me; no, he is too honourable to be guilty of such deceit. And even the old servant inspires me with greatest confi-

dence. My instinct tells me he means honourably, and it has never deceived me."

At these words she snatched a pen and wrote:—

"GENERAL!

"I am no longer the same person that I was, and my firm resolution has vanished. The Almighty hand seems visibly to wave between us; for, despite our outward separation, we have long been drawn together, as it were, by a secret magic power.

"Away, then, with every obstacle that could impede our union! Like daring adventurers, let us scale the steep rocks which may obstruct our path; let us break down all bars that would separate our loving hearts—away with them!

"As in the sultry summer days dark clouds are seen to alight upon mountain and valley, and the forked lightning and the crash of thunder go forth, till at length the wild rage of the storm becomes appeased, and the sun, smiling through the net-work of the broken clouds, sheds fresh lustre o'er the whole face of nature, whilst the rainbow flings its many-hued and magic bow across the hills and plains, so hovered the mischief-pregnant clouds of war over the towers of Murány, discharging the ireful storm upon my feeble trembling head, until the invigorating sun of love came forth, and chased away the gloom-laden tempest, which had surrounded me with all its terrors.

"How often have I ascended the turrets of my stronghold, and looked with tear-dimmed eyes towards thy dazzling camp! I wished to discover the loving Weselényi; but could only see the military chief who had come to destroy the habitation of a poor forsaken widow, and to bear her away a captive of war.

"This thought pained me deeply; for I already felt thy keen blade touching my breast, my young blood gushing forth in streams; and knowest thou whose image thy glittering sword would have wounded? Thine own, my beloved friend; for I guard thee in my bosom with the tenderest love that a woman's heart can cherish.

"The same painful thought was again oppressing me at the moment that I received thy ever dear letter. I pressed it to my burning lips, and covered it with warm kisses. Hastily I laid it down unread, for the strangest forebodings filled my anxious heart. At length I tremblingly opened it and read; my eyes were filled with tears—not with tears of pain, but tears of joy, of heaving delight.

"All the sweet visions of my early youth rose suddenly, with glittering splendour, before my mind, and I beheld thee, my dearest friend, kneeling at my feet, laying down thy sword, and waving above thy head the life-bestowing branch of peace. Then thou wert no longer Weselényi, the haughty warrior and unrelenting soldier-chief, but Weselényi, the hero-knight, the loving, the devoted.

"I must frankly confess to you, that for a moment a doubt had crossed my mind which was unworthy of thee as well as of myself: I thought, May not all this be only a deceitful stratagem; the words sound so sweetly and so frankly? But yet, has not many a man before now spoken in this manner, whilst in his heart was concealed the most insidious treachery?

"This suspicion, however, was of brief duration; for thy image, which rose up before my mind, bespoke so much truthfulness and candour, that all thy words seemed loyal and sincere, and a voice from within called to me to confide in a man who had come to conquer a fortress, and whose own vanquished heart only has been subdued.

"I will, therefore, no more remember that unhappy political and religious strife which has hitherto divided us; I will remove the armour from my breast, so that thy weary head may find a soft pillow when it rests upon my loving bosom.

"God be with you!

"SZECHY MARY."

When the letter was ended, she communicated to the faithful old servant the place and time for the interview which Weselényi had sought with so much earnestness and zeal. "Take this letter," she said, "and give it into his own hands. I hope you will bear in mind all I have told you."

"Certainly," said the old man, with a faltering voice, whilst he passed his hand across his brow.

The quick-witted Mary well knew that he comprehended this, and encouraged the old servant, who listened attentively, with these words:—

"I perceive that you do not mistrust the powers of your no longer youthful memory; yet it will be well if I repeat to you once more what I have already said, as I am unwilling to commit it to paper; for how easily might it not fall into hostile hands? You must therefore inform the noble Weselényi verbally, that it is not in my power to open the gates of the fortress directly, as my elder sister keeps the keys of it in her possession. Our interview must therefore be effected in another manner. On Saturday evening, a little before twilight, I shall leave the fortress attended by a female companion, under the pretext of taking a walk in the open air. I shall throw the armour into the clear and gently murmuring brook that flows at the foot of the hill, in order, as usual, to spend some time in my favourite occupation of coral-fishing. To the right of this brook is a

dense thicket, which at first appears almost inaccessible. Scarcely, however, is it entered when a frequented path is discovered, by which your master, the brave Weselényi, must take his way, in order to reach a grotto half-concealed by foliage, and which is generally shaded in complete obscurity. In this grotto I shall be found. Your general is courageous, and will certainly not fear to enter a place which has been trodden by the timid feet of a woman. We shall there be able to speak without witnesses, and there the jealous eyes of envy cannot reach us. Take also this bracelet, and give it to your general as a token of my love and attachment for him; this, however, is for yourself."

At these words the gracious lady-ruler of Murány handed to the trusty servant a purse well filled with gold; but the latter rejected the gift with a feeling of slight emotion. "No!" he exclaimed, "for such services I can accept no reward. I have grown grey in the service of my master, whom I nursed on my knees when a boy, and I accept nothing but what is necessary for the

sustenance of my body; yet," added the good man, with a little thoughtful hesitation, "I have one favour to ask of the illustrious ruler of Murány."

"Speak freely and confidently," replied Mary, encouraging with gentle accents the timid old man, who scarce ventured to look upon the noble and commanding form of the ruler of Murány.

"All I wish for in the evening of my life," he resumed, "is, that I should still continue in the service of my noble master, when he shall enjoy the happiness of leading home as his bride the most noble and most beautiful daughter of the Magyars."

"Your wish shall be satisfied," said Széchy Mary with a smile, and dismissed the grateful old man.

We forbear a description of Weselényi's delight on receiving Mary's letter, together with the joyful message which accompanied it. His heart could scarce contain the blissful raptures which he felt; for now he should reach the goal of all his endeavours—he should call Mary his own.

On the appointed day he betook himself to the grotto, described with the strictest accuracy by the old servant. In anticipation of the event, he proceeded thither an hour before the time appointed, and awaited, with anxious and ardent longing, the idol of his soul, the beloved of his heart: with throbbing heart the lover looked forward for the appearance of the darling vision. The hour had expired. Mary came not!

Where the fair sex are concerned, a few minutes delay may readily be conceived, and still more readily pardoned; but a quarter of an hour had already elapsed beyond the appointed time;—then a full half hour passed away. The troubled Weselényi listened with anxious breathing. It began to grow dusk, and darkness filled the grotto. At length, exhausted, he sat down and gently murmured—

Hark! methinks I hear yon wicket
On its hinges softly turning:—
No! 'tis but the night breeze mourning,
Sadly sighing through the thicket.

Bedeck thyself, thou green befoliaged bower,
To welcome to thy shade fair Beauty's queen;
Ye branches bow your heads in worship lower,
Till 'neath night's shade and yours my love's unseen;
And you, ye fresh'ning breezes, curb your power,
And lightly fan her soft cheek's rosy sheen.

Hush! what sounds come hither borne
Upon the air along?—
'Twas but the rustling of the leaves,
And the wild-bird's evening song.

Oh! dim thy bright torch, Day—spread forth, thou Night,
O'er earth's expanse thy deep and holy charm;—
Let nought that's ruder than the pale moonlight
Pierce through the shade, to cause my love alarm;
For love, all timid, flees the intruder's sight,
And stillness seeks, lest babbling tongues should harm:—
To solitude alone its vows confides,
And to the cherish'd one that in its heart abides.

Whence now those murmurs from afar,
Like whispering voices low?
'Twas the swanlings moved on the silver stream,
Whose waters softly flow.

A flood of harmony falls on mine ear;
The gushing fount with music murmurs spring;
The sleeping flowers all bend their heads more near
To earth, whence sorrow seems to have taken wing:
The drooping peach and vine, too, promise cheer—
Beneath the leaves I see their clusters cling;
The air is laden with a sweet perfume,
And dyes the warm cheek with a richer bloom.

Hear I not footsteps faint sounding,
Hastening along through the grove?
No! 'twas the ripe fruit abounding,
That fell from the branches above.

The orb of day grows dim upon the sight,
And seeks 'mid purple clouds its evening rest;
The wild-flowers turn their heads to drink the light,
Still glimmering faintly in the golden west;—
The moon unveils her beauties to the night,
Whilst earth appears in mighty shadows drest:
Fair nature's girdle's by the night unbound,
To lend enchantment to the scenes around.

What yonder shimmers?
'Tis the birch-tree, seen
As the pale moon glimmers
Like silken sheen.

Oh, yearning heart! beguile thyself no more
With mocking hopes or vision'd happiness;

The arms that fain would clasp her I adore
Are void:—nought now remain but bitterness.
Were she I love my longing eyes before,
Her soft hand's touch would banish my distress:
The rustling of her silken robes would wake
This hollow dream to life—this bower a heaven would make.

Scarcely had the love-bestricken warrior pronounced the last words, when he felt the pressure of a soft and gentle hand upon his shoulder, and a sweet voice added, with tender accents:

And soft, as from heaven's high arches,
To earth glide the hours of our bliss;
His ladye-love enter'd the bower,
And to life waked her knight with a kiss.

At these words Wesclényi trembled with blissful rapture, for it was Mary herself who had uttered them. He folded her in his arms, and impressed a burning kiss upon her rosy lips.

Weselényi.—"O happy hours! O Mary! am I not thine, soul and body, with all that is mine?—strength, abilities, wishes, all belong to thee. Know that this will have no decay upon earth;

and the faithful heart that I have given thee will be true till the grave shall divide us!"

Mary's bosom was overpowered by the sweetly painful sensation. Her faltering lips could not give utterance to words.

Weselényi.—"Heaven is our witness, and renders our bliss immortal!"

* * * * * *

The lovers conversed together long upon past and future days. "I impose, however, one condition," said Mary, smiling, at their separation, "on my possession and the surrender of the fortress. Seest thou yonder, where the rocks are steepest, and have the sharpest points? that is the part most difficult to besiege."

"Certainly," replied Weselényi, with a half-suppressed sigh; "I could relate much respecting that spot, for in the work of siege it has cost us the greatest number of human lives. I can scarcely believe that any one could succeed in scaling the fortress from this side."

Mary grew pale at these words, and betrayed thereby her inward emotion. A pause now suc-

ceeded, which appeared to give Weselényi surprise. At length he asked, whilst he kissed the starting tears from the face of his beloved—

"Thou seemest entirely to have forgotten the conditions, my sweet one."

"By no means," replied Mary, "but I abandon them."

"Not so!" exclaimed Weselényi with manly dignity. "Let me know the condition, and if it be, as I suspect, a test, a severe proof, I shall bear it the more willingly; for I am anxious, as becomes a man, that you should put my love to the trial. Let me therefore at once only understand the severe test which you wish to impose upon me."

"Which you *did* wish to impose, you must say, my beloved," interrupted Mary. "I wished to request that you should scale the fortress by night on that side which is most difficult to be gained."

Weselényi.—"I swear by God and my country it shall be done!" exclaimed the daring warrior. "To-morrow evening I will scale thy fortress, should even my life be the forfeit; you will then perceive what love can accomplish, what giant strength it

can impart. Only one favour I ask of thee, dearest Mary, which is to fasten a rope-ladder on the walls of the fortress itself, in order that I may be able to make the ascent when I have the steep rocks behind me."

At these words he embraced her for the last time, and said mournfully, "Oh! let my eyes say farewell, for my lips cannot do so. How hard, how very hard it is to bear! And yet I am a man; at this moment even the sweet pledge of love becomes sad, the kiss from thy lips cold, the pressure of thy dear hand feeble."

Mary.—"Well, good bye!—good bye!"

Weselényi.—"Oh, how terrible to us will be the hours which this separation——fare—farewell!"

It was a dark cold night, and the deepest silence reigned in Weselényi's camp. The keen north wind drove the dusky foliage of the trees, with a dismal hurl, against the faces of the sleep-worn soldiers, which to many of them seemed a fate-pregnant omen. Heavy rain-drops fell from time to time, and each wrapped his mantle closely around him, so as to protect himself against the

cold and wet. Even a large number of the sentinels heedlessly yielded to sleep; so that a hostile attack at this hour might have proved fatal.

One man, however, there was who appeared not to regard the weather, but strode with a firm step from the camp.

Who art thou, midnight wanderer, who restless rovest about, whilst mankind and the animal creation are carefully seeking repose, and what is thy dark purpose? Wherefore goest thou to climb these steep crags, whose jagged heights are almost inaccessible by day? Turn thee back, O man! who fool-hardily exposest thyself to deadly dangers, unless thou wilt seek thy doom.

He appears, however, to heed no warning voice, but still continues to advance. Behold! how nimbly he makes his way, clambering over the rugged rocks; one scarcely knows which most to admire in him, the dexterity of the chamois or the courage of the lion. Higher and higher he still ascends, now exploring the craggy peaks and now the thorny brambles. His hands are already torn and bleeding. Already has he received a wound

on the head. His broad-rimmed hat has been carried away by a furious gust of wind, and his left foot is dislocated. Yet all this does not appear to discourage this man, who, like a spirit of darkness, climbs the steepest rocks at the midnight hour.

The fury of the wind has become abated for a moment; but a violent rain-storm is pouring down from the heavens. For a moment the undaunted warrior is forced to stand still, that he may fetch breath. The rest which he allows himself is of brief duration; for he has again already grasped a pointed corner of the rock, in order to go on still higher. At this moment a shot struck the side of the fortress on which was the nocturnal clamberer; soon after followed a second and a third.

The brave chief started. "What can that mean?" he thought—"a signal of caution or a sign of joy, or perhaps betrayal? Never!" And higher and higher he still clambered, till at length he stood before a wall. For a few seconds he groped about in the dark; an exclamation of joy escaped him; he had found a rope-ladder. With lightning speed

he ascended it: yet it seemed as if all nature had conspired against him; for he was instantly surrounded by a flock of wild-screaming night-birds, which hovered about him like a thick cloud. He could now use only his right hand in ascending, for with the left he must keep the screaming night-birds at bay. His strength already began to give way. At length he had gained the summit of the wall, and sank down exhausted, uttering aloud the name of Mary.

Suddenly he felt himself seized by four men. He had brought with him no weapon of defence; but, full of confidence, had ventured upon the territory of his fair and dear enemy. He was, besides, too weak to offer resistance to such a superior and overwhelming force. He was straightway led blindfold into a tower. His hands were loaded with heavy manacles, and he was obliged to submit willingly to his enemies.

At length the bandage was removed from his eyes; the four men who had led him into the tower disappeared, and a man with grim aspect stood before him.

"Palatine Weselényi," said the strange comer with gruff voice, "the cunning stratagem of my noble lady-commander has well succeeded. You are now in our power, and nothing can save you but to take up our standard, and deliver your camp into the hands of our forces."

Weselényi grew pale. "Heaven preserve me from such a thought!" he passionately exclaimed. "Shall I betray my emperor, after having pledged to him the oath of fealty, and after he has given me his princely word that he would grant Hungary *all* the liberties and privileges which it requires, as soon as the rebel forces should lay down their arms? Shall I, the Palatine of Hungary, become a traitor? Never! Alas!" he added with a sigh, whilst a tear was reflected in his courage-glowing eye. "Alas! who would have suspected this of Mary?"

"Your complaints are unavailing," rejoined the former. "You have to choose: either you die or you betray your sovereign. An hour will be given you for consideration; this being over, your resolution must be taken. If you become ours, Széchy Mary

and Murány are your own; but if you remain obstinate, this poisoned dagger shall end your life."

At these words he caused a keen-pointed dagger to gleam before the warrior's eyes; he then gave a signal; the four men entered once more, and again bound the eyes of the bitterly deceived hero; whereupon the latter was left alone. Once more, however, the well-known voice exclaimed, "Death or Széchy Mary! An hour hence I return!"

An hour of painful suspense had elapsed: the doors opened, and again the fearful summons reached his ear:

"Palatine Weselényi, the hour has expired. Make known your resolution—death or treachery!"

"Death! death!" exclaimed the heroic chief, with pale, quivering lips.

"You speak these words with faltering voice," said the former harshly; "you are excited—your resolution is not yet fixed."

"My resolution is already fixed," replied the Palatine in a firm tone, "I choose death! If however

my voice falters, and that I appear excited, think not it proceeds from faint-heartedness or a wavering disposition; but from bitter grief that the woman whom I loved above all the world—the woman for whom I undertook the most perilous adventure—the woman into whose power I resigned myself with entire confidence—that Mary should have deceived me!"

"Then receive thy reward, thou proud and self-willed warrior!" exclaimed the hoarse voice.

Weselényi concluded that his last hour had come; he clasped his hands together as if in prayer, and, raising them towards heaven, exclaimed attestingly, "Mary, I forgive thee!"

At this moment the bandage fell from his eyes, and Széchy Mary, the commander of Murány, arrayed in dazzling nuptial robes, stood before his astonished gaze.

"Yes, receive thy reward, thou brave and trusty warrior!" exclaimed the noble lady with a modest blush. "Thou hast proved thyself true of heart; with a hero's spirit hast thou borne the severe test imposed upon thee. I will now be thine for ever!"

The lovers embraced each other in silence, and shed tears of the tenderest emotion.

* * * * *

The same night Murány was surrendered to the imperialists. Its crafty and ingenious ruler had caused the chief in command under her, together with the sentinels on duty, to be thrown into a state of perfect intoxication, so that Weselényi, with the aid of a few of his troops, could easily take the garrison by surprise, after he had received the keys of the fortress from Mary. This occurred on the 14th of June, in the year 1645.

Some months later, Weselényi had an opportunity of being convinced that his confidence in the imperial promise of his sovereign of Hapsburg was bitterly deceived; for scarcely had Rákóczy's forces been separated, when the Emperor Leopold began to oppress the Hungarians more than ever.

Weselényi himself now embraced the popular cause; but, alas! he was soon snatched away from the patriots; for, after he had for a few months tasted the sweetest happiness beside his beloved

bride, he fell by the murderous hand of a Hapsburg assassin.

As soon as Murány had fallen into the hands of Leopold, and when he had gained possession of all the papers and records which had been there preserved by the executed patriots (which documents discovered all their secret proceedings), Generals Ambringen and Koppy were invested with plenary powers of life and death (Henker's Vollmacht) for the performance of a terrible and bloody drama.

A sanguinary tribunal was accordingly set up at Presburg in the year 1674. Upwards of 300 persons, chiefly Protestants, were here condemned, some to death, others to chains. Ministers of religion were stretched upon the rack, impaled, and roasted by slow fires. This mild and paternal form of government of a king whose predecessors themselves had secured freedom by the aid of religion, was suffered under God's mercy to last for three years.

By deeds of such enormity the streams of popular indignation and wrath had swollen to such an extent, that the people were summoned to rise in self-defence; but this only served to increase the sacrifice, by adding to it the heads of those in whose bosoms any feelings of liberty still remained.

After so many had fallen victims to this organized system of terrorism, the Counts Tököly, Teleky, Kendefy, Szalay, and others, were exasperated by the bleeding wounds of their country, and were roused to activity. They accordingly addressed themselves to the Porte and to Lewis XIV., King of France, from both of whom they received material support, and took up arms in the year 1678.

The coin issued after this bore upon one side the inscription, "Ludwig XIV., Rex Galliæ," and on the other, "Protector et Patrona Hungariæ." On the side of the Turks, Caram Mustafa hastened with 250,000 men to the assistance of Tököly. The Prince Waiwoda Appaffy also summoned the entire nation to arms.

Proclamation.

THE ambition of the governors and officers of the king, combined with their insatiable avarice and their fearful deeds of cruelty, has already arrived at such a pitch, that all persons possessed of wealth are represented as suspicious characters, obnoxious to the king, and dangerous to the public safety, and are stripped of their property under the most flimsy pretexts. Their lands are sequestrated and confiscated, in order thereby, either that the indolent and dissolute may satisfy their craving appetites, or that the chancellor of state may enrich himself. A faithful and righteous appeal to the laws has been in contemplation for some time. When traitors were richly rewarded, it was called magnanimity; when the property of others was distributed amongst the bastards of the country, it

was called generosity. In short, all matters, whether civil or divine, were centred in the hands of the Germans; but in the country itself reign only poverty and slavery, combined with the most wretched and ignominious state of affairs.

The zeal of honest endeavours was crushed by the outrages of exquisite tyranny, and by the overthrow of all human and divine laws. My ancestors, Gabriel Bethlen and George Rákóczy, of glorious memory, were moved to crush the evil in its birth, and to shake off an unrighteous power, which weighed like a heavy burden upon the suffering nation, and to confine within legal bounds a haughty and riotous government, bent on the entire destruction of religion and of freedom, and the devastation of a most flourishing kingdom, to the damage and prejudice of all Christendom.

Omitting the past, I will only endeavour to unravel the intricacies and difficulties of the present, in order that the whole world may know and may understand, that the Hungarians have been unjustly and violently trodden down by tyranny; and that, despite the sanctioned and oath-confirmed

law of their country, they have been robbed of their freedom, and have therefore with perfect justice taken up arms in defence of their rights.

And may Heaven grant that the arms that we have seized for the protection of our liberties, and for the establishment of a better order of things, may be crowned with victory! For it is more noble and more honourable to achieve deeds of glory and renown for the cause of freedom, than, under the infatuation of credulity and discord, to bow beneath the yoke of a degrading tyranny.

I, who have a common origin with this nation, and who, like it, have sprung from the blood of the Huns, declare that I stand up in the name of the Almighty Founder of nations and of empires, in order to defend our civil and religious liberties, to stem the tide of injustice which has set in upon my people, and to repel the iniquities which have been practised upon them, without any justifiable pretext.

The question here at issue is not a matter of private or of personal import, nor a dispute concerning the Catholic religion, which is wholly

established upon the same privileges as that of the Protestant faith; it is a struggle for our lives, our homes, our honour—for the fame of an entire nation. We strive for that freedom which every good, upright, and noble-minded man can only forfeit with his life.

May Jehovah, the just and Almighty God, from his throne on high, send down victory to every righteous and lawful undertaking! May He be the guide of our purposes and of our actions, as well as our commander; for He will fling the lightning of concord amongst the spirits of the disunited; He will give power to the strong, and inspire the feeble with courage, and will cause every enterprise to tend to the glory of His own name; He will again restore our annihilated liberties, will give to every oppressed and suffering nation peace and repose, and to every individual happiness and property. Amen.

APPAFFY.

Leopold now learned the danger which threatened his camp, and, as a crafty ruler and

tyrant, summoned the diet, in the year 1681, to Ödenburg, where he pledged himself by oath to remove all grievances. Meanwhile, he collected together all his forces. Prince Appaffy was forged anew into a traitor, and in 1687 pledged his fealty to the Emperor at Vienna, and died in 1690. Tököly was also now disposed to conclude a peace; for, since Buda was wrested from the Turks by Prince Charles of Lorrain, they were completely routed at Mohács. Caram Mustafa Pasha, who had lost the battle, to the prejudice of the Magyars, was condemned to death by the Porte. Francis II., the son of Francis Rákóczy I., was pardoned, and given over to be educated into the hands of the Jesuits, who strove to extinguish the patriotic fire that glowed for his fatherland in the bosom of the noble youth. Thus the country soon fell once more into the hands of Leopold, who, taking advantage of the occasion, called a diet at Presburg on the 17th October 1687, in order, under these favourable circumstances, to secure the throne of Hungary to the heirs-male of the House of Hapsburg.

Prince Draskovich, one of the judges of the land, protested against the illegal summons of Leopold, but he was speedily brought to silence by the overbearing language of the king: "What!" he exclaimed, "are you the only individual who refuses to recognize my son and his successors as the hereditary Kings of Hungary?"

No obstacle now stood in the way of Leopold's project, and the following decree was drawn up and promulgated at the point of the bayonet in the *corpus juris*:—

"Wherefore, in future, none but the successors of our exalted Imperial and Royal Majesty, to wit, the eldest male heir, shall be regarded as Ruler and King of Hungary. He will be invested with his royal dignity whilst he promises to accept the aforesaid articles, and when he swears to observe the same in the same manner as heretofore has been done by his ancestors. He shall thereupon be crowned at the diet holden within the kingdom of Hungary."

After Leopold had thus secured the crown by such unworthy means as the heirloom of his family, he ruled the country with the ferocity of a

Caligula or a Nero. The desperate resolution was soon taken at Vienna, of beating down every opposition by means of a continued system of cruelty and terror. Unhappy Hungary was overrun by informers; and Caraffa was chosen as executioner-in-chief to the Hapsburg sovereign on the 9th of May, 1688. He called himself the Attila—"The scourge of the Magyars." Eperies was the locality chosen for carrying into effect the contemplated sanguinary drama. The Jesuits, Peritzhoff and Callio, together with the lynx-eyed and meretricious pander of Caraffa, Elizabeth Ujhelyi, "tábori Erzsébet," formerly a servant in the most distinguished families of the place, served as false accusers. Foreign judges and soldiers were appointed, whose stringent orders were to condemn to death and execute, under the direction of Christopher Göczy Windisgrätz, their president.

The work of death was speedily commenced at Eperies with terrible and blighting energy. Scaffolds were erected around the spot, and the executioner's hirelings in readiness. The wives, children,

sisters, and friends of the condemned hastened with lightning speed to Vienna, exclaiming murder as they went at such fearful and unheard of proceedings. Meanwhile Caraffa had received his commands under the sign-manual of Leopold, and every thing was already determined. His directions went on to say, "*However, let Caraffa pay no attention whatever to any recommendations, letters of pardon, or countermands; but let him solely and exclusively persevere, without pause and without mercy, for the attainment of the great object which is already well known to him.*" He was a faithful servant of Hapsburg ferocity; and accordingly, with bitter zeal, he sent to the scaffold all those who were the adherents of Protestantism or of constitutional freedom. Keczer and Zimmerman, two Protestant bishops, were the first victims. After undergoing three days' torture on the rack, their hands were cut off, after which they were quartered, and the four parts of their bodies hung up at the corners of different streets.

The persecution was thus carried on with increased severity; so that many were impaled

who would merely have been hanged had the other form not been permitted. Even the dead bodies of the victims were not suffered to be removed for burial by their friends; but, during the dead of the night, the sons of many of those whose bodies hung from those infamous gibbets, stealthily carried off the bodies for interment; and the fatal nails, from which they had been suspended, were treasured up as precious family relics.

Young men, who had fought with lion-like courage under the banners of Tököly, and who were looked upon as individuals dangerous to tyranny, were brought to the rack by means of purchased accusers of evil repute, and were dragged at the heels of horses, and afterwards quartered! The names of the unhappy victims would be far too numerous for recital here: let it suffice to say, that they died as martyrs—having suffered for the cause of civil and religious liberty.

We may mention here, however, a few of the names of those who were inscribed upon Caraffa's lists—the Palatine Count Eszterházy, Prince Lewis of Baden, and Markgraf Herman of Baden,

the Chief Justice Count . . . ., Prince Drascovich, Count Erdödy, Ban of the Croats, Count Czobor, and other persons of distinction, who, however, did not fall beneath the tyrant's axe; for it was now too late, as the arms of the Turks again threatened the Hapsburgs.

Meanwhile the persecution of the Protestants was wholly conducted by General Volkra and a band of Jesuits, who pursued their work with energy.

This fearful system of terrorism, which debases the common human nature, and for the moment almost causes the faith in a higher state of existence to waver, continued for a year and a half, and secured to the House of Hapsburg the succession to the throne, which Leopold called the "Great Goal" in his note to Caraffa, where the Machiavellian and hypocritical policy of that House so clearly appears.

The enormities of the Italian adventurer, Caraffa, were extolled at Vienna and Madrid, and were meritoriously rewarded. His bloodstained breast was bedecked with the order of the Golden Fleece,

a decoration which is only required by distinctions gained in the ranks of Hapsburg tyranny. A faithful account of the massacre of Eperies is given by Hamel Bruynink, then ambassador from Holland at the court of Vienna, as well as by Professor Récsel and others; and in the church archives at Tarczal are preserved many sad memorials of that time.

Meanwhile, the youthful scion of the elder Rákóczy had grown up to manhood, and had espoused Amalia, the daughter of the Landgraf of Hess. Hungary was bitterly exasperated by the atrocious deeds perpetrated by tyranny. Prince Francis Rákóczy II. attached himself with ardour to the popular cause, and was elected Prince of Transylvania; for the people of both countries well knew the patriotism of his family. When Leopold saw himself threatened, and when also the project of the prince was betrayed by his confidential friend Longueval, a Frenchman, Leopold caused Rákóczy to be secretly made a prisoner in his castle at Sáros, and to be carried to Wienerneustadt. He escaped, however, from his

dungeon in the year 1701, through the agency of his prison attendant, Lehman, who was rewarded by the Princess Amalia, wife of Rákóczy, with £3000. Lehman, however, was betrayed and executed; but the princess paid over the promised sum to his family. Rákóczy hereupon fled to Poland, joined himself with the Porte and with Lewis XIV of France, and entered Hungary at the head of an armed force, at the same time that the French were commencing the Spanish war of succession.

Revenge.

THE Magyar is no less brave and daring than he is faithful; who can deny it? He despises death, and with lion-like courage rushes into the fight, and presents his breast to the fire of his enemy. When summoned to defend his liberties, his homestead, or his country from the hands of despots, who daringly threaten to desecrate or to overthrow the hallowed monuments of his forefathers, then his affectionate spouse begirds him with the sword of his ancestors, imprints a kiss upon his brow, cheers him on to the combat, and bestows another kiss as a farewell pledge of love. But, if he returns not with a hero's laurels, then do no tears of her fidelity and affection bedew his grave.

Faithful and true of heart are the women of

Hungary! Like a pure unspotted lily in the lonely vale blooms the fair Magyar, and wo to the rude hand that would dare to touch her roughly. Whilst her husband or her lover, abroad on the blood-sodden plains of battle, is playing with the dice of death, she sits at home spinning in her solitary chamber, or ascends to the loftiest point of the castle turret, and looks forth into the distance to see if her chosen one is yet returning home.

We will here attempt to describe the fidelity of a Magyar lady of bygone days.

At the time that Prince Francis Rákóczy placed himself at the head of the Hungarian patriots, in order to deliver his native land from the tyranny of the Hapsburg race, there was a Frenchman named Longueval, an officer in the Imperial service, who was one of the conspirators. Longueval was young, handsome, and witty, well skilled in all active exercises and knightly arts, the most versatile in all the pleasures of society. But few women could resist the lightning-glance of his dark blue eye, or the fascinating persuasiveness of

his conversation. The charm of his attractive manner, however, was lost upon the steely heart of a Magyar lady.

During his frequent visits to the prince's castle at Munkács, Longueval had often seen Rákóczy's wife, Amalia. He, the ready-witted, ardent, and ever-successful Frenchman, who had been accustomed to play with the hearts of women, now felt, for the first time, the full force of love. But what could his beauty, his wit, and his persuasive eloquence avail against the spouse-loving wife of a Magyar?

It was a delightful summer evening. The sun had sunk down behind the distant violet-coloured peaks of the Tatra mountains. All nature seemed hushed in soft repose, and nought was heard save the murmur of the evening breeze, and the mysterious rustling of the leaves amidst the forest which surrounded Munkács. Rákóczy had gone with several friends to Transylvania, in order there to hasten forward the organization of the conspirators, and to make preparations for a speedy insurrection. In a large and airy saloon of the castle sat the

princess Amalia, and looked out from the richly decorated windows upon the slumbering face of nature. Her rich golden hair fell in waving tresses upon her neck, whilst it shaded her fair brow and rosy-tinted countenance. A tender yet mournful sadness was depicted on her countenance, and from time to time a tear glistened in her beautiful eye.

She wept over the fate of her native land, which was now oppressed by the Austrians more severely than ever. She seemed to gaze unconsciously into the open air, till her attention was at length aroused by the loud and rapid footfalls of a horse advancing at full speed. Her eyes wandered along the avenue which led to the castle, until she descried a horseman. Within a few moments he had reached the court-yard, and soon after he entered the saloon itself.

It was Longueval. He sat down beside the princess, and spoke of the sad condition of Hungary. The words flowed as if by inspiration from his lips, and the praises which he bestowed upon the Magyars, and the execrations which he heaped

upon the Hapsburg race, found a ready echo in the heart of the Hungarian lady. She approved of his views, and her words fell in unison with his own. Glowing with enthusiasm she sprang up, and with a sudden ebullition of feeling, and with a tender glance, she held out to him her hand.

Longueval misinterpreted this act of friendship and gracious courtesy. He fell upon his knee, seized her hand, and covered it with ardent kisses. The princess, confused and terrified by this unexpected behaviour, had not the strength to withdraw her hand, and could not even find words for the moment to disabuse him of his error.

Rendered still bolder by her silence, Longueval spoke to her of the love which he felt, and which for a long time had consumed him. He besought her to fly with him to a more peaceful and happier land, where, remote from war and strife, they might live together for love alone.

It was only now that the princess found speech and strength. With a fierce and withering glance she snatched her hand from his grasp, and recoiled a few steps.

"Traitor!" she exclaimed with a shrill voice of indignation, "begone quickly from my sight, or you shall learn to know the anger of a Hungarian woman! You have offered insult to your friend, your companion in arms, your benefactor; you have insulted my husband in my person; heap not more infamy upon your head, and do not brave the command of a woman who despises you!"

With shame and humiliation the Frenchman withdrew, but revenge was burning fiercely within his breast. He was resolved to satisfy it, even though the utter destruction of an entire nation should be the result.

The princess could not summon resolution, on the return of her husband, to relate to him the whole affair, but she warned him against the treachery and faithlessness of Longueval. Rákóczy, however, and his other fellow-conspirators, placed such entire confidence in him, and found his aid so indispensable for the execution of their plans, that Longueval was now, as before, initiated into all the secrets of the conspiracy.

Rákóczy had entered into concert with the

French king, Lewis XIV., and had received from him a promise of military support and pecuniary aid. Accordingly, in the spring of the year 1701, Longueval was sent to Paris with letters from Rákóczy, which were to be delivered into the king's own hands. In these letters reference was made to the promised supplies, and a list of the conspirators was set forth at length.

Now was the opportunity at hand which Longueval had so ardently coveted for the gratification of his revenge. He reached Vienna, gained access to the Emperor Leopold, and gave up to him the letters intended for the French king. Within a few days the chiefs of the conspiracy were seized and imprisoned. Rákóczy hereupon fled into Poland, where he made immediate preparations to take up arms, in order to save the immured patriots from their impending doom, and returned accordingly without delay from Poland back to Hungary.

As soon as Rákóczy, at the head of those Magyars who were already in Poland, and of the others who had fled thither, together with some

brave Poles, had re-entered Hungary, and by the unanimous wishes of both kingdoms had been elected to the dignity of national chief, he issued the following manifesto, which caused his Imperial opponent to tremble:—

Manifesto.

TO ALL KINGS AND REPUBLICS OF CHRISTENDOM, AND TO ALL THE RANKS AND ORDERS, OF WHATSOEVER GRADE, HONOUR, DIGNITY, OFFICE, OR PRIVILEGE THE SAME MAY BE.

WE, FRANCIS, BY THE GRACE OF GOD PRINCE RÁKÓCZY OF FELSÖ-VADÁSZ, COUNT OF SÁROS, DUKE OF MUNKÁTS AND MAKOVZA, HEREDITARY LORD OF SAROS-PATAK, TOKAY, REGÉCZ, ECSED, SOMLYÓ, LEDNICZE, SERED, ONOD, &c. &c.

For a Perpetual Remembrance.

BEAR WITNESS! the deep wounds of the ancient and renowned people of Hungary are again opened, and bleed afresh. Numberless means have been tried, mind and courage have been exhausted, in order to heal the deadly ulcers which were eating into the heart of the country, and to restore the violated liberties of this glorious kingdom. The disease was scarcely abated,

scarcely diminished, when it broke out with renewed intensity, under the fatal and disastrous rule of the House of Austria, and attacked the roots and branches of our national polity—of our existence as a state. And now the still remaining sound portion of our system is threatened with death.

For this there is left us no other remedy but the sword!!

The world and public opinion are astounded at seeing the kingdom of Hungary thus again beset by perils and troubles.

They are astonished that this nation, which for so many centuries has shown forth and reflected so many deeds of valour, of success, and renown, and which knows full well how to enjoy the sweets of repose, should once more have become prostrate under the lamentable vicissitudes of human events.

Superficial observers, shortsighted judges, and slavish gossip-mongers, accuse the Hungarian people of disloyalty to their king; they accuse them of an irresistible inclination to create disturbances and insurrections — It is false!

Hearken to our extorted complaints—hearken ye, who think yourselves called upon to be judges of exasperated discord—hearken to the cries of pain which we justly utter; and with upright minds, and with friendly sympathy, listen, in the midst of your foregone conclusions, or of your passion-swayed prejudices, and learn the heaven-appealing motives which compel us to seize the sword as our last resort!

Centuries have passed away since first the Austrian foreigners sought to obtain unlimited rule and arbitrary dominion over this kingdom—since first, with their accustomed cunning, they took advantage of the fickleness of the nobles, and used every fraud for the overthrow of our ancient and time-honoured institutions. Let us, however, cast a steady glance at the past. From the beginning to the end we perceive the continuous thread of their obstinate, no less than hostile, machinations of the Austrians, against our nationality, against our native liberties—our ancient rights—our most precious inheritance. What was it formerly that caused the race of Bathory to take

up arms against the House of Austria? What else but a desire to free our country from a foreign yoke, to uphold our ancient liberties, and to seek retributive vengeance, that moved the famous Bethlen? For what purpose did Botakay grasp the sword? By what motives were our beloved ancestors, the Rákóczys, prompted to wave aloft the banner of freedom? What causes impelled the renowned Tököly to gird on his sword? The world knows it, and cries aloud to Heaven for revenge!

No artifice can put to silence the just complaints of this kingdom, no colouring can alter their complexion. The chief, the perpetual cause of so many commotions, has been the constant endeavour to undermine our native laws and constitution. Whilst the Austrians perceived the all-powerful effect of the sleep-lulling protestations of their beguiling and delusive marks of favour, the flood of their ambition for power was rising slowly and noiselessly; but it continued to rise daily and hourly. Having gained the summit of their wishes by measured and secure steps, they cast

off all disguise and all shame; they broke into the sanctuary of the constitution, destroyed the ancient royal decrees, and flung them with scoffing haughtiness under the nation's feet. Whatever happened to please them they regarded as allowable, considered their arbitrary will as the only and the permanent law, and did not even reckon it worth their trouble to conceal the snares wherewith they wrought our destruction.

Wo! wo! was the unhappy fate which at the same time caused many of the most ancient and most powerful races of this realm to fall into the pit. The plundering foreigners seized their lands and possessions, deprived the natives of their offices and dignities, subjected us to foreign laws, and imposed upon us insupportable taxes and imposts. *The free election of our kings*, that precious jewel of our rights which we had possessed for centuries, was changed into hereditary bondage by an unexampled system of terrorism known as "the massacre of Eperies." The Golden Bull of Andrew the Hierosolymite, the summary of all those privileges which have existed for so long a period,

is annulled; but especially the right is taken away *of offering armed resistance* to the king himself, in case he should violate the laws or the constitution.

That freedom of election and this right of armed resistance must needs first be set aside. All remaining laws and ordinances were confirmed anew by oaths. Notwithstanding which, however, this inroad appeared to have only opened an entrance for the purpose of shamelessly and incessantly imposing new hardships and new burdens—nay, for committing the grossest enormities; so that all laws, without distinction, were arbitrarily ignored, or trampled under foot. It is of this that we complain; against this it is that we still cry out; and we do so without vindictiveness, ill-will, or ambition. How bitterly painful for this people, the true children of Mars, who, through rivers of blood and of gold, and by deeds of the most dazzling heroism, have become the bulwark and barrier of Christendom, to be deprived of warlike honours, and, to the insult of the ancient military renown of the Magyar race, to be placed under

the command of foreigners; so that scarcely a single fortress, however small, scarcely a single old castle, is confided to the custody of a Magyar, in direct opposition to the express laws; namely, to the royal decrees of 1658, Article i., Constitution iv., to Articles x. and xi. of 1608; as well as to Article xxxviii. of 1659. There we saw ourselves robbed of every opportunity of advancement and distinction; we now see the Magyar patriots banished as it were within their own land, and considered as under a foreign and hateful yoke. Sighs and tears they leave us, but these alone they will allow.

All is disorder within the kingdom, every thing is subverted, confusion and discord reign throughout. The Austrian state-counsellor at Vienna has had the temerity to deal by violent means with Hungarian concerns. He administers our affairs according to his humour, and to the injurious and misbecoming exclusion of the legal co-operation of the states of the empire. They act for us without our sanction, and pass decrees without consulting us, as though they ignored our exist-

ence, as was lately done at the peace of Carlowitz, despite the numerous and explicit laws of 1658, Audit. iii. Art. iv. 1681, Lib. 1655, and xiv. of 1689; who, in fact, is ignorant of the boundless depredations of the Exchequer?

The lamentations of the widow and the wailing of the orphans ascend to the skies, and call down the vengeance of Heaven upon our inhuman oppressors. The hair stands on end at the bare mention of that tyrannical extension of a presumptive right of conquest. A general circular to all the shires of the kingdom has again revived this monstrosity, which, conformably with the principles of law and justice, could never have existed for a single moment. This revolting mode of amassing wealth under the most artful pretexts, and with the most unblushing misrepresentation, nay, even with the open violation of the king's promise, has destroyed all right and all property. It has robbed the legitimate possessors of a large portion of the Hungarian territory, and bestowed it as a booty upon foreigners; and has turned the most meritorious sons of our native land adrift, in opposition

to Article 26 of Andrew II., 10 Decret. of 5 King Wladislaus; and Article 31 of the year 1599.

Can any thing more mortifying and unjust be conceived to irretrievably alienate the hearts and minds of the Magyar nation from the Austrians? For centuries, through periods of war and peace, property has been held uninterruptedly and without molestation; but now you are deprived of your possessions upon no other ground than that of an assumed right of conquest, and under the pretext of deliverance from the Turkish yoke, which deliverance is only the strict duty of the king, to which he was pledged in his inaugural oath. And this plunder is carried on under a Christian monarch. Is this the reward of so many and such great exertions? a plunder inalienable upon legitimate grounds, inaccessible to the most doleful entreaties; and all orders and classes of the Hungarian nation, spiritual as well as temporal, stripped of their possessions, and already prejudged and condemned without appeal, contrary to all justice and to the law of nations! Who can think otherwise of this than as a deep-laid scheme for extirpating by

degrees, and finally annihilating, the entire nobility of the land? Was it for this that arbitrary taxes were imposed upon those who thought to save some remains of the so-called newly-conquered land?

Every where special commissions and special tribunals are established for the overthrowal of our ancient laws and free institutions, despite the special and express provisions of Art. 12 of 1603, 14 of 1618, 24 of 1638, and 41 of 1649. Despite of these, and of Art. 41 of 1636, and of Condit. 5, Art. 1 of 1659, the natives were summoned out of the kingdom, to appear personally before entirely foreign tribunals, in order to give evidence which entailed upon them exorbitant and almost ruinous expenses. The Exchequer Chamber, notwithstanding the stringent prohibition contained in Art. 36 of 1681, became at once the accuser and the judge; the Hungarians were compelled to make the most prejudicial exchange of property, and were handed over as a prey to the arbitrary will of the all-powerful Fiscus or Court Advocate; their native tribunals and their natural judges

superseded, and their offices filled by swarming hordes of German immigrants and strangers. Every where throughout the land was heard the revolt-exciting cry, "Away, away with you, ye old lords of the soil!" The nation of the Jaszygen and Cumanem, capable of self-defence, and furnished with the most splendid privileges of its kings, now sighs under the unaccustomed rule of a German order of knighthood, sorrowfully awaiting the trumpet-sound of their deliverance. The ancient Hungarian Exchequer has been wholly deprived of its functions by the Imperial Exchequer Chamber at Vienna; whilst the 18th Art. of 1622, the 146th of 1647, and the 13th of 1681, presupposed only a reciprocal mode of action between both these offices, which manifestly excluded a subordination of the former to the authority of the latter.

But what more shall I say? The Exchequer Chamber reproaches the great and holy Nature, the handmaid of the Almighty, with the most niggardly avarice. The inexhaustible bounty of Heaven bestowed upon this God-favoured king-

dom, amongst other innumerable gifts, extensive salt-mines; but the blessing bestowed by Providence is hampered and set aside by the oppression and lust for gain of men; so that the poor peasant is compelled to eat his daily bread unsalted, and even the very breed of cattle suffer essentially from this abnegation.

The dissipation of the crown lands, so strongly forbidden under penalty by Art. 2 Decret. 7 of King Wladislaus, may be passed over in silence; but so much the greater is the right of complaint at the disproportionate increase of all custom duties, of the thirtieth of the harvests, and of the leasing-out of the monopolies; and, above all, of the insupportable military impositions. What countless grievances, what numberless grounds of just complaint!

After the Vienna ministry had assumed to themselves the most unlimited power, they forthwith levied an impost of several millions upon the kingdom, contrary to the first principles of a free state, of an established constitution, and contrary to Art. 2 of the 3rd Decret. of King Matthias,

as well as to the one of the 5th Decret. of King Wladislaus: a terrible death-blow to this our beloved, hallowed, and heaven-favoured native land, whose ancient greatness and glory will speedly be reduced to a shadow or a vain phantom. It is only with feelings of the greatest sadness, mingled with indignation, that we can speak of our unhappy people, who, after having exhausted all means of deliverance and of self-preservation, fell at length into the strangest alienations of despair. Some sought death at their own hands, others sold themselves and their children as slaves to the Turks, and exposed their wives to the brutal rapacity of the German soldiery. To a free and high-minded people, a barbarous servitude is a thousandfold more bitter than death. They now unanimously wish once more for a return of the days of Osmanlian supremacy. It has been proved from authentic sources, that the sums exacted by the Austrians in a single year, amounted to as much as was paid for half a century as tribute to the Turks! This insatiable rapacity of the Austrians did not cease nor subside

until it had seized equally upon all the estates of the kingdom, nobility and clergy, people and free cities. How often, heretofore, has it not been announced through royal proclamation, that the current year should be the last in which these extraordinary imposts would be levied? But pretexts have never been wanting for increasing, rather than removing them. A new exaction, under the name of Advices, was every where levied; every where military executions were taking place; on all sides were seen dungeons and blood-stained scaffolds; from every corner of the kingdom were heard groans and sighs, loud and continuous. It became evident that this free and powerful nation must bend its neck under the yoke of a perpetual bondage. The regular courts of justice, which, by virtue of the coronation oath and of the laws of the kingdom, were held every year, were either abolished, or no longer held their sittings within the usual space of time, but disappeared by degrees for half a century, like the so-called Octavalia, and proved thereby a heavy grievance,—whence the seed of an unhappy harvest of disorder,

affliction, and oppression. The laws were evaded and profaned; a sea of legal proceedings inundated the land; the right of might was in the ascendant; haughty insolence rampant; the plunder and spoliation of the widows and the oppression of the orphans carried on with impunity; the natives deprived of their hereditary rights, and delivered up to a foreign court of justice; the administration of the laws in like manner proscribed; in a word, a violent revolution affected every thing.

Who is it that knows not of the crafty snares and spirit of falsehood which were so active in persecuting and overthrowing the religion of the country? This, in fact, is the old underhand mode of proceeding of the Austrians, implacably to persecute a religion tolerated by the imperial and the native laws; and in doing so to give the death blow to the constitution and to freedom. Who is there in whose memory the "Last Day of Bohemia"—that tragedy of terrorism and of blood—is not still fresh?

They have laboured to divide every powerful stream into small rivulets. And thus also, through

the variety of interests, but especially under the cloak of religion, the tares of dissension and of discord have been sown amongst the nobles, and amongst the different orders and classes of the community. The divided strength of the nation was thus exhausted and consumed, and the entire kingdom fell into a state of debility and chronic disorder. In proof of this we may point to several bishopries, whose prelates were wholly ignorant of our language, in direct opposition to Article 37 of 1681. The richest benefices have been bestowed upon foreigners, whose sole care was to increase their already immoderate revenues, wholly unconcerned for their flocks, and careful of every thing rather than the enlightenment and the spiritual and moral welfare of the Hungarian nation. The laws of the kingdom, subservient to the arbitrary will of Austria, are nugatory, and the golden freedom of our former diets now wears the livery of the Vienna privy council. Where is now any hope for our social and political fabric, when the very foundations of the edifice are undermined? If you wish for evidence of this ever-invading

tyranny, you need but look for a moment at the efforts which are made to postpone, to obstruct, to suppress the assemblies of the states, and the public meetings and deliberations of the provinces. Hence that insatiable thirst for venturing upon still greater outrages, and for prescribing to all the will of a single individual as their law. Nothing remained untried for securing to Austria this jewel of absolute sway. In the place of the diets, dictators were forced upon the nation, who, commanding according to their own good-will, converted this free kingdom into a despotism.

But to what purpose shall I add more words? Truly the Austrians have given proofs enough of their unrighteous projects for our destruction. Four years have scarcely elapsed since our nobles were unlawfully summoned beyond the frontiers of the kingdom, in order to advise with them the entire overthrow of the constitution; a permanent impost levied; a putative diet assembled; the lesser nobles fallen to decay, to the prejudice of the peasant class; the privileges of the upper ranks curtailed. Whilst the constitution grants

to all nobles the same rights, the same inalienable freedom, to none more, to none less, the Hungarian processes at law were modelled upon the Austrian fashion, and our independence shattered to its very foundations. Such is the sanctity, such the inviolability, of the coronation oath! Was it to convert this free elective kingdom into an absolute monarchy that the terrible *massacre of Eperies* was brought about? And now the widows and orphans of our martyred patriots are left to weep in anguish for the death-throes of their murdered husbands and fathers! The heads of all the principal leaders must needs have fallen, and now the blood of the murdered innocent calls aloud, like the blood of Abel, for expiation and vengeance. But as yet Hapsburg atrocity has by no means accomplished its ends; it is not yet satiated with so much blood. Our own head, together with those of eighty-two of the principal men of the kingdom, were numbered for doom upon the executioner's list. The heir of free and independent princes, and a prince ourself, we lived in the quiet retirement of private life upon the Hun-

garian soil, bestowing the tribute of our silent and solitary tears over the ruin and decay of our native land; our good conscience being our shield, and therefore without a thought of danger. Yet the Hapsburg project for extirpating the princes of the Hungarian nation was already too well matured; and so, contrary to all usage, and contrary to Art. 34 of 1613, we were attacked unprepared, and suspecting no evil, and without regard to our rank or person, taken prisoner, and flung into a filthy dungeon. We can only think with aversion of so much and such great calamity having befallen an innocent man, which occurrences we call God to attest, and which we are ready to prove to the whole world. They accuse us of treason, they hire false witnesses, they promise rich rewards to the companions of our dungeon to give evidence against us, and even for our signature! Contrary to the express letter of our endless number of laws, they deprive us of the legal tribunal, and appoint in its stead an Austrian commission extraordinary.

What stroke of policy or of power remained

still untried after such an invasion of our native liberties—after such a token of implacable hatred? What more remained but to take from us our life itself. But the almighty and eternal God, who snatched Daniel from the den of hungry lions —the same everlasting Father—has also liberated us from that prison-infamy and outrage, and has brought us into a safe port. Thus, then, they failed in obtaining against the absent, by means of their slanderous and malicious accusations, and by means of proceedings the most outrageous and irregular, a vindictive sentence of judgment. At the end of this sentence the revolting principle is expressly laid down, that an Austrian prince is in nowise bound to grant us ordinary justice.

What!—the Hapsburg bloodhounds thus superior to justice and above the law? All our native institutions proclaim loudly the contrary—no less than the coronation oath, Art. 41 of 1536, Art. 6 of 1687, Tit. v. p. 2. oper. decr. tripartit. No king has the right of placing a Magyar noble before any other than his own customary and legal tribunals. In another section of the sentence did

they not blush to say, that the Imperial Fiscus should conduct the prosecution against us? Our heads will bow freely to the laws of our country—and even our last missive to the Emperor requests that strict justice might be done us, according to equitable forms. Yet what shield or protection can the laws afford against the implacable fury of a malicious and evil-minded prince? Art. 6 of 1687 expressly declares, that in case any Regnicola should in future commit any notorious crime or offence, the proceedings against him must and shall always be initiated and carried out according to the laws of the country. But forgetful even of this latest and dear-bought promise, of the kingly oath, and of so many royal letters-patent, we were subjected to foreign laws and to a foreign court of justice. What indeed could prove our innocence more conclusively than that our fellow-prisoners, who were accused as our accomplices, were acquitted and declared innocent, and have been restored to freedom and to their native land? To the narrowest understanding it must have been clear, that it was impossible for one person to engage in

so extensive an enterprise as that of arming an entire party, and of inciting by himself this great kingdom to a war of freedom. But, when enkindled, hatred guides all, what then becomes of justice? But the huge ship of Austria sailed along far too rapidly with the sails of ambition; for the vengeance of Heaven will swallow up in the wave the riotous crew who batten upon our misfortunes. Divine Providence has not destined this glorious land of the Magyars, this heaven-endowed home of freedom, to become the prey of Hapsburg rapacity. No! that Providence which has rescued us from the abyss of destruction with such wonderful goodness—which has secured us from an unmerited and sanguinary doom—has also, through the noble aid of Christian princes, led us back into the heart of the kingdom; it has chosen us as the leader in a war of defence, the most righteous that has ever been undertaken.

It stands recorded in the book of nature itself, the noble Magyar will never suffer outrage or insult! To the freeborn son of a freeborn mother, a martyr's death is less bitter than slavery. Let,

then, the watchword of Hungary resound throughout the whole Christian world! Let the Christian world balance in the scales of justice, on the one side the jewel of our lawful freedom, and on the other the traps and snares of the House of Hapsburg. And may the whole Christian world take our holy cause to heart! May it devote its pious wishes—its fervent prayers—for the noble enterprise of a nation which is violated in all that it holds most sacred!

Upon ourselves alone can we absolutely depend. Could we. should we, dare we depend upon those who have broken as many oaths as they have taken? Joyfully resolved, we devote, we bestow, we hallow our property and our blood, to its last drop, to the long and ardently wished for deliverance of Hungary from the iron and unrelenting yoke of the House of Hapsburg! Fatherland! The name embraces all that is highest and dearest upon earth.

We declare, with a pure conscience, in the presence of God, of his angels and saints—we declare, in the sight of the assembled Christian world, that whilst we seize the shield and gird on

the sword, our heart is free from all interested views of personal aggrandizement, advantage, or ambition. The almighty God is our trust, our anchor, and our safe harbour. The hosts of heaven will fight on our side! Nor will Heaven impute to our already sufficiently punished nation, the faults and the weakness which universally cling to our human nature. With our eyes fixed upon the throne of the eternal, we will steer our slender bark through the wild breakers of evil that may surround us—sheltered by an all-seeing and benignant Providence. Heaven will guide us into the safe harbour of our ancient good fortune; it will bless our endeavours, and will reward them with the splendid triumphs of restoring once more our ancient laws, and of establishing an enduring peace.

Given at our princely camp of the duchy of Munkács, the seventh day of the month of June, in the year 1703.

RAKOCZY.

The effect of this manifesto was universal. The people rose one by one to fight for the down-

trodden political and religious liberty of the land. England, France, Holland, and Belgium sent envoys to Rákóczy, in order to ascertain his claims and intentions. The Turks sent a large army, and in a short time the whole of Hungary, Transylvania, and all the fortresses, were in Rákóczy's hands.

The preceding proclamation is the tragical history of Hungary under the House of Hapsburg, which shows the adopted principles of that dynasty, in the destruction of Hungary's freedom.

The Heroine.

THE castles of the Magyars are built upon mountains; for the eagle avoids the misty hills, and seeks the serene and sunlit mountain tops.

Accordingly Munkács, the first settled abode of the Magyar ancestors of Arpád, is situated upon a mountain, and its strong walls look proudly down upon the wanderer who travels that way.

At the time of Rákóczy, a woman held dominion at Munkács, whose name is written in the book of Hungarian history in letters of gold; Zrinyi Illona, the grand-daughter of the defender Sziget, widow of Prince Francis Rákóczy I., and now the wife of Count Emerick Tökölyi.

The storm was fast approaching from all sides. One day an old woman came to Munkács, and

informed the courageous Illona of the dangers which threatened her stronghold. "Oh! pray come," she exclaimed, with sobs and tears; "come away with me, and abandon this dangerous place. Close by are the frontiers of Poland, where lies Lindowski's well-defended residence; there you will find a safe place of refuge; there no threatening sword hangs over your head. Hasten then, most noble lady, hasten from this doomed spot, which sooner or later must bring misfortune upon us."

"From whom have you received these ill tidings, my good old woman?" asked Illona, rendered somewhat mistrustful by the impetuosity of this messenger of evil.

"Not far from the fortress," replied the old dame, "I was tending my sheep as usual upon the rich pastures of the mountain side, when two Polish gentlemen, who spoke our language, came up and told me that, within a few days, your fortress would be attacked and destroyed, and that the dreadful fate of captivity awaited yourself."

At these words Illona called to her huntsman, Michael, and ordered him to arm himself securely, and, at the same time, to bring arms for herself, as she felt desirous of taking a walk outside the castle walls.

"Forbear, for Heaven's sake, most noble princess!" exclaimed the old woman with vehemence. "Your being seen armed, and accompanied by an armed attendant, might create a false impression, and many dangers might arise from it. The persons who have brought the intelligence which I have imparted to you, might be startled at such a proceeding, and so take flight."

"Why," replied Illona, smiling somewhat derisively, "we certainly live in times of war. Besides, I must candidly tell you, that I cannot quite believe you. Although your words sound so agreeably, and seem to bespeak solicitude and affection, I am involuntarily reminded of that Jewish woman, who once brought my brave husband certain intelligence in this manner, which would undoubtedly have cost him his life had he given it belief."

"Then permit me, gracious lady," returned the old shepherdess, "to go back to the two strangers, and acquaint them with this."

"Very good," rejoined Illona; "do so, and I will follow you myself."

The woman disappeared, and Illona assumed her hunting-dress, which became her so extremely, that one might have believed he saw in her Juno-like form a camp-tried heroine of the times of Greece and Rome. Michael was also ready, and produced the arms, as desired, for the inspection of his noble mistress.

"Let us go," said Illona, after she had carefully examined the arms exhibited by her attendant, and again returned them to his care. "Let us go quickly. We must outstrip this old woman, for in all her words I see only deceit; you must therefore keep a watchful eye upon every movement of these strangers, as it is not impossible they may have laid some trap for us."

The two strangers soon appeared, for they had missed the way which the old woman had taken, and did not meet her again.

"You are Poles, I presume?" asked Illona abruptly.

"Yes, madam, we are."

"Have you not seen an old shepherdess upon this mountain?"

"Yes, noble lady!"

"And whither lies your way?"

"We are going to the castle of Munkács."

Illona soon recognised in one of them a former friend, who was a Polish count, and whose name was Lindowski. His companion, however, was a total stranger to her.

"I think I read your inmost thoughts in the clear depths of your eyes, most noble lady," whispered Lindowski to the fair commander of Munkács; "I see you have recognised me, and my heart trembles for joy that it is so."

As soon as the two acquaintances had exchanged friendly greetings, Illona asked, somewhat sharply—

"Then you are both the bearers of the evil-boding intelligence which has been communicated to me by the old shepherd-woman?"

"Certainly," replied Lindowski, with a sorrowful accent; "but, as we approached your fortress, we no longer hoped that we should be able to find free admission thereto."

"Let us leave that subject for the present, Lindowski," interrupted Illona, as though she wished to avoid the topic; "and let us rejoice that we have met so fortunately and so accidentally."

At these words they entered the castle.

The evening drew near with all its attractions, and with all the pensive charms and loveliness so peculiar to it in the regions of romance. When supper was ended, they all retired to their chambers to seek the enjoyments of repose. Sleep forsook the eyes of Illona only, and restless she wandered in the cool breezes of the summer night—the pale moonbeams her only witness.

Plunged in deep thought, she stepped upon the balcony in front of the apartment where slept the Polish count, and for some moments continued to pace it backwards and forwards.

The ardent Lindowski had meanwhile tasted no deep repose; his senses were but slightly dimmed

by the veil of slumber. The image of his charming hostess fluttered before his half-closed eyes, and when he heard the rustling of her silken robes he hastily dressed himself, and rushed to the balcony to join the lonely lady-dreamer.

"For Heaven's sake," cried the terrified Illona, "return to your chamber at once; the castle sentinel is near at hand—he might easily perceive us, and my blameless reputation might suffer by your thoughtlessness."

"Oh, noble lady!" exclaimed the Count in faltering accents—"I have long struggled with the feelings of my heart, which glows with an ardent love for you. I could not resist the impulse of seeing you—of speaking to you; and, if you will grant me no higher favour, yet give me at least some token from your dear hand, that I may for ever have a lively remembrance of these happy hours. That may perhaps contribute in some measure to appease the wild storm that rages in my breast."

Illona extended to him her trembling hand, and said with a gentle voice, "Leave me now, dear

Count, and betake yourself to rest; show that you are a man, and that you can govern your own heart."

"Never, charming lady!—I am indeed a soldier, and have conquered many; but my love for you is more powerful than I am. I will not, I cannot leave you."

"Pray let me beg you to be gone, dear Count! and still your violent emotions. If it can afford you any satisfaction to be assured of my good-will and friendship, then I say—but no! I will say nothing, noble Lindowski, but only beg of you to act as becomes a man, and leave me quickly."

A crystal tear glistened in the eye of the beautiful woman. Lindowski was moved, and went away as quickly as he had come.

When he awoke in the morning, his fellow traveller, whom he had met upon his journey, and with whom he was otherwise unacquainted, was already gone; and accordingly he rose in haste, wrote a letter to Illona, in which he disclosed to her his whole sentiments, and immediately afterwards departed, at an early hour of the morning.

Illona surmised that the Count's companion was a dangerous spy, and was strengthened in this suspicion by the garrison of the fortress; she therefore caused him to be told to take his departure quickly.

Lindowski had received intelligence of this, and returned without delay to excuse himself to the justly incensed Countess; he protested by God, by his faith and his honour, whilst he fell on his knees before the noble lady, that he had never before seen his companion, and had no connection or relationship whatever with him.

On the following day Illona left the castle in female attire, under which, however, with prudent foresight, she concealed a sharp weapon. She was attended by several men likewise well armed, who guarded her on all sides, and thus, with high courage and daring, she bent her course through the mountains.

Suddenly, on the slope of a hill, she met the unknown stranger who had lately enjoyed the hospitality of her castle. He approached her with many bows and inclinations, but appeared

to look cautiously around him for a side-path by which he might escape. The brave mistress of Munkács had meanwhile drawn forth her weapon, and called to the embarrassed stranger with a loud voice: "Stand, traitor! move not from the spot, and give me speech!"

At this summons her armed attendants, whom she had preceded a short way, hastened forward, whereupon the stranger attempted to save himself by flight. Michael's sure weapon, however, speedily overtook him. The report of the discharged piece resounded loud and threateningly throughout the mountains; the dying man uttered a violent exclamation of pain, and Illona gazed upon him with an anxious and fearful shudder. Her companions, too, surrounded the expiring stranger, and uncovered their heads, according to the custom of their country.

With loud cries and lamentations the old shepherdess, who had sought to drive Illona to despair by her evil tidings, rushed forward to the spot. At this moment also appeared, from the opposite side, the Polish Count Lindowski, who

from a distance had perceived this terrible incident. The old woman tried to approach him in a friendly manner, but he seized his sword angrily, and drove it through her heart, when she sank to the ground with a death groan.

Michael carefully examined the pockets of the dying woman, and, to the amazement of all, found a document, which contained the promise that the old woman should receive a reward of fifty ducats when she delivered the mistress of Munkács into the hands of her Hapsburg enemies. Instead of a signature the writing was marked with a red cross. Thus was the impending danger averted from the head of the noble Hungarian heroine.

Meanwhile, the Polish Count became severely indisposed from the effects of a violent cold which he had caught during one of his usual and somewhat protracted evening rambles, and was confined to his bed. The freedom-slaying hordes of Hapsburg were now hastening forward to undertake once more the storming of Munkács. Lindowski summoned all his strength, returned to Poland, and within a few days had assembled

nearly 800 men. With these he assailed the besiegers by night, but was repulsed. On the following morning, when Illona received intelligence of this defeat, she prepared a well-armed force, led them out of the fortress herself, and, by her sudden appearance, caused such terror to the Austrian troops that they speedily took flight.

Illona directed that all the Poles who had fallen in the engagement should be buried with due military honours, and to the wounded she gave a safe asylum in her fortress, where they received the most careful attention.

In vain, however, was he sought who had rushed into the fight like a lion—he who so often had exposed his life in the defence of Munkács and its fair mistress. Lindowski could nowhere be found. His horse—wounded and smarting with pain—had rushed away from the scene with its rider, who could not curb the infuriated animal. The wounded war-steed continued his course, until he lost all strength, and sank down exhausted in a forest. The unhappy Lindowski, who was also

severely injured, could not proceed any further, and found himself in such a forlorn and helpless condition, that even thoughts of self-destruction came into his mind. Overcome with pain and fatigue, he dragged himself under a tree, where he lay for some moments in speechless agony; and then, uttering aloud the name of Illona, plunged his sword into his breast. Fortunately, however, it had become so blunted in the late engagement, that it did not penetrate deeply: the unhappy Lindowski had therefore only increased his pain, without putting an end to his suffering existence.

He now believed himself entirely forgotten by his own party,—but unjustly so; for, after the battle was over, and he was found to be absent, several of them set out in search of him. In vain they sought him amongst the dead—nor was he amongst the number of the wounded; and that he had been taken as a prisoner of war was improbable. Illona, too, appeared to be anxious for the discovery of the brave leader. She accordingly ordered her men at once to proceed in search of the noble Count. Eager to obey her commands,

they divided themselves into two parties, the Magyars took the right, and the Poles the left, but their labours remained fruitless for a long time. At length it seemed to one of the Polish soldiers as if he heard plaintive moans, from time to time, in the soft elegiac accents of his native tongue. He communicated with his companions: they listened attentively for some moments, when, behold! the cries of pain and distress were repeated more frequently. The little band speedily moved forward in the direction from which the sounds appeared to proceed, and soon discovered, to their great joy, the deeply-wounded but still surviving warrior. In a few minutes a litter was prepared of green branches, upon which the sufferer was borne to Munkács. Illona grew pale when she beheld the wan and deathlike features of Lindowski. She gave up to him the bed-chamber in her castle, and tended him herself with the most affectionate solicitude. Under these tender cares Lindowski began visibly to recover; but the more his health became restored, the more uneasy did his mind appear to become. Illona had divined, with that instinctive

perception so peculiar to woman, what was passing in the thoughts of the unhappy Count; she therefore avoided every occasion which could have given him the opportunity of expressing his ardent feelings towards her. She always approached him with kindly and sincere regard, but with a dignified reserve which seemed to forbid any attempt at familiarity.

Illona, however, with much skill, took advantage of the tender disposition of Lindowski, to inspire him afresh for the struggle.

Scarcely was he so far restored as to be able to leave his couch, when he appeared in Illona's presence, and said: "I now find that life has become to me a torment and a burden which I cannot bear, for I have realized the certainty that you will never return the deep affection which I bear you."

Illona cast her eyes upon the ground, and was silent.

"There now remains but one course for me," resumed the Pole.

"And what may that be?" asked Illona.

"To seek death for the freedom of your country," replied the count, after a brief pause.

Illona cast a joyful glance at the speaker, and her cheek became suffused with a blush.

"Then I may well deem myself happy," she said, "since I know at least that I have been loved by a noble and a brave man!"

"But is there left no hope for me?" exclaimed the Pole, falling on his knees before her.

"None!" returned Illona, and held out her snowy hand to take her leave.

He seized it with rapture, and pressed it to his lips.

"Farewell!" he said—"farewell for ever! I go hence to fall in the cause of your native land!"

A few moments after, the sound of horses' hoofs were heard in the court-yard of the castle. Illona looked from her window: it was Lindowski, who was departing for the field of battle.

Once more he waved his sword as a farewell signal; once more she returned his salute with a motion of her hand—and he was gone: they had seen each other for the last time.

Five days afterwards, the news reached Munkács that Lindowski had fallen in an engagement with the Austrians.

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But the season of danger for Munkács was not yet over. The Austrian general, Caraffa, advanced with 3000 men and several pieces of artillery, in order to compel the heroine of the fortress to surrender. But how greatly was he deceived! Had its defender been a Sclave, or a German, or a Franconian, she would have hearkened to the summons of the powerful general. But in the tender bosom of Zrinyi Illona was the heart of a Magyar; in her veins flowed the blood of Hungarian heroes; and a scornful sneer of defiance was her answer to the threats of the imperial general.

Enraged at the haughty daring of a woman, Caraffa gave the word of command to attack. Hark! what a fearful scene! The plains are enveloped in smoke and vapour;—the trumpet

sounds; the drums beat; the cannons thunder, and send forth their deadly missiles against the fortress. On the hills above stands the castle, proud and unbending; from the pinnacle of its tower waves gaily the Hungarian tricolor.

In the midst of her soldiers stands Illona. From beneath her helmet of steel issue the tresses of her dark hair, and through her visor appear the lightning darts from her eyes; a light coat-of-mail enshrouds her beautiful form and limbs, and her arm wields a pure Damascus blade.

The Austrian besiegers advance to the work of storm. The foremost ranks bear heavy scaling-ladders, which they place against the walls, whilst those in the rear endeavour to climb the ramparts. With their shields they guard their heads, and commence the ascent; but in vain. They are repulsed by the sinewy arms of the Hungarians, and hurled headlong into the abyss beneath; sword cuts fall thick as hail upon the heads of the storming party; ladders are flung to the ground, bearing with them in their fall the besieging assailants.

In another hour the combat is over.

The Austrians take flight and seek refuge in their camp. Caraffa rides despairingly through the ranks of his fugitive soldiers. Begrimed and torn lies the tawny standard of Austria in the blood-sodden castle moat; but the tricolor flag of Hungary still waves proudly in the wind from the brave pinnacle of the fortress tower.

Thrice was the attack repeated, and thrice were the Austrians put to rout by the swords of the Magyars.

After the lapse of fourteen days the Imperialists departed. Caraffa clearly saw that he could not take the fortress by storm, so long as the will of its defender remained firm as the rock on which it was built.

The rising of Prince Rákóczy against the insidious schemes of the House of Hapsburg, which, contrary to the coronation oath, were openly prosecuted in order to effect the complete overthrow

of Hungarian liberty, was earnestly desired by the oppressed people, and was regarded by them as a just and necessary measure, and the cause itself a sacred one. The struggle for the national freedom was not the first, and was by no means to be the last, as we have already seen, and as we shall yet learn.

However, for that time, the rights and liberties of the land were secured. The European powers, Holland, Belgium, England, and France, came forward as mediators. The part which they took in the affairs of Hungary is recorded in the annals of history; and the Magyar nation thanks the noble and brave men who are now reposing deep in the bosom of the earth, for the generous conduct which they manifested on that occasion.

We may learn from the diplomatic records of the time, how influential was then the government of England, and how much the great statesmen who in those days directed public affairs, had at heart the destiny and the freedom of our nation. From the following document the course then adopted by England may be perceived.

Serenissimæ Reginæ Annæ Angliæ, pro Domino Georgio Stepney elargitæ, dieque 24 Aprilis 1706. Tyrnaviæ præsentatæ Plenipotentiales.

Anna, Dei gratia, Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Regina, fidei Defensor, &c. &c. Omnibus et singulis quorum interest, aut quomodo libet interesse poterit, salutem! Cum propter amicitiam quam cum Cæsarea majestate sua sinceram et constantem colimus, et propter studiosissimum nostrum erga Regnum Hungariæ ejusque incolas affectum, necnon propter perpetuum nostrum pacis et tranquillitatis amorem, non sine gravi quodam dolore intellexerimus motus et exacerbationes quibus Regnum Hungariæ, fortissimum et celebre illud nominis Christiani propugnaculum, ab aliquo retro tempore agitatum fuit, indequo bellum exortum esse, unde res ibidem multum turbatæ et affectæ, majores etiam calamitates adducturæ widentur, si non quantocius periculosissimi illi motus æqua ac justa ratione sedentur; cumque C. sua majestas justis et æquis et Inclytæ Hungariæ gentis desideriis satisfacere, grawamina tollere, rerumque regni administrationem in bonum ordinem secundum jura Regni redigere se paratam ostendat: itaque pro singulari nostra amicitia erga Cæsaream suam majestatem, et pro affectu nostro propensissimo, ut Regni Hungariæ et incolarum ejus quietem et felicitatem prosequimur, officii nostri esse duximus, pacifica mente operam, mediationem, et studium nostrum, tam C. suæ majestati quam commotis Hungariæ Statibus, Ordinibus et Regnicolis, iisque qui

primarium inter illos locum obtinent, offerre ad componenda dissidia, ac impetrandam a C. majestate æquam et legibus convenientem satisfactionem in iis quibus contra leges gravati esse deprehendentur; ut sic benedicente numine Divino, mediantibus officiis nostris, firma pax, stabilisque quies et felicitas Regno Hungariæ reddi queat. Hoc autem cum fieri non possit, nisi aliquem constituamus qui præsens partes nostras hac in causa suscipiat; propterea confisæ fidei et industriæ ablegati nostri extraordinarii, et plenipotentiarii nobilis, fidelis, et a nobis dilecti Georgii Stepney, Armigeri nostri, in collegio comerii et Indiarum consiliarii, eidem dedimus mandata nostra, et potestatem omnimodam, mediatricia officia nostra, tam apud Cæsaream majestatem quam apud commotos Hungaros interponendi, ad componendas æqua ac justa ratione præsentes in eodem Regno turbas, et omnem operam adhibendi ad restituendam pristinam tranquillitatem et concordiam. Itaque rogamus Cæsaream suam majestatem, ne officia nostra hac in causa admittere dedignetur: petimus etiam a Regni Hungariæ Proceribus, Statibus, Ordinibus, aliisque omnibus ad quos hæc res spectat, ut mediatrici interpositioni nostræ, pacificisque consiliis unice Regni bonum spectantibus, aurem præbeant, et fidem habeant dicto nostro Ablegato et Plenipotentiario Domino Georgio Stepney, in omnibus quæ nostro nomine hac in causa dicturus vel acturus est: Spondentes, et bona fide promittentes, nos non solum rata, grata, et accepta habituras omnia quæ

ante nominatus Ablegatus noster Plenipotentiarius, wigore præsentium pergerit, et concluserit; sed etiam omni allaboraturas conatu, ut peracta, et conclusa, tam per suam majestatem C. æ R., eiusdemque successores Regni Hungariæ, quam per antefati Regni Hungariæ Status et Ordines, et pariter eorum successores, in omne ævum firma ac inviolata permaneant. In quorum fidem literas hasce manu nostra Regia signatas, magno nostro Angliæ sigillo muniri curavimus. Dabantur in Palatio nostro St. Jacobi, 27 die mensis Decembris, anno 1705, Regni nostri 4to, Sub magno Sigillo Angliæ appendente.

The following letter was privately addressed to the national leader—Prince Rákóczy:—

"PRINCE!—We have received accurate information, through our envoy at the Congress of Tyrnau, respecting the affairs and condition of the Kingdom of Hungary. We have at all times taken an interest in the fate of that country, and have heard with deep regret the intelligence of the sanguinary war which is now raging over the Hungarian territory.

"PRINCE!—We know the just and equitable claims which you make to the principality of Transylvania, but are also aware of the numerous deserts which the House of Hapsburg has acquired for itself in promoting the welfare of Hungary. We can therefore cause no other answer to be given to your request for the medi-

ation of England, than that it is our most sincere wish to see peace again very speedily restored in Hungary. To this end we have directed our envoy at Tyrnau and Vienna to endeavour to move the Austrian Court to the recognition of the Hungarian Constitution, and to induce it to restore to the family of Rákóczy the rights and dignities of the principality of Transylvania, as well as the previous hereditary possessions.

"We could do no more. By acting thus, we have neither violated the ancient liberties of Hungary, nor the dignity of the Austrian throne. "ANNE."

In the midst of the disorders created by the wickedness and inhuman excesses of Leopold, which tended to the annihilation of the Hungarian constitution, he was snatched away by death in the year 1705. The execrations of the people of Hungary and of the *murdered* dead accompanied him to his grave.

Leopold had reigned forty-eight years, and this period was devoted to the destruction of Hungarian freedom. He scorned no means, however base, for the attainment of his unworthy ends; and during his time, perjury, murder, and crime of every description had reached their highest

development; so much so, that the faith of the people began to waver in the existence of a supreme and righteous Judge in heaven.

Joseph I.

LEOPOLD was succeeded by his son Joseph, who, in order to secure to himself the crown, was more disposed to enter into a peace, through the intervention of the European Courts, than his bloodthirsty predecessor had been, as he clearly perceived that he could not uphold the despotic system which his father had established; and, according to the Száthmár treaty of peace, all religious denominations existing in Hungary were allowed the free exercise of their faith; but under the deceitful cloak of which treaty the subversion of the Hungarian constitution was contemplated. Amnesties, as well as the restoration of their possessions, were granted to Rákóczy, and to all those who had taken part in the war of self-defence against the revolutionary and absolute tyrant.

Two Hungarian court councillors were given to

the King, who, watching over the laws, were to prevent every transgression of the same.

At length it was resolved that Hungary should, for the future, be governed according to popular or republican principles; and thus an end was put, for the present, to innocent bloodshed. Hapsburg, however, did not fail to follow up its views upon Hungary with watchful eyes.

Although it was Rákóczy himself who had summoned this diet, yet he was unwilling to enter into any transactions with the Hapsburgs; the rather so, as he knew that the proposals for a peace were nothing else than mere empty and deceitful words, as usual with that party, and which would only be used as a cloak, under which the country might be the more securely ensnared. He accordingly took no part in any proceeding, but went into voluntary exile; and Count Károlyi concluded the peace of Száthmár on the 30th of August, 1711.

The long-suffering people now hoped at length, after so much bloodshed and affliction, to see rising upon the unclouded horizon of their country

a new sun, under whose beams all traces of devastation might disappear from the rich and beautiful plains of Hungary. But in this hope they were destined erelong to be disappointed. Upon the blood-sodden soil of his native land there remained no more joys for Rákóczy; and, in seeking a voluntary exile, he was accompanied by those patriots who would not accept the curse-laden pardons of Hapsburg. Amongst these were Baron Weselényi, Count Eszterházy, Vocy, Forgách, Csáky, and others.

Rákóczy lived for some time at Paris, after which he travelled through the civilized countries of Europe, and at length settled down at Rodoszlo, near Constantinople, where he died on the 8th of April, 1735. This great man, whose name will never be forgotten in the history of Hungary, carried with him to the grave the dearest hopes of his country. His remains were interred at Constantinople, where a simple monument of white marble to this day marks his last resting-place. To the present time his name is sacred in the memory and affections of the Hungarian people.

Charles III.

Succeeded to the throne of Hungary on the 29th August, in the year 1711, after the death of Joseph his brother, in the same year.

At the outset of his reign he exerted all his powers to lull, by deceitful machinations, the warlike spirit of the Magyars, and to wrest from the hands of the nobles those arms with which they had so often defended the rights of their country. He accordingly endeavoured to suppress the annual military exercises in which the young nobles prepared themselves for the field of battle; and, under the pretext of relieving the nobility of a heavy burden during the time of war, imposed upon the people the military duty which had previously been the exclusive right of the nobles. He thus believed that he had secured his arbitrary rule against insurrection or revolt.

Although Charles had no male successor, yet he had already betimes devised means for securing to his house the crown of Hungary. With this view he called together a family council at Vienna

in the year 1713, in which the resolution was taken that the Austrian territories should never be divided amongst several princes. The right of succession was always to continue in the eldest heir-male, and in default of such to pass over *to the female heirs also;* namely, to the daughters of Charles in the first instance, then to Joseph's daughters, and finally to the daughters of Leopold, and to their heirs.

As Charles aimed at extending these projects of succession to Hungary also, he deemed it expedient to win over the Magyars by favourable laws. Accordingly, in order to prepare the people upon this subject, he summoned a diet at which the sacred and inviolable rights of Hungary were confirmed, and the Leopoldine compact was strengthened; it was moreover determined, that in case Charles should die without male successors, the Magyars should be bound to elect a king for themselves.

Whilst Charles had already ruled the country for a period of eleven years, to the tolerable satisfaction of the people, a daughter was born to him,

subsequently well known as Mary Theresa. In order that the succession should also be extended to Hungary for the interest of the Austrian dominions, he assembled a diet at Presburg in the year 1722, which was one of the most prolific in cabals and intrigues that has ever existed since the House of Hapsburg obtained a footing in Hungary.

Charles appeared at Presburg with a very significant military force, in order to be able, if necessary, to enforce by violence the acceptance of his demands. He accordingly demanded that, in default of a male heir, the right of succession should pass over to the female heirs also.

The surprised and unprepared Hungarians saw themselves compelled to yield to this proposal, under the sole condition that the future King, who must necessarily be a Roman Catholic, should, be bound at his coronation to sanction by oath the constitutional rights of the country.

Pragmatica Sanctio.

Fideles Status, et Ordines Inclyti Regni Hungariæ, et Partium ei annexarum peroptime recordantur,

qualiter dictante articulo 2 Anni 1687, ob magna Divi olim Leopoldi piæ reminiscentiæ Imperatoris, et Regis, in Regnum hoc Hungariæ cumulatissime præstita beneficia, in citato articulo fusius deducto ejusdem Imperatoris et Regis ex *propriis Lumbis descendentium masculorum Heredum Primogenitum*, in perpetuum pro Legitimo suo Rege et Domino; erga Semper, totiesque quoties eiusmodi Inauguratio instauranda erit, præmittendam Diplomaticorum Articulorum acceptationem, Juramentique ibidem descripti, ex mox subinserti depositionem se habituros et coronaturos declaraverint:

I.—Cum autem sua sacratissima Cæsareo-Regia majestas, via legitimæ et immediatæ successionis, Regimen Regni hujus suscipiens, Deo propitio feliciter regnet, ejusmodique Articulos, ac juramentum, in ea qua a majoribus suis depositum esset forma clementer acceptâsset; et Diætaliter faustissime coronata esset: ac insimul etiam Diætas Annorum 1687, ac secundum earundem sensum; Leges, Jura, Libertates, et Privilegia antiqua, adeoque et ipsum Leopoldinum Diploma clementer confirmâsset, v. l. (salvis semper, et inconvulsis permanentibus, quæ per ultimas Diætas et Diplomata sua mutata, aut in meliorem formam redacta fuere,) clementer confirmâsset; Visum est, iisdem Statibus et Ordinibus, præattactos Diplomaticos articulos, id est: ipsum sacrum diploma, Generalibus ipsorum Constitutionibus verbotenus inseri, inscribique facere.

II.—Cujus quidem tenor sequitur in hunc modum:

III.—Nos Carolus VI. Divina favente Clementia electus Romanorum Imperator semper Augustus, ac Rex Germaniæ, Hispaniarum, Castellæ, Arragonum, Legionis, utriusque Siciliæ, Hyerusalem, Hungariæ, Bohemiæ, Dalmatiæ, Croatiæ, Sclavoniæ, Romæ, Serviæ, Galitiæ, Lodomeriæ, Cumaniæ, Bulgariæ, Navarræ, Granatæ, Toleti, Valentiæ, Galletiæ, Majoricarum Hispalis, Sardiniæ, Cordubæ, Corsicæ, Murtiæ, &c. &c. qua prælibati Regni Hungariæ, et aliorum Regnorum, ac Partium eidem adnexarum Rex; agnoscimus, et memoriæ comendamus tenore præsentium, quibus expedit universis.

IV.—Quod postequam, ex inscrutabili Divini numinis judicio, serenissimum olim et potentissimum Principem, Deminum Josephum, hujus nominis Primum, electum Romanorum Imperatorem, ac Germaniæ, Hungariæ, Bohemiæ, &c. &c., Regem, Archiducem Austriæ, Dominum germanum fratrem nostrum, felicis recordationis desideratissimum, Anno proxime præterito de hac mortali vita, et temporaneo Regimine, ad sempiternam immortalitatem ac æternæ gloriæ coronam evocari, et transferri contigisset; ac ex eo, quod nullam superstitem masculam Prolem post se reliquisset, nos, qua aliunde Hæres, et immediatus successor in Regno Hungariæ et Partibus eidem adnexis, vigore etiam articuli 8 Diætæ Posoniensis Anno 1687 celebratæ, legalem successionem nostram declarantis, et stabilientis, legitime successissemus; ac ad mentem præcitati articuli secundi

Diætæ Posoniensis pro felici, eaque faustissimis votis, Deo ter Optimo Maximo auxiliante, instauranda inauguratione nostra fidelibus nostris universis Inclyti Regni nostri Hungariæ, et partium eidem adnexarum statibus, et ordinibus Conventum, seu Diætam, intra idem Regnum Hungariæ, utpote in Regiam Liberamque civitatem nostram Posoniensem pro dominica in albis, seu die tertia mensis Aprilis anni modo labentis infrascripti, indixissemus, et promulgassemus; ad eademque nos etiam personaliter comparentes, eidemque præfuissemus; Fideles nostri universi Domini, Prælati, Barones, Magnates, et Nobiles, cæterique Status et Ordines mentionati nostri Inclyti Regni Hungariæ, Partiumque eidem adnexarum ad præfatam diætam pleno, et frequentissimo numero comparantes, præmentionatæque Diætæ Posoniensis actorum et constitutionum haud immemores, pro exigentia eorundem, et signanter præcitati Articuli Secundi, debitam, et homagialem erga nos, qua legitimum et hæreditarium Regem suum, ac Dominum, devotionem et fidem testati, desiderioque auspicandæ felicissimæ Inaugurationis nostræ ducti, supplicaverunt majestati nostræ humillime, et rogaverunt; ut innuentibus præcitatis Constitutionibus, omnino ante adhuc faustissimam Coronationem nostram; Nos infrascriptos Articulos, omniaque et singula in iisdem contenta, ratos, gratos, et accepta habentes, nostrumque consensum illis præbentes, benigne acceptare, et authoritate nostra Regia approbare, et confirmare, ac tam nos ipsi benigne observare, quam

per alios quorum interest, firmiter observari facere dignaremur. Quorum quidem Articulorum tenor sequitur in hunc modum.

V.—Primo: Quod præter ab antiquo deductam hæreditariam Regiam Successionem Coronationemque; in reliquo universas, et singulas communes istius Regni Hungariæ Partiumque eidem adnexarum Libertates, Immunitates, Privilegia, Statuta, Communia Jura, Leges, et Consvetudines; a Divis condam Hungariæ Regibus, et gloriosæ memoriæ Prædecessoribus nostris, hactenus concessas, et confirmatas, in futurumque concedendas, et per nos confirmandas, (ad quas, et quæ, dicti Status, et Ordines formulam quaque Juramenti, ad initium Decretorum Serenissimi olim principis Domini Ferdinandi I., gloriosæ reminiscentiæ, antecessoris nostri positam, extensam, et reductam habent:) exclusa tamen et semota Articuli 31 Decreti Divi Andreæ Regis Secundi de Anno 1222 clausula incipiente: Quod si vero nos, usque ad verba in perpetuum facultatem: in omnibus suis punctis, Clausulis, et Articulis, prout super eorum usu, et intellectu, Regio et communi Statuum consensu, Dictaliter conventum fuerit; firmiter, et sancte observabimus, per aliosque omnes, et singulos, inviolabiliter observari faciemus.

VI.—Secundo: sacram Regni Coronam, juxta veterem consvetudinem ipsorum Regnicolarum, Legesque patrias, per certas de eorum medio unanimiter ad hoc delectas, et deputatas personas seculares, in hoc Regno conservabimus.

VII.—Tertio: Hactenus recuperata et ex post Deo adjuvante recuperanda, quævis huius Regni, Partiumque eidem adnexarum Tenuta, et Partes; ad mentem etiam Juramentalis Formulæ prænotato Regno, et eidem adnexis Partibus, submadalitate supradictæ Interpretationis de usu, et intellectu Legum, et Privilegiorum, de toto reincorporabimus.

VIII.—Quarto: Quod in causa C. quem Deus procul avertere velit, defectus masculini seminis nostri; Prærogativa Regiæ electionis, coronationisque antefatorum statuum, et ordinum, in pristinum vigorem, statumque redibit, et penes hoc Regnum Hungariæ, et Prædictas partes, ejusdemque antiquam consuetudinem illibate remanebit.

IX.—Quinto: Ut præmissum est, quoties ejusmodi Inauguratio Regia, intra ambitum sæpefati Regni Hungariæ successivis Temporibus diætaliter instauranda erit; toties Hæredes nostri masculi futuri Neo-coronandi hæreditarii Reges, præmittendam habebunt præsentis asseverationis acceptationem, deponendumque super inde Juramentum.

X.—Nos itaque prædicta universorum Statuum, et Ordinum Regni Hungariæ, et Partium eidem annexarum instantia benigna admissa; pro benigna animi nostri propensione, ipsisque benigne gratificandi voluntate, præinsertos universos articulos, ac omnia, et singula in iisdem contenta, rata, grata, et accepta habentes, eisdem nostrum consensum benevolum pariter et assensum præbuimus, et illos, ac quævis in eis contenta

clementer acceptavimus, approbavimus, ratificavimus, et confirmavimus.

XI.—Promittentes, et asseverantes status et ordines in verbo nostro Regio; quod præmissa omnia, tam nobis ipsi observabimus, quam per alios fideles subditos nostros, cujuscunque status, et conditionis existant, observari faciemus: Uti vigore huius nostri Diplomatis acceptamus, approbamus, ratificamus, confirmamus atque promittimus.

XII.—In cuius fidem et testimonium literas has manu propria subscripsimus, et sigilli nostri Regii appensione muniri fecimus. Datum in Arce nostra Regia Posoniensi, die vigesima prima mensis Maji, Anno Domini Millesimo septingentesimo duodecimo, Regnorum nostrorum Romani primo; Hispaniarum nono, Hungariæ vero Bohemiæ et reliquorum anno itidem primo.

This is the so-called Pragmatic Sanction, through which Hungary became the prey of the Austrian Double-Eagle.

Charles ended his career in the year 1740; with him was extinguished the male branch of the House of Hapsburg, and, in accordance with the

law of succession, so prudently exacted, the reins of government were assumed by

Maria Theresa.

With her administration began the Austrian Seven Years' War of succession, in which she was so cruelly forsaken by her friends.

Her husband was the Duke of Lorrain, Francis I., and from that time the ruling race of Austria was perpetuated through the House of Lorrain, and bore the name of Hapsburg-Lorrain.

In the midst of the dangers by which Maria Theresa was at this time threatened, she assembled the diet at Presburg, and, on the 11th of Sept. 1741, she presented herself in mourning attire before the assembly; and, bearing in her arms her infant son Joseph, she addressed the assembled states in the Latin language, with tears in her eyes, and with a voice of emotion.

"The crown of this country is threatened," she said, "and so is our own person, and that of our dear child; forsaken and betrayed by all our friends, we turn to the

history-famed arms, to the heroism and magnanimity, of the Magyars. Upon them rests our entire hope, and we are animated by the firm belief that they will not deny our request."

The sensitive hearts of the Magyars were so deeply moved at the captivating appearance of a beautiful woman thus praying for help, that, following the example of the Count Louis Batthyány, the then chancellor of state, they rose up with wild enthusiasm, and with the words

"Moriamur pro rege nostro!"

granted all that she asked for. The whole of the Hungarian nobles took up arms for the queen—Batthyány, Splényi, Dezsöffy, and Csilányi, each raised legions of their own; and thus was the threatening danger arrested from the throne of Hapsburg, which, under the burden of its iniquities, was almost crumbling to decay.

Maria Theresa surrounded her government with the pageantry of extravagant splendour, and thereby hastened the ruin of the exhausted and expiring country.

Through the brilliancy of her court, she attracted all the distinguished persons of the country into her circle; and, under the pretext of extending mental cultivation throughout the land, she established a royal life-guard, composed of the noblest youths of the kingdom, who, however, at court only became accomplished in the freedom of licentiousness. By the corruption of the Hungarian youth, the proud self-consciousness of the Magyars vanished. Maria Theresa brought her administration, which had become weakened by sensual enjoyments, to a close in 1780, whereupon her son Joseph II., the *protégé* of the Magyars, assumed the helm of government.

Joseph II.

The autocrat and despotic ruler of Hungary, Joseph, adopted the motto, "Regno et impero," and in conformity with this commenced his reign. He held it as beneath his dignity to get himself crowned; as, according to his opinion, he was already crowned before his birth, and as, besides,

his mother had already taken the constitutional oath on his behalf. He would, however, he said, endeavour to suit the administration of government to circumstances and the state of affairs.

According to the principles of his imperial motto, the Hungarian constitution, which his predecessors had so often strengthened by their oaths, was trampled under foot, and all decrees of government were wholly and absolutely dispensed with. But, above all, the local institutions were destroyed, and liberty of speech prohibited. The crown was carried off to Vienna, and the country, which had previously been divided into fifty-two counties, was cut up into ten circles or provinces; in each of these circles he appointed an imperial commissary, and thus he governed the country in a manner partly arbitrary. In all schools instruction was forbidden in the Hungarian language; and herein, as well as in all public offices, the use of the German language was enjoined. The spy system, as well as the imposts, which weighed so heavily upon the other portions of the Austrian territory, were also introduced

into Hungary, and the Jews were compelled to pay a toleration tax; so that, by means of this lawless tyranny, the spirit of discontent was every where nourished throughout the country.

As, however, despite all his efforts, Joseph could not lay the foundation of an absolute form of government, he saw himself compelled, to the astonishment of all Europe, to retract the whole of his arbitrary decrees and ordinances touching Hungary. After his death, nay, even during his own lifetime, his commands were publicly burnt throughout the country, at the foot of the gibbet. He ended his absolute, and, for Hungary, highly pernicious and execrable reign, in the year 1790, leaving behind him no male heirs; and history can in nowise make mention of his name but as Autocrat of Hungary.

Leopold II.

Upon his accession to the throne, Leopold endeavoured to heal the wounds which had been inflicted upon Hungary by his brother. At the diet of Buda he accordingly annulled all the

ordinances which his brother had promulgated, and which were at variance with the Hungarian constitution; he likewise confirmed all the laws, and bound his successors to a strict observance of the same. He died in the year 1792.

Francis II.

His successor, Francis II., proceeded by slow but sure steps, throughout the course of his long reign, towards the accomplishment of the project which had already been long since contemplated by his ancestors; namely, the introduction of an absolute government into Hungary. He endeavoured by means of the skilfully adapted, and apparently sluggish, Germanic administration of Metternich, so to increase the discontent throughout the country, that a convenient opportunity might arise, as it were, for carrying out his ends spontaneously. During his long reign he accordingly assembled the diet only when a fresh levy of troops, duty, or the coronation of his successor made it requisite. The country thus fell into a state of material torpor and moral apathy. The complaints of the

nobles, so loud and so oft repeated, found no echo in the flinty bosom of this cold, cautious, and calculating sovereign.

This oppressive state of affairs inflamed the hearts of the Magyars, who were weary with suffering; and they felt themselves summoned, by love for their fatherland, to labour and deeds of active enterprise. Mártinovich, bishop of Buda, and formerly court chaplain at Vienna, together with several hundred of his countrymen, assembled, in order to deliberate as to the means by which their native land might be relieved. This patriotic proceeding reached the ears of the cold and heartless Emperor Francis; and Mártinovich, together with Hajnótz, Latzkovits, Szentmáriay, Sigray, and several others, were seized, flung into prison, and condemned to death. Mártinovich ascended the scaffold on the 27th of April, 1795, with a consoling conviction and consciousness, and said—

From the aged and feeble tree the withered branches were lopped off, only in order that it might strike out fresh roots, and, strengthened anew, might bear fresh fruits.

Placed in pecuniary difficulties by the world-shattering wars of Napoleon, Francis depreciated the Austrian paper currency (Banknoten) to such an extent, that a gulden was worth only about a fourth of its original value, and extended this national bankruptcy to Hungary also, although in this country Austrian bank-notes had never before been recognised. Already, by the imposition of this illegal burden, he caused such serious injury to the country, that many thousand of families were impoverished and brought to ruin. The imperial resources, however, had already by this time reached a state of perfect security, as they had then been increased by about fifty millions.

When the victorious arms of NAPOLEON I. had reached the frontiers of Hungary, he, being already aware of the injustice which the Magyars, for three centuries and a half, had suffered at the hands of their Hapsburg rulers, proclaimed the Hungarians to assemble, according to ancient custom, upon the "Rákosfield," and from amongst their own numbers to elect for themselves a king, who, like a father, should dwell amidst his children.

But the Magyars, who partly knew Napoleon's fickle character, and partly were unable to reconcile with their probity such a proceeding towards their then actual king, gave no effect to this summons; but, on the contrary, all the nobles who were capable of bearing arms, organized and placed themselves at the disposal of the Archduke John. Hungarian grenadiers destroyed Napoleon's armour-clad cavalry at Aspern, and obtained for the Austrians the honour of the victory. It was Hungarian troops, too, that saved the Austrian arms from entire annihilation at Wagram, and, with singular self-sacrifice, covered the retreat to Moravia. And thus the tottering throne of the Hapsburg sovereigns was once more saved from well-deserved downfall by the perhaps too great fidelity of the Magyars. Batthyány, the then Priam of Hungary, had on this occasion sacrificed a large portion of his means in behalf of the cause.

The noblest scions of Hungary fell upon the blood-sodden battle-plains of Germany and Italy, for their treacherous Hapsburg rulers. The

Magyars recognised in Napoleon a tyrant, and scorned to serve as a stepping-stone for his schemes of universal dominion. To their aversion for him Bercsényi, a Hungarian poet, has given expression in the following lines:—

To Napoleon.

'Twas not to thee they yielded,—'twas the genius of the time,
With freedom leagued, that waved the flag in triumph o'er each clime;
In speechless awe the nations knelt, as gleam'd its light afar,
Whilst thou didst chain their destinies to thy triumphal car;
But freedom's cup ere they had quaff'd, to earth didst dash with scorn,
And soon thy laurel wreath was changed to a diadem of thorn;
The power that raised thee from the dust, then hurl'd thee back again,
And guilt avenged without remorse the wrongs thou didst to men.

When the mighty arms of Napoleon I. had fallen, and the peace of Europe firmly established, Ferdinand V. was crowned, as successor of the crown of Hungary, on the 25th of September, 1830; but after his father's death, in 1835, Francis II. seized the sceptre of that kingdom.

The Austrian Dominions.

Before we proceed in our history to Ferdinand V., it may not be uninteresting to the reader to be made acquainted with the then condition of, and the relationship between, the several territories of the Austrian provinces; and at the same time to take a brief glance at the views prospectively contemplated by the House of Hapsburg.

Already, from their earliest origin, this family had adopted the principle of promoting their temporal welfare by the plunder of foreign possessions. This principle was chiefly based upon three cardinal virtues, according to which they constructed their entire system of government.

1.—The unlawful subjugation of nations.

2.—Artfully contrived marriages, in which personal inclinations were wholly set aside.

3.—Perjury and perfidy.

In the year 1278, the covetous German emperor, Rudolph of Hapsburg, made war against the Bohemian king, Ottocar, who also ruled over the

Archdukedom of Austria. He vanquished the latter on the field of battle, caused him to be secretly murdered, and invested his own son Albert with the conquered kingdom, and thus laid the foundation of the Archduchy of Austria, which was henceforward passed on from father to son.

By the marriage of Maximilian with a Visconti, duchess of Lombardy, the Austrian territory was extended. We here pass over all those alliances which were contracted for similar well-calculated purposes.

Ferdinand I., under the pretext of having claims upon the throne of Hungary, by his union with the sister of Lewis, imposed himself as king upon this country, and by this means increased the power of his house.

The hereditary King of Bohemia, who was likewise at one time King of Hungary, naturally administered the affairs of both these countries according to different forms of government. After Ferdinand, however, had seized the crown of Hungary into his own hands, he threateningly maintained the assertion that both kingdoms were

inseparable, and thus appropriated to himself Bohemia in like manner; so that by degrees Austria raised itself to the rank of one of the leading European powers.

Under pretence of offering Poland assistance for the readjustment of its internal party affairs, which had been so much disordered since the year 1772, the three European states that bear eagles as their standards, namely, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, took advantage of the embroilments of Poland, broke up this unhappy kingdom, and apportioned it into three parts amongst themselves.

By means of the portion which fell to the share of Maria Theresa, the Austrian territory was considerably augmented.

Thus were, in like manner, the four marriage alliances of Francis, and his compacts with Napoleon, brought about for the purpose of securing the frontiers of his illegitimately acquired states. In order the more firmly to secure these compacts, he debased himself so far that, on the 2nd of April 1810, he gave his daughter Maria Louisa as a pledge to Napoleon, who thus

contracted a left-handed marriage with a daughter of the ancient and famous House of Hapsburg.

The natural result of this was, that the struggle for these unlawfully acquired possessions cost the avarice of the Hapsburg party a countless number of men; and that the greatness of Austria, its fame and its glory, were now upheld by the unhappy Magyars, and by no means by the cowardly German mercenaries of the House of Hapsburg.

As a proof of this we need only refer to the late war of independence of 1848-49, which had indeed a melancholy issue for Hungary; but which caused the ancient but long silent warlike renown of the Magyars to shine forth more brilliantly than ever, whilst nothing but contempt and disgrace was bestowed upon Austrian valour.

It is only too true that the Hapsburg party, at all times, knew full well how to avail themselves of the fidelity, bravery, and heroism of this people, and to sacrifice them for their own selfish and personal interests. The Hungarian nation has also indeed had amongst its native princes, many

famous kings who have often suffered in the most bloody engagements; but none of them were ever called forth by the intrigues of a king. It was only in defence of their country, when threatened by foreign power, that they willingly, and with enthusiasm, laid down their lives.

The election of Ferdinand, the first Hapsburg king, had produced the first bloody engagement, which cost the Magyars more than 86,400 lives, and which only the arms of the Turkish emperor Soliman was in a condition to bring to an issue.

His successor, Maximilian, notwithstanding that he saw, still fresh upon the soil, the blood which the divisions brought about by his father had caused to flow, yet, by his expulsion of Sigismund, the son of Zápolya, from his patrimonial rights, opened the way to fresh discords, which, by the renewed intervention of the Turkish emperor Soliman, occasioned another sacrifice of 49,864 Hungarians.

During the reigns of Matthias and of Ferdinand the Second and Third, commenced the Thirty Years' religious war, whose flames the

Hapsburg party amongst others, under shelter of the dark mantle of the Papacy, violently kept alive, inasmuch as they caused all those who adhered to the Lutheran doctrines, and to the cause of enlightenment, to stand in awe of their absolute power. They sought to inflame still more the hearts already embittered by religious animosity, and, by a general concussion, to weaken the people so that they might bind them the more securely to their sin-purchased throne: nor did they tremble before the vengeance of an Eternal Judge whilst sacrificing thousands upon thousands of human lives.

The now succeeding Leopold, fearing still more the ever-extending doctrine of the Lutheran teaching, sought to restrain them in their onward progress by the most absolute measures. He attempted to destroy, as well the religious and political freedom of Germany, as the Hungarian constitution, which, by granting free religious toleration to every confession of faith, offered a rich field. These despotic endeavours of the Hapsburg party were however not only frustrated

by the renowned arms of Rákóczy and Tököly, but, by the removal of the king, were deprived of all further effect. Nay, in the sequel, Luther's doctrine became still more extended throughout Hungary; so that nearly a third part of the Hungarians became its adherents. By the religious intrigues of these four tyrants, 27,620 Hungarians once more found a grave, besides those who fell in Germany for the same cause, and whose numbers are variously estimated.

Leopold, moreover, aspiring to the crown of Spain, observed attentively amidst the dissension and discord of religious parties, the distracted condition of the country, and watched carefully for an opportunity which might favour his projects of usurpation.

With a Hungarian military force which had previously been formed in Germany, he made war against Spain, but without success, in the year 1702: so also in the wars of the French against the Low Countries, with a like view, he sacrificed 8596 Hungarians to no purpose.

His son, Joseph I., also continued the Spanish

wars of succession with the same fruitless results; inasmuch as Rákóczy's forces became dangerous to the absolute schemes contemplated by the House of Hapsburg, and at the same time exercised a favourable influence upon the religious and political freedom of Germany. It was also strengthened in Hungary after Joseph had been compelled to conclude a peace with Rákóczy. These wars, albeit they contributed so little to promote the objects of the Hapsburg party, cost once more the lives of 5637 Hungarians. To these wars were also sacrificed the numberless Hungarians, who, having been led away by the Hapsburg party, and found amongst them, were carried off as prisoners to Turkey, by the Turkish forces who had come for the defence of the Hungarian constitution, and were flung into the Seven Towers at Scutari, one of the adjacent suburbs of Constantinople. These walls, which are covered with the names of the unnumbered victims, still relate the suffering outlived for the House of Hapsburg.

Charles the Third, already destined by his

father as heir to the Spanish monarchy, and in 1703 proclaimed King of Spain by his family, hastened to maintain his unlawful pretensions, taking with him the best of Hungary's troops, to the number of about 8600 men. Notwithstanding, however, that he made repeated attempts to take Madrid and Barcelona by storm, he was repulsed on every occasion by the Spaniards, who bravely defended their rights; so that, after the loss of 5670 Hungarians, he was obliged in the year 1711 to retreat by way of Italy, and returned to Germany. Here elected as Emperor of Germany, he enjoyed only the empty title of King of Spain, and even this he was obliged to renounce at a later period.

The passion for conquest betrayed by Charles, and to which so many thousands of men fell a sacrifice, had however as yet scarcely begun at the death of Augustus in the year 1733, when, on account of the Polish throne which the latter had vacated, he commenced a new and sanguinary two years' war, in which 4654 Hungarians laid down their lives. But unable to boast of any

success in this enterprise, he sought again, in union with the Russian power, to acquire Bosnia and Belgrade. The taking of Nissa was effected with a great loss, and the battle of Lugos was attended with a double sacrifice; so that, after the defeat of the Hungarian forces, together with the Kumanii and Hajdukes, about 6475 men, he was compelled to relinquish his plans of conquest.

He had now enough to do to maintain the possessions already wrested and gleaned together by his family, whose line of succession he appointed in a family council, and afterwards determined in the Pragmatic Sanction. To effect the recognition of this by the remaining European powers, required all the skill which Charles possessed for intrigue: in as much as the line of succession of Charles had already been settled in a previously issued testament, in the year 1617. Maria Theresa could not therefore reconcile the Pragmatic Sanction of Charles with her own right of succession; but brought the latter into the greatest danger, which appeared likely to bring about the entire overthrow of the House of Haps-

burg. Charles Albert of Bavaria was descended from Anne, the eldest daughter of Ferdinand the First, who had decreed by his will, that in case the male line of the House of Hapsburg should become extinct, the Austrian and Bohemian succession should pass over to his daughter and to her heirs.

Maria Theresa's right of succession was therefore recognised by no power except England and Courland, as the latter had not the slightest claims to the hereditary dominions in question. Albert sought to make good his title by force of arms. Philip, King of Spain, a scion of the House of Hapsburg, made claims as such to Austria; but France had already heretofore prepared the plan for the ensuing partition of the hereditary dominions of Austria. The position of Maria Theresa was rendered all the more difficult by the circumstance, that she caused her consort Francis I., Duke of Lorrain, to be crowned Emperor and declared her co-regent. The critical posture of affairs, however, would not suffer him to exercise his influence in the administration.

The frontiers of the Austrian territories were accordingly threatened by the most decisive danger; in as much as their legitimate possessors sought to attach them to themselves again; and it was only the generosity, the singular fidelity of the Magyars, which Maria Theresa supported with arms and pecuniary aid, that secured for her the throne.

The number of those who fell on the occasion of this war of succession, and more especially through the imprudent leadership of Neippergs, is stated as having been 12,675 in the three sanguinary engagements at Volvits, on the 14th of April 1741;—4125 in the three actions at Genoa in the year 1747; and about 7561 in the several other numerous combats. The peace of Achen, which was purchased by Hungarian bayonets, was concluded on the 18th of Nov. 1748, and at length determined the extension of the Hapsburg dominions.

The institutions called into existence by Joseph II., and which were based upon the absolute principles of his own crude and capricious

ideas, annihilated the political and religious rights of Germany, as well as the constitution of Hungary, such rights being based upon ancient usage and custom; and this was effected without introducing in their stead a more salutary form of government, or one which was more satisfactory to the people. A necessary consequence of this was, that the outraged people opposed themselves every where to his absolute power, until at length he was compelled to withdraw a large portion of his ordinance and decrees:—the rather so, that Frederick the Great declared war against him, and had taken possession of the hereditary Austrian lands already marked out. It was only in the year 1748 that he concluded a peace with Frederick, after the latter had relinquished some of his claims.

Immediately following this peace, Joseph hastened to take possession of the territories for which Charles had already thirsted. Attacking Belgrade in conjunction with the Russian power, he, however, experienced so material a loss (which, amongst other things, cost the lives of 8970 Hungarians), that he was seized with terror, fell ill, and thus indisposed fled to Vienna.

Accordingly, after so many Hungarians had fallen a sacrifice to the endless war into which they had been drawn, Joseph, who could no longer reckon upon his German soldiers, for whom the blood of the Magyars had acquired their fame as heroes, saw himself compelled to desist from his enterprises of conquest.

In consequence of the popular discontent produced by the arbitrary conduct of Joseph, Leopold was under the necessity of taking such steps that he gave back to the people their ancient rights, and once more restored the Hungarian constitution. To this course, however, Leopold was in some measure urged by the threatening movements of the French nation, which began to become dangerous to every absolute government.

From this motive he accordingly held a conference with the King of Prussia in the year 1791, in which it was agreed, that the then position of the King of France claimed the universal support of all the monarchical powers of Europe. Leopold, however, did not survive the decisive events which caused the Austrian throne once more to tremble.

When, upon the accession of Francis, the results of the revolution were beginning to be developed,

the state of European policy was subjected to many changes, and threatened more especially the existence of Austria, the rather so, in as much as the opportunity was continually presented to the Hungarian nation of severing itself from this house. The answering devotion, however, of the Magyars, eagerly hastened forward to sacrifice their sons and their property for the maintenance of this ungrateful throne; even the nobles took up arms in the cause at their own expense. It would indeed be impossible here to enumerate all the sacrifices of wealth, property, and men, which were presented on the part of Hungary for the upholding of the Austrian throne.

The necessary dates are wanting whereby to estimate the numbers of those who fell during the time of the Napoleonic wars; we can therefore give only an extract here, as touching the most important engagements.

In the year 1796 there fell in Italy, through the unskilful command of Detrantans, including the battle of Montenotte on the 12th of April, 5681 Hungarians; also in the battle of Verling, and on the 14th of Oct. 1815, at Ulm, 2047; in the battle of Marengo, on the 14th of June 1800, of the

6956 allies, 4650 Hungarians; at Austerlitz, on the 2nd Dec. 1805, 2891; at Raban, on the 19th of June 1809, and in our lesser engagements in Hungary, 13,291; in the bloody battle of Wagram, on the 5th and 6th of July, 1809, amongst the 26,000 slain were 7825 Hungarian infantry and 947 cavalry; at Eckmühl, and in other engagements in the year 1809, on the 22nd of April, 873; at the battle of Leipsic, on the 16th and 18th of Oct. 4957; at Paris, on the 30th of March 1814, 17,618; in the several minor engagements which took place during the time, 3526 Hungarians fell a sacrifice for the maintenance of the throne of Hapsburg; and finally, on the occasion of the constitutional wars of self-defence against Austria, under the national leaders, Prince Botskay, Bethlen, Rákóczy, Tököly, and Rákóczy, already mentioned, countless numbers fell; and in the late wars of 1849, nearly 80,000 patriots lost their lives upon the field of honour, in behalf of the cause of humanity, and a great number perished upon the scaffold.

Batthyanyi.

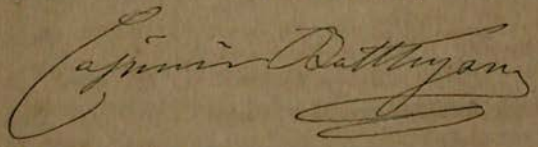
The illustrious name of the family of Batthyanyi is indelibly engraved on the hearts of their countrymen: thus this small space is devoted to a much-valued letter of the late Count Cassimir—uncle to the great victim of 1849, Lewis Count Batthyanyi, of Nemeth-ujvar, hereditary Lord-lieutenant of the County of Eisenburg.

PARIS, 13, RUE MONTTHABAN,
30th of December, 1853.

Sir,

I have perused with great pleasure and interest the sheets of your MS., which you have sent to me for communication. They contain a great many new and striking facts, some very interesting documents, which I suppose have not yet been published, and are unknown in England; and they are altogether written in a spirit of patriotic feeling, a regard of truth, and occasionally such glowing fancy, as are, I do not doubt, qualified to attract the attention of the public, and will set before it a most instructive and entertaining work, calculated to confirm and rejoice the friends of Hungary, amuse the curious, and correct the ideas of those who let themselves be led astray by listening to its enemies.

Believe me, as ever,
Sir,
Your obedient humble Servant,



To J. DE SZEREDY, *London.*

End of the First Volume.

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Asiatic Chiefs.

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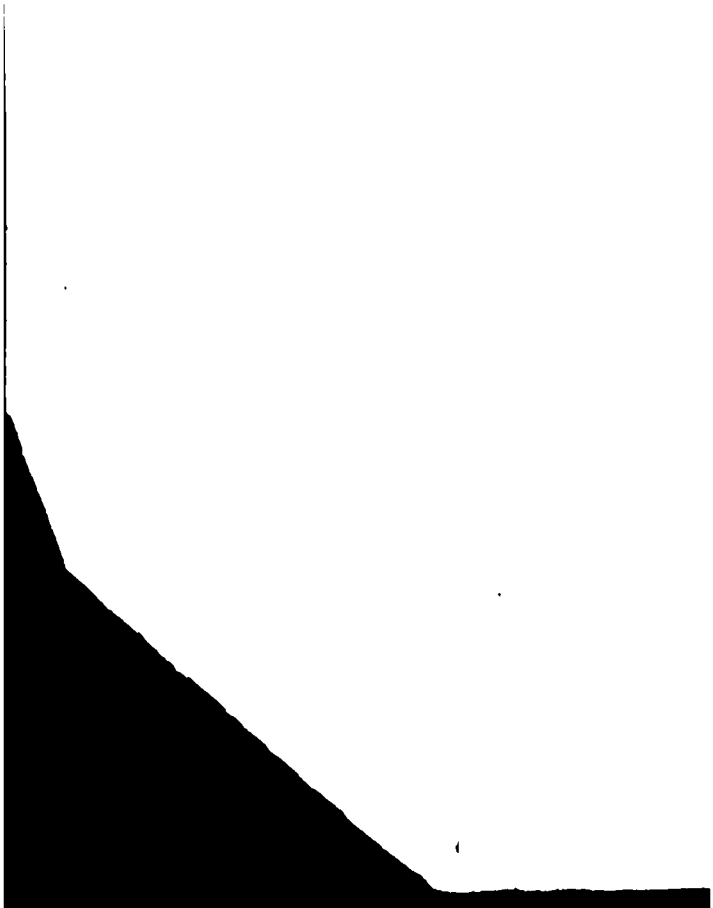

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